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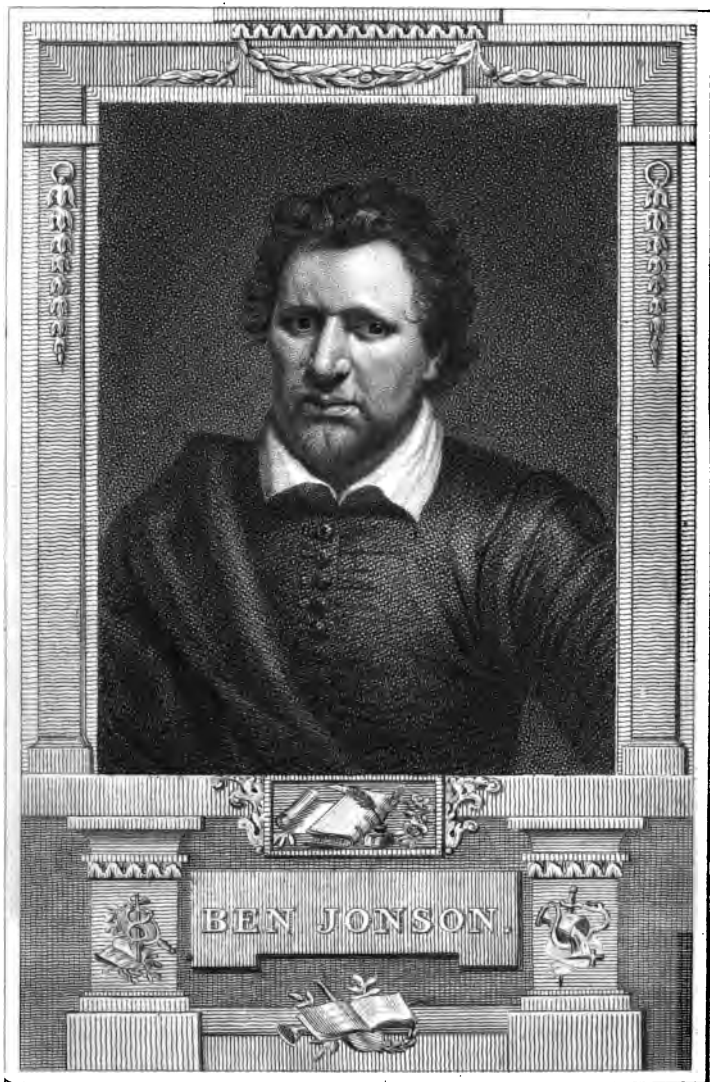
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VOLUME IV.

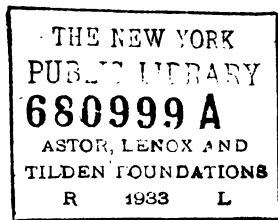
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THE
CABINET;
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JULY, 1808.

ANECDOTES OF HEROISM.

WHEN Thurot effected a landing in Ireland, in the seven years war, while the French and English troops were engaging in the streets of Carrickfergus, a young child got between the combatants; which a French soldier observing, quitted his rank, and led it out of danger; and while he was employed in this humane action, both parties suspended their fire*.

October 26, 1762, Captain Clark of the Sheerness, 24 guns, was chased into Villa Franca by a French ship of 64 guns, and two frigates. La Minerve, one of the French frigates. struck on a rock and was wrecked; but the whole crew, except 25 men were saved by the British seamen†.

When James II. was going by sea to Scotland, he was wrecked, but got ashore in the boat. The seamen on board when they saw him safe, gave three cheers, though the ship was sinking.

The same prince, when he was informed that the French fleet had beaten the English in Bantry Bay, though it was in his own cause, could not help exclaiming: 'It is the first time then.' And afterwards being a spectator of the burning of the French ships that were run ashore after the battle of La Hogue, he cried out, 'None but my brave English could do this†.' What a

* Entick's History of the War, † Dobson's Annals of the War.
† Dalrymple.

pity that such seeds of patriotism should have produced such bad fruit!

In the war for the Spanish succession, while the Earl of Peterborough was treating at one of the gates of Barcelona about the surrender of that city, some of the Spanish troops on his side forced their way in, and began to pillage. The magistrates upbraided the earl with treachery. He answered, 'Only admit the British troops, and you will see if we are perfidious enemies.' They complied. He marched into the town, drove out the Spaniards, and, returning to the gate, finished the capitulation without taking any advantage of being in actual possession of the place.

In the hottest of the fire at Lincelles, General H—— saw a soldier standing out of the ranks, and firing at the enemy with an immense broad gold-laced hat and red feather on his head. He rode up to him, and made him very reluctantly, take it off. Some of the men being in want of cartridges, the same soldier produced his pockets full of them, which he had taken from the French soldiers, as he had the hat from an officer.—After the battle was over, he asked permission of the general to wear the hat for a couple of days, which was granted; but before night he bartered his trophy for strong beer.

At the same battle, a soldier who had his leg shot off was carried off the field, by two of his comrades, on a hand barrow. One of them, on perceiving him motionless, said to the other, 'Zounds! I believe it is all over with Jack.'—On which the wounded soldier roared out, 'It's a d—d lie,' and began singing 'God save the king!' Colonel S——, who was close by and heard it, got the king's letter for him.

THE COLLECTOR.

No. XI.

Collatis undique membris.—HOR.

DEATH OF THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR PAUL.

THE Emperor, from an aversion he had taken to those palaces, which formed the favourite residence of Catha-

rine, resolved upon building a palace for himself. The gorgeous magnificence of Zarsco Zelo, and of the Winter palace, and all the Oriental voluptuousness of the Hermitage, were hateful to him; indeed, to such an elevation had his abhorrence of these places attained, that he had determined to reduce them to the dust, that only

“ — the blackness of ashes should mark where they stood.”

His fate, which was fast approaching, prevented the accomplishment of this irretrievable act of delirium. The Emperor and his family resided, at the time when the confederacy had resolved upon his removal, in the new palace of Saint Michael. It is an enormous quadrangular pile, of red Dutch brick, rising from a massy basement of hewn granite; it stands at the bottom of the Summer Gardens, and the lofty spire of its Greek chapel, richly covered with ducat gold, rising above the trees, has a beautiful appearance.

As Paul was anxious to inhabit this palace as soon after he was crowned as possible, the masons, the carpenters, and various artificers, toiled with incredible labour by day and by torch-light, under the sultry sun of the summer, and in all the severity of a polar winter, and in three years this enormous and magnificent fabric was completed. The whole is moated round, and when the stranger surveys its bastions of granite, and numerous draw-bridges, he is naturally led to conclude, that it was intended for the last asylum of a Prince at war with his subjects. Those who have seen its massy walls, and the capaciousness and variety of its chambers, will easily admit, that an act of violence might be committed in one room, and not be heard by those who occupy the adjoining one; and that a massacre might be perpetrated at one end, and not known at the other. Paul took possession of this palace as a place of strength, and beheld it with rapture, because his Imperial mother had never even seen it. Whilst his family were here, by every act of tenderness endeavouring to soothe the terrible perturbation of his mind, there were not wanting those who exerted every stratum to inflame and encrease it. These people were constantly insinuating, that every hand was armed against him. With this impression, which added fuel to his burning brain, he ordered a secret stair-case to be constructed, which, leading from his own chamber, passed

under a false stove in the anti-room, and led by a small door to the terrace.

It was the custom of the Emperor to sleep in an outer apartment next to the Empress's, upon a sofa, in his regimentals and boots, whilst the Grand Duke and Duchess, and the rest of the Imperial family, were lodged at various distances, in apartments below the story which he occupied. On the tenth day of March, O. S. 1801, the day preceding the fatal night, whether Paul's apprehension, or anonymous information, suggested the idea, is not known, but conceiving that a storm was ready to burst upon him, he sent to Count P——, the governor of the city, one of the noblemen who had resolved on his destruction: "I am informed, P——," said the Emperor, "that there is a conspiracy on foot against me; do you think it necessary to take any precaution?" The Count, without betraying the least emotion, replied, "Sire, do not suffer such apprehensions to haunt your mind; if there were any combinations forming against your Majesty's person, I am sure I should be acquainted with it." "Then I am satisfied," said the Emperor, and the Governor withdrew. Before Paul retired to rest, he unexpectedly expressed the most tender solicitude for the Empress and his children, kissed them with all the warmth of farewell fondness, and remained with them longer than usual: and after he had visited the centinels at their different posts, he retired to his chamber, where he had not long remained, before, under some colourable pretext, that satisfied the men, the guard was changed by the officers who had the command for the night, and were engaged in the confederacy. An hussar, whom the Emperor had particularly honoured by his notice and attention, always at night slept at his bed-room door, in the anti-room. It was impossible to remove this faithful soldier by any fair means. At this momentous period, silence reigned throughout the palace, except where it was disturbed by the pacing of the centinels, or at a distance by the murmurs of the Neva, and only a few lights were to be seen distantly and irregularly gleaming through the windows of this dark colossal abode. In the dead of the night, Z—— and his friends, amounting to eight or nine persons, passed the draw-bridge, easily ascended the stair-case which led to Paul's chamber, and met with no resistance till they reached the anti-room, when the

faithful hussar, awakened by the noise, challenged them, and presented his fusée: much as they must have all admired the brave fidelity of the guard, neither time nor circumstances would admit of an act of generosity, which might have endangered the whole plan. Z—— drew his sabre and cut the poor fellow down. Paul, awakened by the noise, sprung from his sofa: at this moment the whole party rushed into his room; the unhappy sovereign, anticipating their design, at first endeavoured to entrench himself in the chairs and tables, then recovering, he assumed a high tone, told them they were his prisoners, and called upon them to surrender. Finding that they fixed their eyes steadily and fiercely upon him, and continued advancing towards him, he implored them to spare his life, declared his consent instantly to relinquish the sceptre, and to accept of any terms which they would dictate. In his raving, he offered to make them princes, and to give them estates, and titles, and orders, without end. They now began to press upon him, when he made a convulsive effort to reach the window: in the attempt he failed, and indeed so high was it from the ground, that had he succeeded, the expedient would only have put a more instantaneous period to his misery. In the effort he very severely cut his hand with the glass; and as they drew him back he grasped a chair, with which he felled one of the assailants, and a desperate resistance took place. So great was the noise, that notwithstanding the massy walls, and thick double folding doors, which divided the apartments, the empress was disturbed, and began to cry for help, when a voice whispered in her ear, and imperatively told her to remain quiet, otherwise, if she uttered another word, she should be put to instant death. Whilst the emperor was thus making a last struggle, the Prince Y—— struck him on one of his temples with his fist, and laid him upon the floor; Paul, recovering from the blow, again implored his life; at this moment the heart of P—— Z—— relented, and upon being observed to tremble and hesitate, a young Hanoverian resolutely exclaimed, "We have passed the Rubicon; if we spare his life, before the setting of to-morrow's sun, we shall be his victims!" Upon which he took off his sash, turned it twice round the naked neck of the emperor, and giving one end to Z——, and holding the other himself, they pulled for a considerable time with all their force, until their miserable sovereign was no

more: they then retired from the palace, without the least molestation, and returned to their respective homes. What occurred after their departure can be better conceived than depicted; medical aid was resorted to, but in vain, and upon the breathless body of the emperor, fell the tears of his widowed empress and children, and domestics; nor was genuine grief ever more forcibly or feelingly displayed than by him on whose brow this melancholy event had planted the crown. So passed away this night of horror, and thus perished a prince, to whom nature was *severely* bountiful. The acuteness and pungency of his feeling was incompatible with happiness: unnatural prejudice pressed upon the fibre, too finely spun, and snapped it.

'Tis not as heads that never ache suppose
 Forgery of fancy and a dream of woes;
 Man is a harp, whose chords elude the sight,
 Each yielding harmony, dispos'd aright;
 The screws revers'd (a task which if he please
 God in a moment executes with ease),
 Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,
 Lost, till he tune them, all their power and use.

COWPER.

The sun shone upon a new order of things. At seven o'clock the intelligence of the demise of Paul spread through the capital. The interval of time from its first communication to its diffusion over every part of Petersburg, was scarcely perceptible. At the parade Alexander presented himself on horseback, when the troops, with tears rolling down their rugged and sun-browned faces, hailed him with loud and cordial acclamation. The young emperor was overwhelmed, and at the moment of mounting the throne of the most extensive empire under heaven, he was seen to turn from the grand and affecting spectacle, and weep.

What followed is of very subordinate consideration: but perhaps it will be eagerly asked, to what extremity did the avenging arm of Justice pursue the perpetrators of the deed? Mercy, the brightest jewel of every crown, and a forlorn and melancholy conviction, that the reigning motive was the salvation of the empire, prevented her from being vindictive. Never upon the theatre of life was there presented a scene of more affecting magnanimity; decency, not revenge, governed the sacrifice. P—— Z—— was ordered not to approach

the imperial residence, and the governor of the city was transferred to Riga. As soon as Madame Chevalier was informed of the demise of her imperial patron, she prepared, under the protection of her brother, a dancer, for flight, with a booty of nearly a million of rubles. A police officer was sent to inspect and report upon her property: amongst a pile of valuable articles, he discovered a diamond cross of no great intrinsic value, which had been given by Peter I. to a branch of the imperial family, and on that account much esteemed; it was to recover this that the officer was sent, who obtained it, after the most indecent and unprincipled resistance on her part. Passports were then granted to Madame Chevalier and her brother. Thus terminated this extraordinary and impressive tragedy.

DOM. NOEL D'ARGONNE.

THIS Carthusian Monk, of Gallion in Normandy seems the only one of his venerable fraternity who has ever written upon subjects of Belles Lettres. The first two volumes of that learned and agreeable miscellany "*Les Melanges de la Literature*," which go under the name of Vigneuil de Merville, were compiled by him. The third volume was put together by the Abbé Banier, perhaps from the papers of the elegant Carthusian, who appears to have lived very much in the world. He occasionally speaks of his travels to Rome; and his observations seem replete with that knowledge and discrimination of character which a secluded life can never afford.

"The Painters," says he, in the second volumes of his *Melanges*, "who are enraptured with their art, take every opportunity of sketching any fine heads they happen to meet with, particularly when they have something extraordinary about them. An humble imitator of those Artists, I make pictures of those persons in whom I perceive any thing remarkable. Mr. M. N. is now under my pencil. He is a man of quality, sensible, handsome, and genteel. He is extremely pleasant in society, but knows not what it is to love, or to have a real regard for any one. He is of opinion, that the heart is given us merely to purify the blood, to set it in motion, and to render it perfect, and not to receive any impressions of tenderness or of attachment to mankind. He looks upon

this principal part of ourselves as a simple machine, and nearly as the principal pump of Paris, which serves merely to raise the water of the Seine; and to distribute it through the city. Mr. M. N. pays visits, and is visited in his turn: he is polite to every one. Every person who meets him is always glad to see him, and when he quits him, it is always with some degree of regret. His understanding turns itself as he pleases, and he accommodates himself to the talents, and the turn of mind, and the capacity of every one who comes near him. He is a divine with divines, a philosopher with philosophers, a politician with politicians, a man of frolick with those who have that turn of mind. In short, prepared for any thing, he is the man of every person, and still the man of no one. He forgets you as soon as your back is turned, and never thinks but of pleasing those who are immediately before him. He passes imperceptibly from one scene to another, and from one character to another. He is always himself, and yet he is never himself. He takes time as it comes. The day of yesterday remains not in his memory, and he never by care and by foresight anticipates that of to-morrow."

Dom' Noel wrote upon "Education," or, the "History of M. de Moncade," accompanied with some maxims and reflections. Rousseau appears to have read this work, and to have made some use of it in his "*Emile*." Dom' Noel's Treatise "*Sur la Lecture des Peres de l'Eglise*," or on the manner in which the fathers should be read, was a book much esteemed in the Catholic church of France.

ANECDOTE OF DR. BUTLER, LATE BISHOP OF CLOYNE.—This worthy prelate being on a visit to an old college friend, who had fitted up his parsonage with great neatness, was complimenting him upon his improvements. "Why aye, my lord, (says the doctor,) you have been plaguing me about marriage for some years back, and now you see I have got a *trap* at last." "Why, yes, doctor, (replied the bishop,) the *trap's* very well, but I'm afraid (looking him full in the face, which was none of the handsomest,) I'm afraid the woman won't like the *baît*."

ON THE POETRY OF CHAUCER.

Letter I.

*" Old Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far,
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd.
Which our dark nation long involv'd."*

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

CHAUCER has constantly been styled the father of English poetry. He possesses every claim to this high and honourable appellation, both from the number, variety, and excellence of his works, as well as their great superiority, not only to those who preceded him, or even his cotemporaries, but even to many who succeeded him for centuries afterwards. His poetry is strictly in the language of nature, and is not deformed by an admixture of such unmeaning quibbles, and far-fetched conceits, as are to be found in the works of Cowley and his cotemporaries. "I hold Chaucer," says Dryden, "in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer, or the Romans Virgil: he is a perpetual fountain of good sense; learned in sciences, and therefore speaks properly on all subjects; as he knew what to say, so also he knows when to leave off: a continence which is practised by few writers, and scarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace." Dryden, indeed has given us a sufficient proof in what estimation he held the old bard, by his excellent version of some of the Canterbury Tales, and perhaps Chaucer is more known to the world through the medium of his great successor, than from his own intrinsic merit. It is a very general opinion that the poetry of Chaucer is almost as unintelligible to a modern reader, as if it were written in some foreign language, and that recourse must as often be had to a glossary on reading the former, as to a dictionary in studying the latter. Chaucer, we know, was born early in the 14th century, during the reign of Edward III. We also know that the English language was then in a most uncouth and barbarous state; how then, is it possible that those who live nearly 500 years after him, should be able to enjoy his poetry. This is the language of those who have never attempted what they describe as impossible, and poor Chaucer is left

very quietly to sleep on the shelf, undisturbed, except by the researches of the antiquary. The verse of Chaucer, certainly, does not constantly appear harmonious to our ears, neither do I imagine that an uninterrupted flow of metre, and equality of numbers, were then considered as essentials: it was not till centuries after our poet's death, that English verse acquired that smoothness and polish which it now possesses. It was left for Waller and Dryden to give the finish to what Chaucer had so nobly begun.

It is much to be lamented that Mr. Godwin did not devote some part of his Life of this great poet, to a more extensive history of, and criticism upon, the Canterbury Tales, in comparison of which, the greater part of Chaucer's other productions will seem uninteresting. They are so descriptive of the character and manners of the times, that "the pilgrims," says Dryden, "their humours, their features, and their very dress, are as distinctly before me, as if I had supped with them at the Tabard in Southwark." Perhaps a few extracts from the prologue to the Canterbury Tales, may not be unacceptable to some of the readers of the Cabinet, which, when divested of the disguise of old spelling, will not appear so unintelligible as is generally supposed. Chaucer, after informing us that in the month of April it was usual for pilgrims to assemble at the shrine of "the holy martyr, at Canterbury," thus proceeds:

" Befel that in that season on a day,
In Southwark at the Tabard where I lay,
Ready to wendin on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury, with devout courage,
At night were come into that hostery
Well nine and twenty in a company
Of sundry folk, who by adventure fall
In fellowship, and pilgrims were they all.
That toward Canterbury wouldin ride *."

l. 19, &c.

He then describes the person, character, and condition of each of these pilgrims. I shall extract part of his description of "The Parson."

" A good man there was of religion,
And he was a poor parson of a town :

* Chaucer very frequently finishes a sentence with the first line of the verse.

But rich he was of holy thought and work,
 He was also a learned man, a clerk,
 That Christ's gospel truly would he preach,
 His parish'ners devoutly would he teach.
 Benign he was, and wondrous diligent,
 And in adversity full patient.
 Wide was his parish, and houses asunder,
 But he left not, neither for rain nor thunder,
 In sickness nor in mischief to visit
 The farthest of his parish, much or lite,
 Upon his feet : and in his hand a staff.
 This good example to his flock he gave,
 That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught."

l. 479, &c.

The other characters are described in a similar manner.

Norwich.

E. D.

[To be continued.]

SCOTT'S MARMION.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

I LATELY picked up by accident, a book entitled, if I rightly remember,—“*A circumstantial Account of the Battle of Flodden Field*,” written in a kind of poetry, and extending to upwards of 400 verses. From the cursory perusal which I have had time to give it, I think that Mr. Walter Scott has been considerably indebted to it for the historical materials of his *Marmion*. A comparison might not be uninteresting. This book was written about the time of Queen Elizabeth, but no author's name is given: It was reprinted in London, about the year 1774. Some of the pieces in Mr. Scott's appendix, are copied from it verbatim. The book belongs to the University here.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

Glasgow.

J. F.

LOGIC, OR THE ART OF REASONING.

LOGIC, or (as it may be called) the art of disputing sophistically, makes a considerable part of our academical education : yet Gassendus, who was a very great *reasoner*, has attempted to prove, that it is, in truth, neither necessary nor useful. He thinks, that reason, or innate force and energy of understanding,

is sufficient of itself *; that its own *natural* movements, without any discipline from *art*, are equal to the investigation and settling of truth; that it no more wants the assistance of logic to conduct to this, than the eye wants a lanthorn to enable it to see the sun: and, however he might admit as curious, he would doubtless have rejected as useless, all such productions as Quillet's *Callipædia*, Thevenot on the *Art of Swimming*, or Borelli *de Motu Animalium*; upon the firmest persuasion, that the innate force and energy of nature, when instinct honestly does her best, is sure to attain those several objects, without any didactic rules or precepts.

If logic therefore be not necessary, it is probably of no great use; and it has been deemed not only an impertinent but a pernicious science. "Logic," says Lord Bacon, "is usually taught too early in life. That minds, raw and unfinished with matter, should begin their cultivation from such a science, is just like learning to weigh or measure the wind. Hence, what in young men should be manly reasoning, often degenerates into ridiculous affectations and childish sophistry †." Certainly, where materials are wanting, the dispute must turn altogether upon words; and the whole will be conducted with the slight and legerdemain of sophistry. We have a pleasant instance upon record of this school-errantry, this trick of seeming to prove something, when in reality you prove nothing. A countryman, for the entertainment of his son, when returned from the University, ordered six eggs to be boiled; two for him, two for his mother, and two for himself: but the son, itching to give a specimen of his newly acquired science, boiled only three. To the father, asking the reason of this, "*Why*," says the son, "*there are six*." "How so?" says the father, "I can make but three." "*No!*" replies the young sophister, "*is not here one?* (counting them out) *is not there two?*"

* *Dialectica naturalis est ipsamet ratio, vel ingenita illa intellectus vis et energia, quâ ratiocinamur, et discernimus: et tantam videmus esse naturæ solertiam, ut quisque faciliè, per se, et sine observatione, præstet quicquid necessarium est. Adversus Aristotel. lib. ii. exercit. b. Quod nulla sit necessitas utilitasque Dialectica.*

† *De Augm. Scient. l. 2.*

and is not there three? and do not one, two, and three, make six?" "Well then," says the father, "I'll take two, your mother shall have one, and you shall have the other three."

Many appearances may tempt one to suspect, that the understanding, disciplined with logic, is not so competent for the investigation of truth, as if left to its natural operations. "A man of wit," says Bayle, "who applies himself long and closely to logic, seldom fails of becoming a caviller*; and by his sophistical subtleties perplexes and embroils the very theses he hath defended. He chuses to destroy his own work, rather than forbear disputing; and he starts such objections against his own opinions, that his whole art cannot solve them. Such is the fate of those, who apply themselves too much to the subtleties of dialectics†." This is the opinion of Bayle, who probably knew from feeling and experience the truth of what he said; for he was a very great logician, as well as a very great sceptic.

Our memorable Chillingworth is another instance to prove, that logic, instead of assisting, may possibly obstruct and hurt the understanding. "Chillingworth," says Lord Clarendon, who knew him well, "was a man of great subtlety of understanding, and had spent all his younger time in disputation; of which he arrived to so great a mastery, as not to be inferior to any man in those skirmishes: but he had, with his notable perfection in this exercise, contracted such an irresolution and habit of doubting, that by degrees he grew confident in nothing, and a sceptic at least in the greatest mysteries of faith. All his doubts grew out of himself, when he assisted his scruples with the

* These *sylogistici* are terrible company to men in general, and fit only for one another. With them you cannot be said to have conversation, but altercation rather: for there is something so capacious and litigious in their spirit, that they draw every the most trifling thing that can be started, into a dispute. Before such, you must not expect to talk at ease; that ease and indolence, which make a man careless about both ideas and language: no, you must be wary and correct; you must be always upon the defensive; but must keep a perpetual guard, as you would over your purse, were a pick-pocket in the room.

† Dict. Chrysippus.

strength of his own reason, and was then too hard for himself *."

To conclude.—What was the meaning of that stricture upon Seneca, *Verborum minutiis rerum frangit pondera*, which, according to Lord Bacon, may thus be applied to the schoolmen, *Quæstionum minutii scientiarum frangunt soliditatem*? Why, that by their *litigiosa subtilitas*, as he calls it, by their logical refinements and distinctions, they had *chopped* truth so down into mincemeat, as to leave it not only without proportion or form, but almost without substance. S.

THE WEATHER.

It is a proverbial observation, that, in this country, persons, for want of other topics of conversation, are very apt to introduce the weather, and to inform the company, as if it were a discovery they had just made, and with which every one else was unacquainted, that it is a fine or a bad day.

This is commonly imputed to our shyness among strangers, and our natural taciturnity, which influences us to take the most obvious object that offers, rather than be at the trouble of seeking for more remote subjects. But is there any thing more interesting to the generality of mankind than the weather? I do not mean to the mariner and the husbandman only, who are so essentially interested in it, or even to the fox-hunter, whose pleasures are so completely interrupted by a frost; but to the idle and the literary. How would all the amusements of the former be deranged, if his ride or his walk was interrupted by the weather, especially in the country! and his only resource left would be to take up a book, and fancy he was trying to read. And how is the man of letters likely to suffer in his health, if he is not allured from his studies by the temptation of a bright sun shining into the room!

As for those gentlemen whose sole happiness depends on out-of-doors diversions, I have heard a remarkable instance of the means a set of sportsmen took to relieve themselves from an embarrassment occasioned by the weather.

* Life by himself, i. 56. svo.

Several young men were assembled at the house of an opulent friend, for the purpose of going out with the hounds. The morning proved unfavourable for the chace. After much anxious inquiry about the probability of a change in the atmosphere, finding there was no hope, and happening to be in the library, each had recourse to a book, and they began with great assiduity to turn over the leaves. This employment, however, began to grow tedious, which was soon expressed by stretching, yawning, and the other usual symptoms of ennui; till one more happy genius than the rest luckily hit on an expedient, and, throwing down his book, started up, and proposed going down into the park and whipping the jackasses. The proposal met with universal approbation, and was immediately put into execution.

From reading old diaries of the weather, and the time of ripening of fruits, one should suppose our climate has experienced some wonderful alterations. In the *Kalendarium Hortense*, at the end of Evelyn's *Sylva*, cherries are mentioned as being ripe in May*, and raspberries and currants in June, a circumstance I never remember to have seen, allowing for the eleven days difference occasioned by the alteration of the style.

P.

CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

M. DE VOLTAIRE does not think two witnesses sufficient to prove the crime of a delinquent; and he alleges several cases, beside the famous and well-known case of the daughter of Sirven, which seems to justify his opinion. "A cabal," says he, "of the populace of Lyons, declared in 1772, that they saw a company of young people carrying, amidst singing and dancing, the dead body of a young woman, whom they had ravished and assassinated. The depositions of the witnesses to this abominable fact, or pretended fact, were unanimous; and, nevertheless, the judges acknowledged solemnly, in their sentence, that there had been neither singing nor dancing, nor girl violated, nor dead body carried. This may have been, in part, the fault of the judges, who, (as our author insinu-

* We have a cherry, it is true, called the *MAY DUKE*; but is either called so from the time of its ripening in some other climate, or ours must be much changed.

ates, and even affirms in this work *) are in France often more perfidious and corrupt than the witnesses. The case, indeed, of M. de Pivardiere is most singular, as it is almost incredible, and is nevertheless (according to our author) a public fact. Madame Chauvelin, his second wife, was accused of having had him assassinated in his castle. Two servant maids were witnesses of the murder: his own daughter heard the cries and last words of her father: 'My God! have mercy upon me!' One of the maid servants, falling dangerously ill, took the sacrament: and while she was performing this solemn act of religion, declared before God, that her mistress intended to kill her master. Several other witnesses testified, that they had seen linen stained with his blood; others declared that they had heard the report of the gun, by which the assassination commenced. His death was averred: nevertheless, at length it appeared, that there was no gun fired, no blood shed, nobody killed. What remains is still more extraordinary: M. de la Pivardiere returned home; he appears in person before the judges of the province, who were preparing every thing to execute vengeance on his murderer. The judges are resolved not to lose their process; they affirm to his face that he is dead; they brand him with the accusation of imposture for saying that he is alive; they tell him that he deserves exemplary punishment for coining a lie before the tribunal of justice; and maintain, that their procedures are more credible than his testimony. In a word, this criminal process continued eighteen months before the poor gentleman could obtain a declaration of the court that he was alive."

M. de Voltaire relates several other instances of the criminal precipitation, or still more criminal iniquity, of the French tribunals, in condemning to death, in its most cruel forms, innocent, inoffensive, nay, virtuous citizens. The story of Monthaille, who, without any accuser, witness, or any probable or suspicious circumstances, was seized by the superior tribunal of Arras in 1770, and condemned to have his hand cut off, to be broken on the wheel, and afterwards burned alive, for killing his mother, is one of those horrors that astonish and confound. This sentence was executed, and his wife was on the point of being thrown into the flames as his accomplice, when she pleaded her pregnancy, and gave the Chancellor of France,

* Prize of Justice and humanity.

who was informed of this infernal iniquity, time to have the sentence reversed, when her husband had fallen a victim to the bloody tribunal of Arras. "The pen trembles in my hand," cries our author, "while I relate these enormities! We have seen, by the letters of several French lawyers, that not one year passes, in which one tribunal or another does not stain the gibbet or the rack with the blood of unfortunate citizens, whose innocence is afterwards ascertained when it is too late."

LA MARECHAL D'ANCRE.

THIS upstart Minister, by name Concini, and foster-brother to Mary de Medicis, was so insolent, that he used to call the Gentlemen who were in his train, "My Hundred-a-year Scoundrels." Concini governed France so wretchedly and so despotically, that Malherbe said after his death, "Now it has pleased Heaven to take Concini away from us, we have no prayer left to make."

Howell, in his Letters, relates this account of the death of the Marshal d'Ancre from an eye-witness: "The young King Louis XIII. being told that the Marshal d'Ancre was the ground of the discontent amongst the people of Paris, commanded M. de Vitry, Captain of the Guards, to arrest him, and in case of resistance to kill him. This business was carried very closely till the next morning, that the said Marquis was coming to the Louvre, with a ruffling train of gallants after him, and passing over the draw-bridge at the Court-gate, Vitry stood there with the King's guard about him, and, as the Marquis entered, he told him that he had a commission from the King to apprehend him, and therefore he demanded his sword. The Marquis hereupon put his hand upon his sword; some thought to yield it up, others to make opposition. In the mean time, Vitry discharged a pistol at him, and so dispatched him. The King being, above in his gallery, asked what noise that was below. One smilingly answered, Nothing, Sir, but that the Marshal d'Ancre is slain. Who slew him? The Captain of your Guards. Why? Because he would have drawn his sword at your Majesty's royal commission. The King then replied, Vitry has done well; and I will maintain the act. Presently the Queen-mother had all her guards taken from her, except six men and sixteen women, and so she was banished Paris, and com-

manded to retire to Blois. Ancre's body was buried that night in a church-yard by the court; but the next morning the lacquies and pages (who are more unhappy here than the apprentices of London) broke up his grave, tore the coffin to pieces, ripped the winding-sheet, and tied his body to an ass's tail, and so dragged him up and down the gutters of Paris (which are none of the sweetest); they then sliced off his ears, and nailed them upon the gates of the city: they cut off his genitories, and sent them as a present to the Duke of Maine. The rest of his body they carried to the new bridge, and hung him, his heels upwards and his head downwards, upon a new gibbet, that had been set up a little before to punish them who should speak ill of the present government, and it was his chance to have the first fruits of it himself. His wife was hereupon apprehended, imprisoned, and beheaded for a witch, some few days after, upon a surmise that she had enchanted the Queen to dote so upon her husband: and they say, the young King's picture was found in her closet, in virgin wax, with one leg melted away. A little after, a process was formed against the Marquis her husband, and so he was condemned after death. This was a right act of a French popular fury, which, like an angry torrent, is irresistible, nor can any banks, boundaries, or dykes, stop the impetuous rage of it."

JOHANNA BAPTISTA VERU,

DAUGHTER of the Duke de Luynes, and a much beloved wife of the Count de Verue; a woman of extraordinary beauty, intellect, and accomplishment, but an unfaithful wife; to this defect in duty, her husband undesignedly contributed.

Not content with possessing such excellence, joined to a love of retirement and domestic life; the thoughtless and imprudent Count, was perpetually speaking of her charms to his royal master, Victor Amadeus, King of Sardinia and Duke of Savoy; a sovereign, who with many good qualities, was alternately a prey to female art, capricious infatuation, and unavailing repentance.

Hearing so much of the Countess de Verue, and her husband frequently boasting how much she excelled all the ladies he saw, the king asked why he did not bring her to Turin. As if impatient of the happiness he enjoyed, and in an unlucky moment, he introduced her at

court, she became a favourite with the queen, who little suspected that she was encouraging a rival in the affections of her husband.

Amadeus soon became passionately fond of her; princes and kings, it has been said, make rapid strides in love; the Countess fascinated by royal attentions, irritated by some real or imaginary neglect on the part of her husband, forgot her duty, and forfeited her reputation.

A separate establishment, guards, and other accompaniments of royalty, soon proclaimed to the indignant public, her splendid infamy.

The injured queen was for a long time unacquainted with their amours, till with a design of shewing the height of his regard for the fair favourite, and in that peculiar fatality, which often accompanies guilt, Victor actually invited his royal consort to a public entertainment, given in honour of the birth of a child he had by the countess.

It was not till the company sat down to table, that the eyes of the unhappy wife were open to the cruel and unfeeling conduct of her husband. The guilty countess was adorned with some of the most valuable of the jewels, which had been presented to the queen on her marriage; naturally provoked at such indecorous and unfeeling treatment; after reproaching them for thus adding insult to injury, the queen immediately quitted the room.

For the honour of the count, it ought to be recorded, that the moment he perceived the consequences of his folly approaching, he could not reconcile it to himself, to remain a silent and contented spectator of domestic dishonour; he repented a thousand times, as we all do, of our indiscretions—*when it is too late.*

Having demanded an audience of the king, which, as guilt is always a coward, was denied; in a short interview with his infatuated wife, he pointed out the ingratitude and baseness of her conduct; spoke of the frail texture of royal attachments, and unlawful love; professed himself ready to forgive what had passed, if she would directly separate from her seducer, and with her husband,—that husband whom she once professed to love,—quit Turin for ever.

Their conversation was interrupted by a message from the king, who probably dreaded the result of so trying a struggle; but the lady shewing no symptom of returning duty, the count left her in agonies; and after indignantly rejecting a pension of two hundred thousand livres, settled

on him by the king, the count quitted Turin, and repaired to Paris.

In the blandishments of unhallowed pleasure, and forgetful of her nuptial vows, three years passed quickly away. At length, perceiving a diminution of royal favour, stimulated by compunction, and a return of suppressed affection for her absent husband, and probably disgusted, as every sensible and delicate woman must be, at her degraded condition, which excepting the thin veil of splendor, differed in no essential, from the odious and obscene situation of a prostitute, with the additional character of a foul and ungrateful adulteress; the countess determined to leave the king.

Taking advantage of his absence, on a journey to Chambery, and assisted by her brother, who resided at Paris, with whom she had corresponded on the subject, relays of post-horses were provided at short distances; she departed from Turin, and was half-way to Paris before Amadeus was apprised of her departure.

The queen's jewels, with a letter for the king, were found on her toilette; she apologized for her conduct, imputing it to the anguish of repentance for her sinful life; she expressed the warmest sense of his kindness and attentions, and concluded with earnestly entreating his majesty to be reconciled to the queen, as it would add considerably to her peace of mind to hear that, shew as no longer the occasion of separating him from so good and worthy woman.

Victor, chagrined at her abrupt departure, and apparent want of tenderness, bitterly cursed the whole sex, in a transport of rage, but impelled rather by necessity than inclination, reluctantly followed her advice.

The countess, unhappy, although considerably enriched, and still feeling the impressions of her first love, that love, which however faithless or unworthy the object of it, or we ourselves may prove, we never recollect without regret; the countess, in the hope of being able to compensate for her failure, by future good conduct, and probably wishing to emerge from the infamy of her condition, planned a reconciliation with her husband.

This purpose she wished to accomplish without subjecting herself to the mortification of a notorious refusal; an opportunity soon offered of putting her scheme into execution, and in her own way.

A public entertainment, with a grand masquerade, being announced to be given by a prince of the blood; a few

louis d'ors to his valet, enabled the lady to find out, that the Count de Verue was to be present, and the dress he was to wear.

While the unfaithful wife was making these enquiries, she could not help detaining the servant, an old and faithful domestic of the family, to ask him a few questions concerning his master; the life he led, and the company he kept.

The feelings of the countess may be guessed at, when the valet informed her, that his master neither enjoyed health nor spirits since he left Turin; that his sister, alarmed at the state of her brother's health, had insisted on his consulting a physician, who described the disease as an affection of the mind, entirely out of the reach of medicine, and recommended company and dissipation.

On this principle, the unhappy man had been prevailed on to promise his sister that he would accompany her to the masquerade. The valet added, that the count saw little company, but spent the greatest part of his time in his own room; that his chief attention seemed occupied by a picture, on which he fixed his melancholy eyes for hours together. "A picture," replied the countess, with augmented emotion,—“a picture, and of whom?” “Of yourself, ma'am,” said the valet, in an emphatic expressive manner, and immediately quitted the apartment.—The adulteress, as if a dagger had pierced her vitals, instantly sunk on the floor, in the agonies of bitter repentance.

Whilst she had been passing her unhallowed hours in chambering and wantonness, her deserted husband, the object of her earliest love, and for whom, even in the moments of infidelity, she was not able wholly to suppress her affection, her deserted husband had been solitary, disconsolate, comfortless, and unhappy; still doating on the unfaithful blaster of all his joys.

Such reflections stimulated the countess to pursue her purpose with augmented eagerness; she prepared for the masquerade, and resolved to appear in the assumed character of Diana.

The day which was to decide her fate at length arrived; and as midnight approached, being conveyed to the festive spot, she was literally what she appeared to be, the goddess of the night. Her splendid and expensive dress, ornamented with jewels, which were not within the reach of common finances, and her superior air and deportment, attracting general attention.

It was some time before the count appeared ; when at last he entered the room, supported by his sister, his debilitated appearance, and slow pace, soon caught her eye, — **HE WAS THE GHOST OF DEPARTED JOY.**

Having seated himself near where she sat, the countess soon contrived to enter into conversation with him, in that kind of audible whisper, which, on such occasions, is the general vehicle of folly or of crime. From the state of her feelings, she was unable to exhibit external gaiety, while discontent sat heavy on her heart.

Affecting, or actually experiencing indisposition, and hinting a wish to retire, she mentioned, with regret, that her carriage was sent home, with orders not to return till a late hour. The count, interested in the fate of the fair stranger, offered to attend her home in his own coach, which he had ordered to wait, designing to make a short stay ; with apparent reluctance, but inward satisfaction, she accepted his offer ; and they were driven to a house, in magnificence, nearly approaching to a palace, in the Fauxbourg St. Germaine.

The count, though ill able, insisted on handing the lady from his coach ; as she descended, the mask, by accident or design, dropped from her face, and discovered that countenance he had so often looked on with tenderness and rapture, drowned in tears.

He paused for a moment, distracted by love, which was still ardent, and resentments proportionably keen ; the latter predominated, and, in the anguish of a husband, irreparably injured, he turned from the woman he once adored, without uttering a word.

The miserable countess, sinking under the horrors of her situation, was conveyed by the attendants to her apartment ; and de Verue, notwithstanding the state of his health, soon after joined a regiment on actual service, and met with that death, he had long and ardently desired.

This is *another* of the numerous instances daily occurring, in which a little prudence, and a little common sense, would have prevented irretrievable calamity.

The Count de Verue had too high an opinion of his wife's chastity, and thought she would, like gold, be more pure for passing through the fire ; — poor human nature is not made of materials for such trials ; — **LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION**, is a safe axiom, laid down by one who well knew, because he made us what we are.

SPANIARDS AND PORTUGUESE.

We are apt to mistake the characters of the Spaniards ; there is in the very excess and abundance of their wit, joy, and good humour, a certain steady evenness of manners, equally distant from pedantry, levity, and affectation ; more mirth of the heart than all the noise, grimace, and *badinage* of their neighbours ; a kind of grave, dry, sententious humour, with a serene and placid firmness of countenance.

But from too much of the religious, and then of the military spirit, they have rapidly declined into enthusiasm and cruelty, and as the human character never stops, have still continued to sink into indifference, pride, indolence, and barren devotion ; they cannot be excited to any great effort, but by superstitious terrors, love, revenge, and a fandango, the favourite dance of all ranks, in which, from a state of death-like stupidity, they will, at the first touch of an instrument, join with enthusiasm, animation, grace, and delight.

It seems to have been the system of Spain and Portugal, to protect themselves by distance and desolation ; to leave whole districts uncultivated, and roads impassable ; as military science declined, timidity succeeded to discipline, and men prepared for war, by casing themselves in armour to be smothered, or by shutting themselves up in castles to be starved ; THEY FORGOT THAT NATIONAL STRENGTH CONSISTS IN AN ACTIVE, MOVING, DISPOSABLE FORCE,—AND THAT THE SAFEST STATE OF DEFENCE IS, BEING ALWAYS READY TO ATTACK.

The Portuguese pride has usefully changed its object, from the black cloak, spectacles, an affectation of wisdom and sanctity, and having nothing to do ; they are grown fond of fine cloaths, are become diligent, enterprising, and active.

Lisbon is a mixture of luxury and misery, nastiness and magnificence ; the buildings erected since the earthquake of 1755, are barbarously gigantic : the Marquis de Pombal, their chief projector, had the misfortune of being elevated out of the reach of controul, no man presumed to understand, even his own trade, so well as the prime minister.

SHORT RULES FOR CONVERSATION.

BY LORD CHANCELLOR BACON.

I. To deceive men's expectations generally argues a settled mind, and unexpected constancy ; as in matter of fear, anger, sudden joy, grief, and all things that may affect or alter the mind, on public or sudden accidents.

II. It is necessary to use a stedfast countenance, not wavering with action, as in moving the head or hand too much ; which shews a fantastical, light, and fickle operation of the mind : it is sufficient, with leisure, to use a modest action of either.

III. In all kinds of speech, it is proper to speak leisurely, and rather drawingly, than hastily ; because hasty speech confounds the memory, and often drives a man to a non-plus, or an unseemly stammering : whereas slow speech confirms the memory, and begets an opinion of wisdom in the hearers.

IV. To desire in discourse to hold all arguments is ridiculous, and a want of true judgment ; for no man can be exquisite in all things.

V. To have common places of discourse, and to want variety, is odious to the hearers, and shews a shallowness of thought : it is therefore good to vary, and suit speeches to the present occasion : as also to hold a moderation in all discourse, especially of religion, the state, great persons, important business, poverty, or any thing deserving pity.

VI. A long continued discourse, without a good speech of interlocution, shews slowness : and a good reply, without a good set off speech, shews shallowness and weakness.

VII. To use many circumstances, before you come to the matter, is wearisome ; and to use none at all, is blunt.

VIII. Bashfulness is a great hindrance to a man, both in uttering his sentiments, and understanding what is proposed to him ; it is therefore good to press forwards, with discretion, both in discourse and company of the better sort.

INSTANCE OF AN HONEST JEW.

THIS was on an occasion, in which so many Christians as well as Hebrews, deviate from truth without scruple : I refer to certain abominable scenes of perjury and fraud

displayed in the business of justifying bail, as it is called, at the beginning of every term.

"Are you worth eighteen hundred pounds after all your debts are paid," was the question proposed. "Eighteen hundred pounds," replied the Jew, "is a great deal of money, and to speak the truth, I am not worth half so much, nor will I undertake to justify for it; but as the attorney has given me a twenty pound bank note, what am I to do with it?"

The venerable chief justice Lord Mansfield, pleased and surprized at the circumstance, said, "YOU ARE AN HONEST JEW, I advise you to keep the money."

The old man folding up the bank note deliberately, placed it in his pocket book and retired.

This Israelite would have been considered by most persons, as more strictly honest, had he refused to take the money at all; unless he acted on the principle of *spoiling the Egyptians*, and punishing the rascal who had corrupted him.

The little regard which Jews have been *supposed* to pay to oaths, hath been attributed by some to the following passage in the Talmud: "He who wishes that any vow, promise or oath he may make, should be invalid, and of no effect, let him rise early on the last day of the year, and pronounce the following words, turning his face towards Jerusalem: '*Whatever vows, promises, or oaths I enter into, during the ensuing year, may they be of no effect.*'"

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

MILTON has very judiciously represented the father of mankind as seized with horror and astonishment at the sight of death, represented to him on the mount of Vision. For surely nothing can so much disturb the passions, or perplex the intellects of man, as a disruption of his union with visible nature, a separation from every thing that has hitherto engaged or delighted him; a change not only of the place, but the manner of his being; an entrance into a state, not simply unknown, but which perhaps he has not faculties to know, and immediate and perceptible communication with the Supreme Being, and, what is above all distressful and alarming, the final sentence and unalterable allotment.

Yet we, whom the shortness of life has made acquainted with mortality, can, without emotion, see generations of men pass away, are at leisure to establish modes of sorrow, to adjust the ceremonial of death, look upon funeral pomp as a ceremonial in which we have no concern, and turn away from it to trifles and amusements without dejection of look, or inquietude of heart.

It is indeed apparent from the constitution of the world, that there must be a time for other thoughts; and a perpetual meditation upon the last hour, however it may become the solitude of a monastery, is inconsistent with many duties of common life. But surely the remembrance of death ought to predominate in our minds as an habitual and settled principle, always operating, though not always perceived; and our attention should seldom wander so far from our own condition, as not to be recalled and fixed by the sight of an event, which will soon, we know not how soon, happen likewise to ourselves, and of which, though we cannot appoint the time, may secure the consequence.

Yet, though every instance of death may justly awaken our fears, and quicken our vigilance, it seldom happens that we are much alarmed, unless some close connection is broken, some scheme frustrated, or some hope defeated. There are therefore many, who seem to live without any reflection on the end of life, because they are wholly involved within themselves, and look on others as unworthy of their notice, without any expectation of receiving, or intention of bestowing good.

It is indeed impossible, without some mortification of that desire, which every man feels of being remembered and lamented, to behold how little concern is caused by the eternal [departure even of those who have passed their lives with public honours, and been distinguished by superior qualities, or extraordinary performances. It is not possible to be regarded by tenderness, except by a few. That merit which gives reputation and renown, diffuses its influence to a wide compass, but acts weakly in every single breast; it is placed at a distance from common spectators, and shines like one of the remote stars of which the light reaches us, but not the heat. The wit, the hero, the philosopher, whom either their tempers, or their fortunes have hindered from intimate relations, or tender intercourses, die often without any other effect than that of adding a new topic to the conversation.

of the day, and impress none with any fresh conviction of the fragility of our nature, because none had any particular interest in their lives, or were united to them by a reciprocation of benefits and endearments.

Thus we find it often happens, that those who in their lives have excited applause, and attracted admiration, are laid at last in the dust without the common honour of a stone; because by those excellencies, with which many have been delighted, none have been obliged; and though they had many to celebrate them, they had none to love them.

Custom so far regulates the sentiments at least of common minds, that I believe men may be generally observed to grow less tender as they advance in age; and he who, when life was new, melted at the loss of every companion, can look, in time, without concern, upon the grave into which his last friend was thrown, and into which he himself is ready to fall; not because he is more willing to die than formerly, but because he is more familiar with the death of others, and therefore not alarmed so far as to consider how much nearer he approaches to his end. But this is to submit tamely to the tyranny of accident, and to suffer our reason to lie useless. Every funeral may be justly considered as a summons to prepare for that state into which it is a proof that we must some time enter, and a summons more hard and piercing, as the event of which it warns us is at less distance. To neglect at any time making preparation for death, is to sleep on our post at a siege; but to omit it in old age, is to sleep on an attack.

It has always seemed to me, one of the most striking passages in the visions of Quevedo, where he stigmatises those as fools who complain that they failed of happiness by sudden death. "How, says he, can death be sudden to a being, who always knew that he must die, and that the time of death was uncertain?"

Since there are not wanting admonitions of our mortality to preserve it active in our minds, nothing can more properly renew the impression than the examples which every day supplies, and as the great incentive to virtue is the reflection that we must die, it may be useful to accustom ourselves, whenever we see a funeral, to consider how soon we may be added to the number of those whose probation is past, and whose happiness or misery shall endure for ever.

DISQUISITION ON PUBLIC AND PRIVATE EDUCATION.

COULD mankind lead their lives in that solitude which is so favourable to many of our most virtuous affections, I should be clearly on the side of a private education. But most of us, when we go into the world, find difficulties in our way, which good principles and innocence alone will not qualify us to encounter; we must have some address and knowledge of the world different from what is to be learned in books, or we shall soon be puzzled, disheartened, or disgusted. The foundation of this knowledge is laid in the intercourse of schoolboys, or at least of young men of the same age. When a boy is always under the direction of a parent or tutor, he acquires such a habit of looking up to them for advice, that he never learns to think or act for himself; his memory is exercised, indeed, in retaining their advice, but his invention is suffered to languish, till at last it becomes totally inactive. He knows, perhaps, a great deal of history or science; but he knows not how to conduct himself on those ever-changing emergencies, which are too minute and too numerous to be comprehended in any system of advice. He is astonished at the most common appearances, and discouraged with the most trifling (because unexpected) obstacles; and he is often at his wit's end, where a boy of much less knowledge, but more experience, would instantly devise a thousand expedients.

Another inconvenience attending private education, is the suppressing of the principle of emulation, without which it rarely happens that a boy prosecutes his studies with alacrity or success. I have heard private tutors complain that they were obliged to have recourse to flattery or bribery to engage the attention of their pupil; and I need not observe, how improper it is to set examples of such practices before children. True emulation, especially in young and ingenious minds, is a noble principle; I have known the happiest effects produced by it; I never knew it to be productive of any vice. In all public schools it is, or ought to be, carefully cherished.—I shall only observe further, that when boys pursue their studies at home, they are apt to contract either a habit of idleness, or too close an attachment to reading: the former breeds innumerable diseases, both in body and soul: the latter, by filling young and tender

minds with more knowledge than they can either retain or arrange properly, is apt to make them superficial and inattentive, or what is worse, to strain, and consequently impair, the faculties, by overstretching them. I have known several instances of both,

The great inconvenience of public education arises from its being dangerous to morals. And indeed every condition and period of human life is liable to temptation. Nor will I deny, that our innocence, during the first part of life, is much more secure at home, than any where else; yet even at home, when we reach a certain age, it is not perfectly secure. Let young men be kept at the greatest distance from bad company, it will not be easy to keep them from bad books, to which, in these days, all persons may have easy access at all times. Let us, however, suppose the best; that both bad books and bad company keep away, and that the young man never leaves his parents' or tutor's side, till his mind be well furnished with good principles, and himself arrived at the age of reflection and caution; yet temptations must come at last; and when they come, will they have the less strength, because they are new, unexpected, and surprising? I fear not. The more the young man is surprised, the more apt will he be to lose his presence of mind, and consequently the less capable of self-government. Besides, if his passions are strong, he will be disposed to form comparisons between his past state of restraint, and his present of liberty, very much to the disadvantage of the former. His new associates will laugh at him for his reserve and preciseness; and his unacquaintance with their manners, and with the world, as it will render him more obnoxious to their ridicule, will also disqualify him the more, both for supporting it with dignity, and also for defending himself against it."—A young man, kept by himself at home, is never well known, even by his parents; because he is never placed in those circumstances which alone are able effectually to rouse and interest his passions, and consequently to make his character appear. His parents, therefore, or tutors, never know his weak side, nor what particular advices or cautions he stands most in need of; whereas, if he had attended a public school, and mingled in the amusements and pursuits of his equals, his virtues and his vices would have been disclosing themselves every day; and his teachers would have known what particular

precepts and examples it was most expedient to inculcate upon him. Compare those who have had a public education with those who have been educated at home; and it will be found, in fact, that the latter are, either in virtue or in talents, superior to the former.

SPAIN.

THE following sketch of the characters of the inhabitants of the principal provinces of Spain will be found interesting at the present juncture :—

Each province of Spain has its peculiar character, and there seems to exist between them a moral as well as a physical division. The provinces, which were formerly almost as many kingdoms, appear to have preserved the spirit of hatred to a greater or lesser degree, in proportion to the distance they are from each other.

The Austurians, amongst whom the patriotic flame first broke forth, have not the character of particular intelligence. Most of the servants in Spain are from that province, and are faithful and exact in the performance of their duty.

The Biscayans are brave, animated, and industrious, and are considered the best soldiers and the best mariners in the kingdom; their language is peculiar to themselves, as are many of the privileges they enjoy.

The Catalans are the most industrious, active, and laborious, amongst the Spaniards; they consider themselves as a distinct people,—are always ready to revolt, and have more than once formed the project of erecting their country, into a republic. For some centuries past, Catalonia has been the nursery of the arts and the trades of Spain. The Catalan is, however, rude, vulgar, jealous, and self-interested; but he is open and friendly.

The Valencian is subtle, false, and milder in his manners; he is the most idle, and at the same time, the most supple being that exists.

The Andalusian may be compared to the Gascon for extravagant expression, vivacity, and vain boasting; he is a bully, an idler, lively, jovial, and attached to the customs of his country.

The Castilian is haughty, grave in his deportment and conversation: his politeness is cold, but free from affectation;

he is mistrustful, yet decided in his friendship ; he possesses genius, strength of mind, and sound judgment.

The inhabitant of Gallicia quits his country, and is employed in the rest of Spain, in sweeping chimnies, cleaning shoes, &c.

Among so vast and incongruous a mass, we fear we are not to expect that unanimity that is necessary to oppose the concentrated power of France. The Spaniards, however, can endure greater privations and hardships than perhaps any other people ; their patience in the wars of Italy, Portugal, and before Gibraltar, was matter of general astonishment ; they were whole days without bread, water, or beds, yet not the least murmur was heard in their camp, neither was there the slightest symptom of disobedience or mutiny.

The nationality of the Spaniards may counterpoise their provincial antipathies, for they all concur in the sentiment, that their country is the first in the world ; they have a proverb which says, "*Donde esta Madrid calle el mundo.*" Where Madrid is, let the world be silent ; and another, "*Solo Madrid es corte.*" There is no other court than Madrid : while a thousand other laws flatter and perpetuate the national vanity of the people. One of their Bishops, as Feyron tells us, in a sermon on the temptation of Christ, informed his audience, " that the devil took the Saviour to the top of a high mountain, whence all the kingdoms of the earth were discovered ; he shewed him France, England, and Italy, but happily," added the prelate, " for the SON of God, Spain was hidden from his sight by the Pyrenees."

MELANGE.

No. XI.

Chacun à son gout.

THE UTILITY OF PHYSICIANS.—A cardinal, in the confidence of Pope Alexander VI. told him one day, that it would be expedient to banish the Physicians out of

Rome, for they were entirely useless.—“Not so, (replied the pope) they are quite the reverse; for without them the world would increase so fast, that one could not live by another.”

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN IRISH INNKEEPER AND
AN ENGLISHMAN.

Englishman. Holloa, house!

Innkeeper. I don't know any one of that name.

Eng. Are you the master of the inn?

Inn. Yes, sir, please your honour, when my wife's from home.

Eng. Have you a bill of fare?

Inn. Yes, Sir, the fair of Mullingar and Ballinasloe are next week.

Eng. I see.—How are your beds?

Inn. Very well, I thank you, Sir.

Eng. Have you any mountain?

Inn. Yes, Sir, this country is full of mountains.

Eng. I mean a kind of wine.

Inn. Yes, Sir, all kinds, from Irish white wine (but-ter-milk) to burgundy.

Eng. Have you any porter?

Inn. Yes, Sir, Pat is an excellent porter; he'll go any where.

Eng. No, I mean porter to drink.

Inn. Oh, Sir, he'd drink the ocean, never fear him for that.

Eng. Have you any fish?

Inn. They call me an odd fish.

Eng. I think so. I hope you are not a shark.

Inn. No, Sir, indeed I am not a lawyer.

Eng. But! Have you any soals?

Inn. For your boots or shoes, Sir?

Eng. Have you any plaiice?

Inn. No, Sir, but I was promised one if I would vote for Mr. B.

Eng. Have you any wild fowl?

Inn. They are tame enough now, for they have been killed these three days.

Eng. I must see myself.

Inn. And welcome, Sir, I'll fetch you the looking glass.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

Marmion ; a Tale of Flodden Field. By Walter Scott, Esq.

[Continued from Vol. III. p. 332.]

WE shall now proceed to examine its merits as a poem. We have before observed it is marked by the same excellencies, and the same defects as the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and the criticism which was passed upon the versification of his former work is also applicable to this; but where there are so many beauties, and the pleasure they create is lessened by such trivial defects, the critic should in gratitude pass them by, and exclaim with Horace :

" Verùm ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura."

The language is, with a few exceptions, spirited and beautifully poetical; and what is perhaps a greater merit, in a poem approaching so near to the dramatic, it is always characteristically appropriate; but the delight which we have received from several passages of the introductory epistles, has induced us to wish that Mr. Scott would for awhile neglect the deeds of chivalry, and devote his lyre to the expression of social feeling.

From amongst the beauties which impart the irresistible charm this volume possesses, we have, in addition to those contained in our analysis, selected the following :

" November's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sear :
Late, gazing down the steepy knn,
That hems our little garden in,
Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled green-wood grew,
So feeble trill'd the streamlet through ;

Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen
Through bush and brier, no longer green;
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,
And, foaming brown with doubled speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer Autumn's glowing red
Upon our forest hills is shed;
No more beneath the evening beam,
Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam;
Away hath past the heather-bell,
That bloom'd so rich on Need-path-fell;
Sallow his brow, and russet bare
Are now the sister-heights of Yare.
The sheep, before the pinching heaven,
To sheltered dale and down are driven,
Where yet some faded herbage pines,
And yet a watery sun-beam shines:
In meek despondency they eye
The withered sward and wintry sky,
And far beneath their summer hill,
Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill.
The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold,
And wraps him closer from the cold;
His dogs no merry circles wheel,
But, shivering, follow at his heel;
A cowering glance they often cast,
As deeper moans the gathering blast."

Page 5 *.

" To mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings;
The genial call dead Nature hears,
And in her glory re-appears.
But oh! my country's wintry state
What second spring shall renovate?
What powerful call shall bid arise
The buried warlike, and the wise;
The mind, that thought for Britain's weal,
The hand that grasp'd the victor steel?—
The vernal sun new life bestows
Even on the meanest flower that blows;
But vainly, vainly, may he shine
Where Glory weeps o'er NELSON's shrine;
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,
That shrouds, O PITT, thy hallowed tomb!"

" Nor yet suppress the generous sigh,
Because his rival slumbers nigh;
Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,
Lest it be said o'er FOX's tomb.

For talents mourn, untimely lost,
 When best employ'd, when wanted most ;
 Mourn genius high, and lore profound,
 And wit that loved to play, not wound ;
 And all the reasoning powers divine,
 To penetrate, resolve, combine ;
 And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—
 They sleep with him who sleeps below :
 And, if thou mourn'st they could not save
 From error, him who owns this grave,
 Be every harsher thought suppress'd,
 And sacred be the last, long rest ! ”

“ With more than mortal powers endow'd
 How high they soared above the crowd !
 Theirs was no common party race,
 Jostling by dark intrigue for place ;
 Like fabled gods, their mighty war
 Shook realms and nations in its jar ;
 Beneath each banner proud to stand,
 Looked up the noblest of the land,
 Till through the British world were known
 The names of PITT and FOX alone.
 Spells of such force no wizard grave
 E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
 Though his could drain the ocean dry,
 And force the planets from the sky,
 These spells are spent, and, spent with these ;
 The wine of life is on the lees.
 Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
 For ever tombed beneath the stone,
 Where,—taming thought to human pride !—
 The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
 Drop upon FOX's grave the tear,
 'Twill trickle to his rival's bier ;
 O'er PITT's the mournful requiem sound,
 And FOX's shall the notes rebound.
 The solemn echo seems to cry,—
 ‘ Here let their discord with them die ;
 ‘ Speak not for those a separate doom,
 ‘ Whom Fate made brothers in the tomb,
 ‘ But search the land of living men,
 ‘ Where wilt thou find their like agen ? ”

Pages 7, 10, and 13.

The description of the Palmer is original and natural :

“ When as the Palmer came in hall
 Nor lord, nor knight, was there more tall,
 Or had a statelier step withal,
 Or looked more high and keen ;
 For no saluting did he wait,
 But strode across the hall of state,
 And fronted Marmion where he sat,
 As he his peer had been.

But his gaunt frame was worn with toil;
 His cheek was sunk; alas the while!
 And when he struggled at a smile,
 His eye looked haggard wild.
 Poor wretch! the mother that him bare,
 If she had been in presence there,
 In his wan face, and sun-burned hair,
 She had not known her child.
 Danger, long travel, want, or woe,
 Soon change the form that best we know—
 For deadly fear can time outgo,
 And blanch at once the hair;
 Hard toil can roughen form and face,
 And want can quench the eye's bright grace,
 Nor does old age a wrinkle trace,
 More deeply than despair.
 Happy whom none of these befall,
 But this poor Palmer knew them all."

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The apostrophe to woman, which follows Marmion's exclamation, when "left to die," near the field of battle, is also uncommonly beautiful.

"They parted, and alone he lay;
 Clara drew her from the sight away,
 Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
 And half he murmured,—'Is there none,
 Of all my halls have nursed,
 Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
 Of blessed water, from the spring,
 To slake my dying thirst!'—
 O, woman! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made;
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou!—
 Scarce were the piteous accents said,
 When with the baron's casque, the maid
 To the nigh streamlet ran:
 Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
 The plaintive voice alone she hears,
 Sees but the dying man."

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With these extracts we shall close our remarks upon a poem, which, however highly we may have estimated its merits, renders our praise truth, and its application justice.

*Struggles through Life. 2 vols. By John Harriott.**[Continued from p. 336. Vol. III.]*

We were compelled for want of room, to break off in the middle of an extract from these amusing and instructive volumes.—Mr. Harriott is describing some experiments he made on an artful impostor, one of the lowest casts of the Gentoo, who wished to have it understood that his horror at having been touched by a Parriar had been so great as to kill him,

“ I laid hold of his hand, and was some time before I could feel a pulse, which completely satisfied me ; but I kept my own counsel. Again the people pressed forward tumultuously, with an apparent design to carry the body away by force ; but, ordering the Sepoys to advance with fixed bayonets, I made them retire to a distance, suffering only the head men to remain. In vain did I endeavour to persuade them that the man counterfeited, until, finding nothing else would do, I assured them I possessed powers they had no conception of, and, without touching the body again, I would convince them of the man being still alive, by drawing a flame from his body, which they should see, and which would continue burning and consuming him unless he arose from the earth. My brother officers listened with nearly as much attention as the natives.

“ I sent my Dubash, Punnapa, to enjoin silence to the multitude, as a miracle was going to be performed by a European Bramin, which he assured them I was, (knowing I officiated as a chaplain.)

“ Ordering my travelling escrutoir to be brought, I placed it near the man's head, and took from it a wax taper, a small match, and a little bottle ; articles I carried for the convenience of getting a light when wanted : I also took out a bit of sealing-wax, wrapped within a piece of white paper. I then directed all to be silent while the ceremony was performing, under pain of their being struck with death. Having had this explained by Punnapa to the chiefs, and by them again to the people, I was well satisfied the dead man heard and understood the whole, by slight involuntary twitchings I saw in his muscles.

“ When all was quiet, I began by walking slowly round the extended body four times, laying one of the four articles each time at his feet ; uttering with a solemn

loud voice, the following five latin words that happened to occur, "*Omne bene, non sine pœnd.*" I believe that the fall of a pin might have been heard while I was performing this mummary.

"Having managed with tolerable seriousness, I took up all the articles, stood across the man, and, raising both my arms as high as I could reach, called aloud, "*Si—lence !*" Then, bending over the body, I held a match in my right hand, the wax taper in my left ; and, drawing the cork from the bottle of phosphorus, just above his navel, at the moment I applied the match to light it, as it were from his body, I began to sing, "*God save great George, our king.*" But, the instant the flame was seen, there was such a yell of "*Ah, paw, swaamee, ah, yaw, swaamee,*" as completely drowned all my fine singing. Lighting my taper, I proceeded with my work, by melting the sealing-wax and dropping it hot, close above his navel ; but the fellow had not patience to stay for more than two or three good drops of my miraculous wax, before he jumped up and ran away, bellowing and clawing his belly, without stopping to thank me for his cure or answering the calls of others, until he got within the village.

"That the fellow had heard and understood what passed, with my declaration that I possessed a power to draw forth a flame from his body, was evident ; and I depended on the sudden attack of the burning wax, on so tender a part, heightened by his own imagination, to overthrow all the obstinacy of trick, and produce some such effect as would satisfy he was not dead. What his particular aim was, it might be difficult to make out."

Mr. Harriott at thirteen was placed on board a ship of war as a midshipman ; after a long and fatiguing voyage, he was wrecked on his return in sight of his native land, and narrowly escaped destruction. He was at the siege of Havannah, and at the recapture of Newfoundland from the French, was then employed in the Mercantile service, and encountered various difficulties in the Baltic, West Indies and America, residing for a length of time with the North American savages. He next entered into the East India company's service, and passed some time at Madras. On his return to England he married, and lost his wife and child before the expiration of a twelve-month. He married again, turned farmer, and purchased a small Island, which was swallowed up by the

ocean, just as he had with infinite anxiety and toil brought it into a state of lucrative cultivation. His house was burnt down a short time previous to this calamity. His second wife died; but not feeling inclined to *struggle through life* without a helpmate, he took unto himself a third, and with her again embarked for America, where he experienced various vicissitudes which he endured with surprizing fortitude of mind, and combatted with the most determined spirit. He now enjoys his honourable and profitable post of resident magistrate at the Thames police office, and is likely to pass the remainder of his busy and extraordinary life in ease, tranquillity, and comfort. *Post tot naufragia portum.*

An Authentic Narrative of the Causes which led to the Death of Major Andre, Adjutant-General of His Majesty's Forces in North America. By Joshua Hett Smith, Esq. Counsellor at Law, late Member of the Convention of the State of New York. To which is added, a Monody on the Death of Major Andre. By Miss Seward. 8vo. 8s. Mathews and Leigh. 1808.

The author of this narrative was supposed by the Americans to have been an agent of General Arnold, and upon the apprehension of Major Andre, and the escape of Arnold, was arrested and tried on a charge of treason. Circumstances, no doubt, were strongly against him; but, if we credit this relation, and we can see no reason for disputing the author's veracity, he was very innocently engaged in the communications between Andre and the American General. Of this trial, and his defence, Mr. Smith gives a full and particular account; as well as of his escape from America, which was attended with many very interesting circumstances. As soon as it was discovered he had broke prison, the most diligent search was made to discover him. "Parties, says the author, were sent in different directions from the four roads that led from the jail; but on their return without success, it was concluded, I must be secreted in the town, among the King's friends, who were by far the most numerous and respectable of the inhabitants. On the evening of the third day, before my good protectress had any hint of the measure, a young lady came hastily to her, and informed her, that a few hours ago her father's house had been searched, and she heard the party say, they should next take the road where my good friend lived; she in-

stantly came to me with the intelligence, and advised *my* leaving the place where I was for another more secure, which was a hollow between two stacks of chimnies; this I did not approve of, as the place had a suspicious appearance, and seemed to me calculated for a hiding-place.—I therefore observed, that as it was near the evening, I would go out to the woods, and return when dark; I had scarcely mentioned my resolution, when the young lady called to her, and said the guards were very near the house,—when instantly snatching up one of the blankets, I stepped lightly down the stairs, she following with the other blanket; we heard the tramp of a number of steps in the piazza;—I immediately made to the back-door, and crept under a small hen-coop; she hastily threw her blanket over it,—and, turning round, met the party coming in at the front-door. My protectress being a suspected person, from the reasons I have already mentioned, her house was searched with great care; and the young lady afterwards informed me, that in the very hole where she wished me to secret myself, they thrust their bayonets and pikes; so that had I been there, I must, inevitably, have been put to death! The house being thoroughly searched, they proceeded to the barn, stables, and even the pig-sty; and passing the hen-coop, under which I was concealed, they were about to take off the blanket, when my protectress exclaimed,—“For God’s sake do not hurt my poor chickens;”—on which they went into the house, and I could hear them distinctly charge her with the knowing where I was; alarmed, lest her fears might overcome her fortitude, I immediately crept out, and made the best of my way to an adjoining wood, under the cover of darkness, which had commenced.

Having reached the wood, I was involved in doubt what course to take; to go back did not seem prudent, as on my return, some soldiers might be left as a guard; it now began to rain, and fortunately a large hollow tree afforded me a shelter from its rage. A variety of conflicting passions agitated my mind; for that very night a person was to come and bring me clothing, and take me part of my way to New York, upwards of eighty miles. To omit profiting by this chance, I knew, would be imprudent; and the person I expected had promised to assist me, and possessed my most unlimited confidence. At length it occurred to me that the lady, from whose house I had just escaped, had a relation about five miles distant: I knew

him to be a kind, friendly man, to whom I could commit myself with safety. Thither, therefore, I determined to proceed; and when in the main road, I thought I could easily reach his house. I travelled all night; it rained during the whole time; and my feet being tender, from the distressing and unusual state in which I was placed, I made but little progress, especially along a slaty and rocky country. When I had walked a considerable distance I halted, intending to wait for the dawn of day; thus advancing slowly, I seated myself on a rock, faint, fatigued, and lacerated with briars, and passed my time in lamenting the hard fate which my civility to a stranger had intailed upon me.

“On the approach of day I saw something like a house, and the appearance of light; I advanced towards it:—the reader will here again form some faint idea of my sensations, when I found the spot was near the gibbet, and the house I had discerned the jail, from whence I had escaped in the dark. I had lost my road, and in my bewildered state of mind, had the whole night been wandering back again, over the same ground!! Afflicted, dismayed, and almost exhausted, I had no other alternative than to return to the place from whence I had last escaped—and now gave up all for lost! It was, however, fortunate that I had not far to go, the day-light rapidly advanced; and I omitted no time in regaining the good woman’s house, having the main road before me; and being equally fortunate in not meeting a single traveller, or my forlorn appearance must have attracted notice, and perhaps have led to a discovery.

“I observed, on my approach, that there was light in the house, and once more assuming courage, fortified by hope, I ventured to tap gently at a window from whence the light appeared, and, in a minute, the door was opened for my reception. My female friend informed me, that the party, who had been there the preceding day, were not satisfied with their first search, but insisted on making another by candle-light, which they did, and even commanded her to open every closet, chest, and trunk, declaring their authority to confine her, unless she declared where I was,—and that one of them even went again to the chicken-coop, under which I had been concealed, and thrust his bayonet into various parts of it. She said it was well I overheard the conversation, and resolved to withdraw; and she consoled me by saying, I

now had nothing to fear, as they had gone away perfectly satisfied, I mentioned my attempt to reach the residence of her relation for shelter, and I had the pleasure to learn that there I should have been safe; but it was providential that I missed my way, for a large party of Continental troops were encamped not far from his house, and I must have passed them before I could arrive at it.

"Combining all these circumstances, which appeared so providential, I was led, independent of the fatigue I had just passed through, to take some rest in my former birth, with renewed ground to encourage hope,

"My friend had promised to be with me the following night, but when that came I was sorely disappointed. Through a chink in the place of my retreat, I could see the members of the court, judge, jury, and all, pass and repass; and, indeed, I was every moment in dread of being discovered, and brought back to my old quarters. In this situation I continued, however, five days, under the most painful apprehensions.

"However opinions may vary as to the justice of Washington, in executing Major André as a spy, the public will peruse with strong interest, *a Narrative of the causes which led to his Death*, from the pen of the gentleman, who was commissioned to conduct the unfortunate Major from the Vulture to the interview, which he had with General Arnold, at Mr. Smith's house.—The two officers were alone the greater part of the day. Towards the evening Arnold came to my house, and proposed that I should convey Mr. Anderson back to the Vulture, which had nearly regained her former situation; he saw, however, from the state of sickness under which I then laboured, with a fit of the ague upon me, that I was unable to gratify him; on which he proposed my accompanying him part of his way on his return to New York, by land, as soon as my health would permit, on the removal of the ague fit; to which I made no objection, as, when better, it would be in my way to visit and bring my family home from Fish Kill, being obliged to cross the river for that purpose. He soon after returned, and told me a difficulty had occurred, of which he was not before apprised; for that Anderson had come on shore in a military dress, which he had borrowed, from pride or vanity, from an Officer of his acquaintance at New York: that as it would be impossible

for him to travel in that uniform, he requested the loan of one of my coats. Being nearly of my size, I lent him a coat: the other part of his dress, he said, did not require change. General Arnold then proposed returning to his command at West Point, leaving Mr. Anderson very disconsolate with me. I endeavoured to amuse him by shewing him the prospect from the upper part of my house, from whence there was an extensive view over the capacious bay of Haverstraw, to the opposite shore; he cast an anxious look towards the Vulture, and with a heavy sigh wished he was on board. I endeavoured to console him by the hope of his being at the White Plains, or New York, before her. Finding himself better, I promised to accompany him on his way. I could not help remarking to him, that I thought the General might have ordered a flag of truce from Stony Point, to have returned him to the Vulture, without the fatigue of his going to the White Plains, that appearing a circuitous route, unless he had business to transact at that place. From this time he seemed shy, and desirous to avoid much conversation; he continued to urge preparations for his departure, and carefully avoided being seen by persons that came to the house.

“ Previous to his quitting it, General Arnold had prepared a passport for him to go to the White Plains, and a flag of truce for me to go thither and return. Finding myself better, and refreshed with the rest I had taken, I ordered my servant to get the horses in readiness, and we reached the ferry at Stony Point before it was dark, intending, if the weather should be fine, to proceed as far as Major De la Van’s that night, at a place called Crum Pond, the distance of about eight or ten miles from the ferry, where I knew we should be well entertained, and take the dawn of the morning to proceed with more satisfaction. Between my house and the fort at Stony Point, our conversation was principally about the taking and re-taking of that place; I found my fellow-traveller very backward in giving any opinion, or saying much about it. We were met on the road by several officers belonging to this post, with whom we conversed very freely, and stopped at the sutler’s at the ferry to drink with them. When we arrived on the opposite side, we rode up to the tent of Colonel Livingston, the commanding officer at Verplanks Point; I being well acquainted with him, he having served his

clerkship and studied the law with my brother, the late Chief Justice of Canada, and being also a relation of Mrs. Smith; he pressed us to stay to supper with him, but this Mr. Anderson seemed desirous to decline. As we proceeded, I thought he grew more cheerful, and as our road became better, we rode on with an increased speed, and had reached about five or six miles when we were challenged by a patrol party. On advancing, the commanding officer, a Captain Bull, demanded a countersign before we should pass, and drew his corps about us; he enquired who we were, the reason of our travelling in the night, and from whence we came? I told him who I was, and that we had passports from General Arnold, the commanding officer at West Point, which we had received from the general that day; that we were on the public service, on business of the highest import, and that he would be answerable for our detention one moment; he insisted on seeing the passports, and conducted us to a house in the vicinity where there was a light: on approaching the house Mr. Anderson* seemed very uneasy; but I cheered him up by saying our papers would carry us to any part of the country to which they were directed, and that no person dare presume to detain us. When we came to the light I presented the passports, which satisfied the captain; but he seemed better pleased when I told him I intended to quarter that night at Major De la Van's, who, he said, was a staunch friend to the cause of his country, would treat us well, and render every aid in his power that tended to promote the welfare of America; he soon began to be more pleased, and in the most impressive manner intreated us not to proceed one inch further in the night, as it was very dangerous, for the Cow Boys had been out the preceding night, and had done much mischief, by carrying off cattle, and some of the inhabitants as prisoners. Alarmed at this intelligence, I was hesitating what to do, when my companion expressed his wish to proceed; but the captain suggested many prudential reasons why he would not advise our progress at night. He particularly remarked that we had little chance of defending ourselves against both parties then out, as he had heard them firing some little time before he met us. All this determined me to take the captain's advice, which seemed to direct the surest step for our safety. I accord-

* The name assumed by Major Andre.

ingly returned a short distance; to look for night-quarters, and my companion reluctantly followed.

“ With no small difficulty we therefore returned several miles, and gained admittance into a house for the night; while such was the caution and danger of admitting nocturnal inmates, that we were obliged to take to bed, or keep the family up, who would not retire until they saw us safely lodged. We slept in the same bed; and I was often disturbed with the restless motions, and uneasiness of mind exhibited by my bed-fellow, who, on observing the first approach of day, summoned my servant to prepare the horses for our departure. He appeared in the morning as if he had not slept an hour during the night; he at first was much dejected, but a pleasing change took place in his countenance when summoned to mount his horse.

“ We rode very cheerfully towards Pine’s Bridge without interruption, or any event that excited apprehension; here I proposed to leave my companion; but I observed that the nearer we approached the bridge, the more his countenance brightened into a cheerful serenity, and he became very affable; in short, I now found him highly entertaining; he was not only well informed in general history, but well acquainted with that of America, particularly New York, which he termed the residuary legatee of the British government, (for it took all the remaining lands not granted to the proprietary and chartered provinces.) He had consulted the Muses as well as Mars, for he conversed freely on the belles lettres; music, painting, and poetry, seemed to be his delight. He displayed a judicious taste in the choice of the authors he had read, possessed great elegance of sentiment, and a most pleasing manner of conveying his ideas, by adopting the powery colouring of poetical imagery. He lamented the causes which gave birth to and continued the war, and said, if there was a correspondent temper on the part of the Americans, with the prevailing spirit of the British ministry, peace was an event not far distant; he intimated that measures were then in agitation for the accomplishment of that desirable object, before France could establish her perfidious designs. He sincerely wished the fate of the war could alone be determined in the fair, open, field contest, between as many British in number as those under the command of Count Rochambeau at Rhode Island, whose effective force he

seemed clearly to understand ; he descanted on the richness of the scenery around us, and particularly admired, from every eminence, the grandeur of the Highland mountains, bathing their lofty summits in the clouds from their seeming watery base at the north extremity of Haverstraw Bay. The pleasantry of converse, and mildness of the weather, so insensibly beguiled the time, that we at length found ourselves at the Bridge, before I thought we had got half the way ; and I now had reason to think my fellow-traveller a different person from the character I had at first formed of him.—This bridge crosses Croton river, a branch of the Hudson.

I pointed out to him the road to the White Plains, whither his passport enabled him to go, or lower if he thought proper, he being on public business, as was mentioned in his pass ; but he thought the road by the way of Dobbs' ferry, having the river as his guide, would be much the nearest route, having a good horse, he boldly ventured to take that road : had not proceeded more than six miles, when he was stopped by three of the New York militia, John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Vert, who with others, were on a scouting party, between the outposts of the two armies.—These men stopped Major Andre at a place near Tarry and seized his horse by the bridle in a narrow part of the road. Andre, instead of immediately producing his pass, asked where they belonged to ? They answered, "*to below.*"—Not suspecting deception, he replied, "*So do I,*" AND DECLARING HIMSELF A BRITISH OFFICER, THAT HE MIGHT NOT BE DETAINED, being on pressing business ! The law of the state gave to the captors of any British subject, all his property, and, of course, his horse, saddle, and bridle, were in the first instance a temptation to stop him on the least ground for suspicion, while he being alone, they were the more bold against an *unarmed* man. Finding himself thus taken by surprise, and detained, he offered a very valuable gold watch, this led to farther suspicion ; upon which they took him aside in the bushes and searched him, until they found his papers lodged in his boots ; another circumstance of suspicion was the coat I had lent him, which was crimson, with vellum button holes, bound with Prussian binding : the captors then conducted him to Lieutenant-Colonel Jameson, a continental officer,

who had the command of about nine hundred men, mostly militia. When Major Andre was brought before him, he passed under the name of Anderson, choosing to hazard the greatest danger rather than let any discovery be made which could involve Arnold, before he had time to provide for his safety. With this view, to effect Arnold's escape, he requested that a line might be written to him, to acquaint him with Anderson's detention, which Jameson granted. The papers which were so found in the major's pocket-book, were in Arnold's hand-writing, and contained exact returns of the state of the forces, ordnance, and defences, at West Point and its dependencies, with the artillery orders, critical remarks on the works, an estimate of the number of men that were ordinarily on duty to defend them, and a copy of a state of affairs that had been laid before a council of war, by the commander in chief, on the 6th of the month. These papers were enclosed in a packet to General Washington, accompanied with a letter from Major Andre, avowing himself to be the adjutant-general of the British army, and was forwarded by Jameson."

These extracts will be sufficient to shew that the reader is not to expect to find in this volume a mere dry detail of military and political event, but a relation of interesting facts drawn up with much simplicity, and bearing every appearance of truth. The following is his account of Major Andre's death :

At length the awful period arrived ; and on the morning of the 2d of October, this unhappy victim of the errors of others, was led out to the place of execution. As he passed along, the American army were astonished at the dignity of his deportment. and the manly firmness, and complacency of countenance, which spoke the serene composure of his mind ; a glow of sympathy pervaded the breast of the soldiers, and tears of sensibility were visible in every eye. He bowed himself, with a smile, to all he knew in his confinement. When he approached the fatal spot, and beheld the preparations, he stopped, and paused, as if absorbed in reflection ; then quickly turning to the officer next him, he said—" What! must I die in this manner?" Being told it was so ordered, he instantly said, " I am reconciled, and submit to my fate, but deplore the mode ;—it will be but a momentary pang ; and with a calmness that,

while it excited the admiration, melted the heart of every spectator, performed the last offices to himself. He then requested that all around him would bear witness to the world,—**THAT HE DIED LIKE A BRAVE MAN !**" He perished universally esteemed and lamented; indeed, a general sorrow at his fate pervaded all ranks of people through the continent of America.

The volume is embellished with a portrait of Major Andre from a drawing by himself; an engraving of his monument in Westminster Abbey; and a map of North America. Miss Seward's affecting monody with the major's letters to her when he was a youth of eighteen, form a proper sequel to the volume, which in addition to the facts it discloses respecting Major Andre, contains much curious information respecting the American war, and several original anecdotes of the leading characters engaged in that arduous contest.

Evening Amusements; or, the Beauty of the Heavens displayed : in which several striking appearances to be observed on various Evenings in the Heavens, during the years 1805, 1806, 1807, and 1808, are described, &c. by W. Friend, M. A. 12mo. Four volumes, 12s. Mawman.

These lessons in astronomy are well calculated for young students; and to general readers, the information and amusement they contain must be very acceptable. Where the use of the globes cannot readily be obtained, Mr. Friend's volumes will be found particularly useful.

Legendary Tales. By Eaglesfield Smith. 4s. large 8vo. Longman. 1807.

It is a common fault with writers of *Legendary Tales*, to mistake feebleness for simplicity, and Mr. Smith is answerable for this error in no trifling degree. If poetry, that is nothing more than bad prose, trite sentiments, flat and lengthened descriptions, and bastard rhymes, will satisfy the reader, he may here indulge himself even to satiety.

THE DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE. — *Shakspeare.*

ESSAYS ON LITERATURE AND HUMANITY.

No. IV.

REMARKS ON THE DRAMA.

“ Pour l'instruire, il faut lui donner non seulement des idées pures qui l'éclairent, mais encore des images sensibles qui le frappent et qui l'arrêtent dans un vue fine de la vérité.”

Discours de la Poësie Epique.

THAT the stage may be rendered subservient to the amendment of public morals, is admitted on all hands. It must, consequently, be an object of considerable moment, to inquire upon what principles of construction, dramatic compositions may be most effectually adapted to this important purpose, without impairing their ability to furnish an interesting species of amusement.

It is a common opinion that the moral end of the drama, can be attained by no other means than a strict adherence to the laws of poetical justice. This I apprehend is a mistaken notion.—That a mock distribution of happiness and misery to the characters of a dramatic piece, in proportion to their vices or virtues, should have any material influence on the conduct or sentiments of the persons that witness it, is, in my judgment, an absurd supposition. It is at least evident that such a regard to justice could have no effect on our morals, unless we draw from it some conclusion, as to the usual consequences of vice and virtue. But would not the certainty of its being fictitious, prevent such a conclusion? Supposing, however, that any one should be weak enough to infer from what he had observed on the stage, that virtue must always be attended with success, and vice with defeats and misfortunes, a few hours experience would entirely efface the impression, since every day presents us with instances of virtue languishing in want and wretchedness, of vice triumphant in impunity.

These considerations being, as I think, sufficient to prove that the moral tendency of the drama does not

consist in a rigid observance of poetical justice, I proceed to inquire upon what principles this tendency does really depend.

When virtue and vice are exhibited together in their native colours, the one must invariably command admiration and love, the other as constantly, contempt and abhorrence. But as the appearance of the human figure, whether it will be graceful or awkward, pleasing or ridiculous, must depend upon the attitude into which it is thrown; in like manner, the impressions we receive from the contemplation of virtue, may vary according to the dress and the light in which they are represented. From these considerations, we may infer that the art of moralizing the drama, consists, in a great measure, in a peculiar mode of delineating its characters—in exhibiting virtue in her most alluring aspect—in tearing the delusive mask from the countenance of vice—and in exposing its horrid features in all their naked deformity. But here another question may be started—What description of characters are best suited to the purpose? To characters of an uniform and unmixed kind, either perfectly virtuous or utterly depraved, it has been objected that they are *unnatural*.—To shew the futility of this objection, it need only be observed, that the object of a dramatic piece, is not to present us with a complete account of the lives and moral dispositions of its personages—it is confined to the representation of a *single action*, and the occurrences of a few hours—Is it then unnatural for a man to act with consistency, either as a virtuous or vicious character, during so short a period! But even if the premises of this objection were admissible, yet, we may dispute the legality of the conclusion. The maxim, that nothing is suitable to the stage but what is natural, and its converse, are by no means invariably true. “To hold as it were the mirror up to nature,” is a rule which should certainly be adhered to as closely as propriety will admit; but there are many cases in which a deviation from this rule is not only justifiable, but absolutely necessary. It is unquestionably natural for persons of every description, from the peasant to the prince, occasionally to relax a little in their dignity, and condescend to employ familiar and sometimes coarse language. Yet if this kind of language were introduced into tragic compositions,

It would entirely destroy their proper effect, which is, to elevate the mind by grand and lofty sentiments.—The case of the poet, is exactly similar to that of the painter—they have the same object in view, and employ the same means for its accomplishment.

Their principal aim is, to gratify the mind with imitations of natural objects.—These objects, however, they do not fix upon at random, without discrimination.—Although they are restricted to such objects as are natural, yet, they are at liberty to select and combine in the most pleasing manner, such as are best calculated to answer their purpose, and to reject all others.—But the idea of confining the drama, to the representation of characters that are either perfect or atrocious, is liable to an objection of real weight. The want of variety necessarily incident to this scheme, is sufficient to demonstrate its inexpediency.—Variety is essential to the efficacy of dramatic compositions; deprived of this quality, they cease to amuse; and when they are no longer capable of engaging the attention, it is impossible they should have any effect on the heart.

But though it is evident, that the characters best suited for dramatic representation, must be such as are composed from an union of good and evil qualities; it does not follow that the choice and arrangements of these qualities are matters of indifference, in which we are at liberty to adopt an arbitrary method.—On the contrary, in selecting, proportioning, and blending the different ingredients, there is ample room for the exercise of inventive genius, and discriminating taste. Characters of this mixed nature, by an artful combination of qualities, are easily calculated to serve the most infamous purposes; to engage the affections in favour of licentiousness, and depreciate the excellence of morality. The means by which these detestable ends may be accomplished are easily conceived;—a character, which on the whole our reason would pronounce to be virtuous, if it include in its composition but a single quality of an opposite nature, will frequently be viewed with aversion instead of regard.—Thus a man of a cowardly disposition, however numerous or excellent his other virtues may be, will never be looked upon with admiration. His unfortunate pusillanimity will expose him to general contempt.—On the other hand, the possession of one attractive quality, too frequently shelters the vicious man, from that

odium which he merits. We become so infatuated with fondness for this supposed excellence, as to over-look all his imperfections.—It is thus with the conqueror.—Of such a character we seldom form a true estimate, since we behold him,

“ _____ in a false glaring light,
 “ Which conquest and success have thrown upon him.”

Dazzled and overpowered with the splendor of his military glory, our attention is entirely diverted from his moral depravity.

Let us now consider in what way this general failing in human nature, is taken advantage of by Dramatic writers.—“The Robbers,” of Schiller will furnish us with an apposite example.—De Moor, the hero of this extraordinary piece, evinces in all his actions and sentiments, a disposition, in the highest degree ferocious and haughty.—To an ungovernable pride, is added a contemptible weakness of mind.—Yielding to the influence of fanaticism, and unable or indisposed to restrain the excessive violence of his passions, he submits to their dominion without a struggle; and in consequence of this weakness, is hurried to the commission of the most atrocious crimes. Yet the vices of De Moor are so artfully tempered with a large portion of generosity, an enthusiastic turn of mind, and an air of sublimity, that the character seldom fails to command the most passionate admiration.

It is thus, by exposing virtue to contempt, by varnishing the imperfections and disguising the deformity of vice, that the purposes of morality are defeated, and opposite ends promoted.

The conclusion to which these observations lead, is obvious. In order to calculate *mixed* characters for producing their proper effect, much art and discrimination are requisite; and the degree in which the dramatist possesses these qualifications must depend upon the extent and depth of his acquaintance with the principles of human nature.

Liverpool, May 14, 1801.

E. W.

(To be continued.)

OLD MR. SHERIDAN.

That Mr. Sheridan had the hereditary credit of being the son of Swift's friend, who growing out of a school-

master into a Dean, became at least dignified when he ceased to be serviceable to society:—that, bred at Westminster and Dublin for the church, he chose what he thought a better market for his attainments, and went upon the stage:—that he managed in Dublin, and afterwards was at Drury Lane, and Covent-Garden,—are facts every body have in their possession.

The incident which drove him from Dublin, on a scrupulosity for punctilio, in not repeating a few lines from *Mahomet*, is attributed by most people to that pertinacity which partakes of obstinacy rather than proper firmness.—In a theatre, as in other situations of human intercourse, incessant allowance must be made for popular insanity. Sheridan's example will form no precedent for those who follow him.—What the people like, they may, perhaps without offence, like to have again. Nor will, nor should any casual construction of dramatic despotism, over-rule a popular wish, to mount any passage that can carry double, and thus mark it, as morally improving, poetically potent, or politically true. The decorum of the French theatre is not the less proverbial, because Voltaire's *Zaire* was encored from the first scene to the last.

Sheridan thinking otherwise, certainly did right in abiding by what he thought—but he could abide no longer in Ireland. He came to London, and played both with Rich and Garrick—His highest salary was 400*l.* a year.

To find a city brick, and to leave it marble, was an imperial work, and worthy of imperial praise.—Sheridan's merit is similar, in the proportion that the Dublin theatre bore to all the structures of Rome.

He found the theatre in beggary, because fitted only for the resort of those who are worse than beggars—the dissolute and the ignorant. He reformed it altogether. He gave it discipline. The feats of a Bear-Garden and a Puppet-show gave way at once to proper objects, intellectual and moral.—Garrick, Woffington, and Barry, were with him in his second season, on his stage together. And thus, by fair provocations of the popular pleasure, by conspicuous subservience to popular use, he was enabled to aggrandise the establishment, to the mutual profit of himself and the public.

The receipts of the Dublin theatre, before his time,

were from 2000*l.* to 3000*l.* and 4000*l.* a year. And he further told the writer of this account, that in the second season above-mentioned, his annual charges, on different engagements, exceeded 11,000*l.*—With the public, such as we find it, there is no surer hope than the operation of public spirit.

His conduct in the management, is remembered by something even better than magnificence. They who are in the way of hearing anecdotes of this sort, always mentioned Mr. Sheridan as punctilious to his promise, in the true and liberal performance.

It is for this, and other personal qualities of good account, that his memorial is thought worth preserving.

In the great relative duties of a husband and a father, he had no blame, and much praise. The preference of his family to himself, was always exemplary. It is positively true, that at one period, led merely by a vague idea, that foreign air, and foreign language, might be serviceable to his family, he quitted the stage, and every other view of gain in Great Britain, and went with his wife and four children to France. They lived above eighteen months at Blois.

If labour can be estimated by its effects, he must have had skill in forming the minds of children, as well as the power of making large sacrifices to their support—for how else, *sine re, et sine spe*, could he have made one son Secretary at War, and the other, such a parliamentary leader, as to be a candidate for any office that he pleases, in the land!

To increase this wonder, and to shew how some men can make much out of little, Sheridan stinted none of the exterior claims of a gentleman:—His dress, his habitation, his hospitality, when he exercised it, were all rather above than below expectation, at par. He for many years thought riding was among the necessities of life; and if Swift could be seen “in dirty shoes” at Lord Oxford’s table, it was what Sheridan never was at dinner time.

The resources from which he did all this, for he was too well principled to run in debt, was management, indeed—but something more.—He was very active, patient, undisdaining of small expedients, and persevering in the use of them. Not Johnson, Watts, nor Milton, could be more magnificently just on the condescensions

of literature. When his profession no longer was productive, he was reading, or he wrote. With a bravery of temper that much became him, and with a fair parade, he contrived to aggrandise little things, and make of much moment what in itself was not momentous.—Of the seven and forty years he had to live on his wits, and his wits were not the most thriving in the world, it is well known how short a time he was on the stage.—His pension he had about twenty years—the nominal value of it was but 200*l.* a year—after the deductions of land-tax and the sixpenny duty, but 160*l.* remained!—The rest of his supply came from the miscellaneous aids just mentioned, and surely therefore to be mentioned with incessant praise!

Sheridan was not a little sought after as a companion; though he was far from excellently companionable; though he was at times talkative till he was almost troublesome, and tenacious till he was rude: though he was more remarkable perhaps for hiding ignorance than shewing knowledge. His forte was anecdote; his foible, its undue repetition.

His professional merits, if no more is said about them than they deserved, will lie in a small compass—Such is the magic of fine writing, it can make us think almost as it pleases. Churchill had given Sheridan some current praise, and so people were contented to take him. But that was soon over: for what has neither lustre nor weight, cannot long possibly pass.

As an actor, he might have occasional energy, and more frequently an air of science about him. But through the entire conduct of a drama, that science and that energy were neither characteristic nor consequential. He was not very fertile in original resources, nor happy in applying the resources of other people. He was not to be huddled in the common mob, who may be actors on mechanism and tradition: but as ambitious of first-rate rank, he was to be dismissed as awkward, indiscriminating, cold, and unprevailing.

Sapientia prima est,

Stultitia caruisse,

Discretion and decorum in general, he wanted not; though in a particular instance or two, he was absurd beyond all example. It was in *Romeo and Juliet*—his part was *Romeo*: and not having quite so good an opinion of the other actors as himself, he despoiled *Mercutio*

of his gay speech upon the effects of the imagination in dreams, and spoke it as *Romeo*, then love-sick and all forlorn, "proverb'd" with a grandsire phrase, and "not able to pitch a bound above *dull woe*."

Sheridan, among other praise-worthy parts of his temper, had formed himself into a perfect indifference to time and chance. Whatever cross casually came, found him contented and open to cheering considerations; though sometimes, Rochefoucault would say, these perhaps he owed to vanity, no less than to resignation. As, when his benefit failed, to such a degree that there was but twenty pounds in the house, he still vaunted his *attractions*, and said, with enviable fatuity,—“In regard to that point, the account was astonishing! there is one universal snow! and on the face of God’s earth, he did not think there was another man whose benefit would have brought as many shillings.”

The small irreverence, just mentioned, was the only habitual error in his talk.

As a reader also, Sheridan was elaborate; and much of his labour was in vain. He had no *prismatic* power, to break up the constituent splendors before him—he had no *focus*-like point to draw them together again. He was luminous in no sense—neither to dazzle nor inflame. He had little analysis, or combination; his energy was noisy, his art super-serviceable; he was merely sonorous, varying, though coarsely, in his tones; and by prescription, imposing.

Yet he pointed right; though he could not hit the mark he shewed a proper object, when he shewed to what *uses* reading might be applied. Lord Loughborough and Bishop Woodward were among his pupils. And the two clergymen who are supposed to be the best readers in England, have been heard to say of Sheridan’s book on the liturgy, “that erroneous as the book is, they should never have began the study without it!”

Lord Loughborough, then Mr. Wedderburne, got, through Lord Bute, the pension for Sheridan. This was one chief recompence he had for his labours: it was a recompence far better, that he survived to see the *triumphs of his son*!

As a writer, Sheridan had that praise, which is now for him of best account, the *praise of tendency*. That he might *do good*, was his expectation and his wish. To nobody, except his publisher, could his works do any harm.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.

MAY

28. Haunted Tower. Millers. Weathercock, Sacer, Mr. Penley.

30. [Signora STORACE's last night, and last appearance on the stage.] Cabinet. Sweet echo by Mrs. Ashe. An Italian Cantata, in which Signor NALDI appeared. Love laughs at Locksmiths. Toterton, Mr. Penley; Vigil, Mr. Chapman (from Covent-Garden)

JUNE

[Benefit of Messrs. RUSSELL and GIBBON.] MYSTERIOUS BRIDE. Characters by Messrs. Putnam, Siddons, Raymond, Eyre, Palmer, De Camp, Gibbon, Cooke, Maddocks; Mrs. H. Siddons, Mrs. Harlowe, Mrs. Sparks, Mrs. Bland. The Prologue by Mr. Putnam; Epilogue by Mr. Russell.—Edgar and Emmeline. Florimond. Mr. Russell.—Mayor of Garrat.

2. West Indian. Louise Dudley (first time) Miss Lacy.—Blue Devils. Annette, Miss Lacy.—Ella Rosenberg.

3. [Miss Lyon's benefit.] Duenna Clara, Miss Lyon.—Sultan. Ismena, Miss Lyon.

6. [Benefit of Mr. JOHNSTON, machinist.] Mysterious Bride. Caractacus.

7. [Benefit of Messrs. Wewitzer, Eyre, and Cooke.] John Bull. Peregrine, Mr. Eyre; (Dan (for that night only) Mr. Dowton; Frank Rochdale, Mr. Putnam; Lady Caroline, Mrs. Eyre.

9. [Benefit of Mrs. Harlowe, Miss Ray and Mr. Fisher.] Deaf and Dumb. Julio, Miss Ray; St. Alme, Mr. Putnam; Franval, Mr. Ray; De L'Epee, Mr. Siddons; Madame Frauval, Miss Pope. Lovers Quarrels.—Ella Rosenberg.

9. [Mr. DIGNUM's night.] Soldier's Daughter.—Mrs. Wiggins. Poor Soldier. Patrick, Mrs. Mountain.

10. Country Girl.—Sylvester Daggerwood.—Shipwreck.

11. Mountaineers. Octavian, Mr. Raymond; Violet, Mr. Putnam; Bulcazin Muley, Mr. Eyre. Zorayda (first time) Mrs. H. Siddons; Floranthe, Miss Boyce.—Weathercock.

13. [Mr. Kelly's night.] Madame Catalini in the Ghost Scene, *Semiramide*. Ways and Means. Irishman in London. Grand Ballet of the Marriage Secret, with Opera Dancers.

14. Mysterious Bride.—Sylvester Daggerwood.—Ella Rosenberg.

15. Bold Stroke for a Wife. Mrs. Prim, Mrs. Sparks.—Rosina. William, Miss Kelly.

16. Love in a Village.—Mayor of Garrat.

17. [Last night.] Belle's Stratagem. Doricourt, Mr. Russell. No Song no Supper. Margaritta, Miss Kelly.

18. [Benefit of Mr. Lacy; free grant from the Proprietors.] Trip to Scarborough. Purse. Rosina.

May 30. Madame Storace retired from Drury Lane, and from the stage altogether on this evening, after playing her favourite

character of Floretta with admirable vivacity and humour. Being willing to take leave of her friends in character, and make a "swan-like end," she sung the following Address, written for the occasion by Mr. Colman :

Think, think not this a vain obtrusion,
And, oh ! accept my heart's effusion :
We meet no more, dear friends, adieu !
Retirement's calm I owe to you.
My breast with gratitude is swelling—
Where'er I raise my rural dwelling—
I'll cry—" your bounty bade me rear it,"
And train the peaceful woodbine near it.
From *Belgrade's Siege* since I'm retiring,
New *Lillas* will keep up the firing;
Adela cedes to other powers,
Old *Drury's* nightly *Haunted Towers*;
Floretta—no one's zeal was stronger,
Is of this *Cabinet* no longer;
Henceforth no *Songs*, while *Supper's* bringing,
Of your first *Margaretta's* singing.
Much honoured friends, who deign to listen,
No studied tear I've taught to glisten,
Oh ! no, this moment's fond distress,
Is more than music can express ;
My voice would not these chimes be ringing,
But that it falters less in singing.
Lov'd patrons, on this night we sever,
Farewell !—and bless you all for ever !

Madame Storace made her first appearance on the English stage in *Adela*, in the *Haunted Tower*, on the first night of that Opera, and was the principal support of all the operas composed by her brother, the late eminent composer. She retires in full possession of her powers, and we are happy to add, in that state of honourable independence, with which great professional talents ought always to be rewarded. As a singer she had vast power, execution and science ; as an actress, she had no equal in her line. Her manner was peculiar to herself, possessing ease, archness, *naiveté* and inexhaustible spirit. In all her parts she was unrivalled, and we have no hope of meeting with an adequate successor to her in such characters as *Adela*, *Lilla*, *Margaretta*, *Floretta*, *Caroline*, &c. her loss is much to be regretted.

June 1. The MYSTERIOUS BRIDE, is the production of Mr. Skeffington, and, if it cannot boast of any high degree of poetical merit, the story is not without interest, and the dramatic effect is at times powerful. The scene is laid in Transylvania, in the fourteenth century, and the following is a slight sketch of the fable :

Elisena, (Mrs. H. Siddons) daughter of the Bohemia king, has been sent under the conduct of an officer called Armanski, (Mr. Siddons) to be united in marriage with Almaric, (Mr. Putnam) Prince of Transylvania.

Previous to her departure, the Bohemian Monarch had given a medallion to Armanski, with the name of Elisena marked in diamonds.—Elisena is ignorant of this circumstance, as the present was

intended as an agreeable surprise to the Prince on the day of marriage.

Oswald, (Mr. Raymond) an ambitious favourite of the Prince, had conceived a daring design of imposing his sister Olfrida, (Mrs. Harlowe) on his master for the long expected Princess. Enamoured by the portrait artfully presented by the brother, the Prince hails Olfrida as his long expected bride.

In the mean time, the ruffians of Oswald attack Armanaki and his train in the forest of Moldavia, rob him of the medallion, and every other proof—they seize the Princess, and plunge Armanaki in a river. When Elisena arrives, two ruffians are about to murder her—touched with pity, they save her life, and disguise her as a peasant. She is hired as a servant at an inn, by Bollman, (Mr. Palmer)—and his waiter Miesco, (Mr. De Camp) a generous rustic. She here meets the Prince, and captivates him, at a fete—yet dare not disclose herself, dreading the vengeance of Oswald and Olfrida. Miesco is shortly enamoured of Elisena, but when she discloses her real situation, he nobly renounces his passion, and devotes himself with zeal to her welfare. As the Prince and Olfrida are about to be united, Armanaki, who had been saved by the care of some peasants, arrives at the moment—he accuses Oswald and Olfrida, who retort the charge of imposture. Armanaki asks the Prince for the medallion, in which the portrait of Elisena is concealed by a secret spring. He then urges the false Elisena to prove herself the daughter of his master, by shewing the diamond which opens the medallion,—she falters—Elisena points to the letter E, the Prince opens the medallion, and the title of Elisena is confirmed. The piece ends with the defeat of the impostors, and the union of Almaric and Elisena.

COVENT GARDEN.

MAY.

28. [Mr. INCLEDON's Night.] Duenna. Carlos, Mr. Incledon; Antonio, Mr. Bellamy; Ferdinand, Mr. Taylor. Clara, Mrs. Dickens; Louisa, Miss Bolton. Love à la Mode.

30. King Lear—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

31. Blind Bargain—Review. Loone Mactwelter, Mr. Webb.

JUNE 1. [Mr. FARLEY's Night.] Alexander the Great. Alexander, Mr. C. Kemble; Clytus, Mr. Cooke; Lysimachus, Mr. Branton; Hephestion, Mr. Claremont; Cassander, Mr. Chapman. Roxana, Miss Smith; Statira, Mrs. H. Johnston; Parisatis, Miss Bristow—Vauxhall Gala—Oscar and Malvina. Malvina, Miss Adams.

2. [Mr. BLANCHARD's Night.] Inkle and Yarico. Inkle, Mr. Bellamy; Trudge, Mr. Blanchard; Sir Christopher Curry, Mr. COOKE. Yarico, Mrs. Dickens—Raymond and Agnes.

3. [Mr. TAYLOR's Night.] Man of the World—Recruiting Sergeant—Deserter of Naples.

4. [Benefit of Messrs. Ashleys'.] The Messiah.

6. King Lear—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

7. [Mrs. MATTOCK's last Benefit.] Wonder. Don Felix, Mr. Cooke. Violante, Miss Smith; Isabella, Mrs. H. Johnston; Flora, Mrs. Mattocks—Garrick's Ode on Shakspeare, by Mr. COOKE—Raymond and Agnes.

8. [Miss Norton's Night.] Richard III.—Apprentice. Dick, by a Gentleman, his first appearance on any stage—Blind Boy.

9. Benefit of the four Misses Adams.] Road to Ruin. Old Dorn-ton, Mr. Chapman. Sophia, Miss Adams. The OAK AND THE IVY; or the Origin of a British Tar, a new allegorical Ballet, by Mr. Byrne; in which Master OSCAR BYRNE performed Cupid, Oscar and Malvina.

10. [Benefit of Messrs. CLAREMONT and KING.] Wanderer—Tom Thumb.

11. Speed the Plough—Blind Boy.

12. [Mr. BRANDON's Benefit.] Pizarro—Oak and the Ivy—Who Wins?

14. [Benefit of Mess. GRIMALDI and BOLOGNA, jun.] School of Reform—Day after the Wedding—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

15. [Benefit of Mrs. DIBDIN and Mr. WADDY.] English Fleet—Vauxhall Gala—Lie of the Day.

16. [Miss BOLTON's Benefit.] Abroad and at Home—Day after the Wedding—Tom Thumb.

17. Begone dull Care—Highland Laddie—Who Wins?

18. Road to Ruin Sophia, Miss Norton—Of Age To-morrow.

20. [Mr. GLASSINGTON's (Prompter) Night.] Hamlet—Who Wins?

21. [Mr. MUNDEN's Night.] Laugh when you Can. Mrs. Mortimer, Miss Logan; Miss Gloomly, Mrs. Davenport; Emily, Miss Norton. [NEVER ACTED.] PORTRAIT OF CERVANTES, or The Plotting Lovers; characters by Mess. Munden, Jones, Branton, Blanchard, Liston, Waddy, Atkins. Mrs. Gibbs, Miss Bristow—Turpikie Gate—Sir Edward, Mr. Bellamy; Robert Maythorn, Mr. Liston. Mary, Miss Bolton.

22. [Benefit of Messrs. Chapman, Field, and Ware, Leader of the Band.] Douglas. Glenalvon, Mr. Chapman; Lady Randolph, Miss Smith—Rival Soldiers. Sinclair, Mr. PAYNE, (his 1st appearance.) Harlequin and Mother Goose.

23. Suspicious Husband. Jacintha, Miss Norton; Lucetta, Mrs. Gibbs. Poor Soldier.

24. School of Reform—Highland Laddie—Fortune's Frolick.

25. Road to Ruin—Child of Nature. Duke Murcia, Mr. Oxberry; Amantia, Mrs. H. Johnston.

26. [Last Night.] Macbeth—Portrait of Cervantes.

June 7. Mrs. Mattocks retired from the stage on this evening. This is another actress which the public cannot yet well spare. Her talents had suffered no decay, and she leaves behind her no actress that can supply her situation. We hope it may be true, as reported, that the Queen has allowed her a pension of 200*l.* a year.

ISABELLA MATTOCKS was born in the year 1746. Her uncle, Mr. William Hallam, was at that time manager of the theatre in Goodman's Fields. Her father performed there, and was esteemed an excellent low comedian. Worldly embarrassments compelled him, when his daughter was only four years old, to quit England, and try his fortune in America. Her aunt Barrington, an actress of merit, with true sisterly affection, prevailed on Mrs. Hallam to leave our heroine under her protection. She did not neglect her charge; her husband and herself became parents to her, in the tenderest sense of the word, and gave her an expensive and a finished education.

At four years and a half old, Miss Hallam performed for her uncle's benefit, at Covent-Garden, the part of the "*Parish Girl*," in Gay's "*What d'ye Call it*." She was so diminutive, that a gentleman whimsically said, "he could hear her very well, but he could not see her without a glass."

At fifteen, our heroine made her regular debüt at the same theatre, in the character of *Juliet*; and from that time till her retirement from the stage, (with the exception of one winter passed in Liverpool, when Mr. Mattocks was manager there,) she invincibly continued at Covent Garden, and has been deservedly, for a long series of years, a distinguished favourite of the town.

Her father, soon after his arrival in America, became manager of the theatres in New York, Charlestown, and Philadelphia, and realized a fortune of ten thousand pounds; but his family lost the whole in the American war.

Admiral Hallam is Mrs. Mattocks's uncle, and Colonel George Hallam her cousin. She is also related to the family of Mr. Rich, the late patentee of Covent-Garden theatre.

For several seasons Mrs. Mattocks was the *Rosetta*, *Polly*, &c. of the theatre, and sustained a respectable line of business in tragedy; but she has latterly devoted herself entirely to the *Comic Muse*, whose cause she supports with admirable spirit, and with a peculiarity of humour, which, though it may sometimes exceed the precise limitations of critical propriety, is richly comic- and, as far as we can carry our theatrical recollection, perfectly original.

8. The gentleman who played *Dick* is a Mr. King, who was well received, and shewed some promise.

21. The *Portrait of Cervantes* is taken from a French piece. The plot is very ingenious, and the incidents highly laughable. It will be frequently acted next season; unless Mr. C. Kemble's farce announced at the Haymarket, from the same original, shall prove the better of the two, and make the subject stale by frequent repetition.

HAYMARKET.

Opened on Wednesday June the 15th. with the *Castle Spectre*, *Evelina*, Mrs. St. Leger, her first appearance for 6 years. *Angela*, Mrs. Bellamy, from Belfast. *Sylvester Daggerwood*. *Lying Valet*. 16. *Hamlet*, The Queen, Mrs. St. Leger. *Ghost*, Mr. Thompson, *Fortune's Frolick*.

17 *Wheel of Fortune*. *Hunter of the Alps*.

18 *Heir at Law*. *Deborah Dowlas*, Mrs. Emery (from Covent Garden.) *Agreeable Surprize*.

20 *Stranger*. *Solomon*, Mr Grove. *Count Winterson*, Miss Logan, (from Covent Garden.) Mrs. Haller, Mrs. Bellamy. *Mogul Tale*.

21 *Mountaineers*. *Sadi*, Mr. Farley. *Lock and Key*.

22 *John Bull*. *Peregrine* Mr. Putnam; *Lady Caroline*, Mrs. Bellamy.

23 *Hamlet*. The Queen, Mrs. Humphries (from Covent Garden) *Catch him who Can*.

24 *Five Miles Off*. *Ways and Means*. *Tom Thumb*.

25 *Hunter of the Alps*. *Katharine and Petruchio*. *Critick's Dangle*, Mr. Farley.

27 *Castle Spectre*. *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*.

The alterations in the Company are numerous, and perhaps in no instance for the better. What the Managers lose however in respectability they gain in pocket: but is there not some danger, that a *cheap company* will be held *cheap* by the public? Parsimony is sometimes worse than extravagance.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Jones comes into the management of Drury-lane next season; and the theatrical establishment is expected to undergo numerous changes. Mr. Young is engaged at Covent-Garden. A new play from Mr. Colman is to be brought out immediately. It is of the mixed kind, like his *Surrender of Calais*, &c. and expectation is naturally very high on the occasion.

COUNTRY THEATRES.

Theatre-Royal, EDINBURGH.—Benefits continued,

14th Night, Canongate Charity, 155*l*.

15, Mr. Rock's (manager), 125*l*.

16, Miss Walton, 96*l*.

17, Mr. Freeman, 145*l*.

18, The family of Mr. Hallion, a deceased tavern-keeper and *ex-débutant* actor, 171*l*. 12*s*.

19, Mr. Mansell, 50*l*.

20, Mr. Nichol, and Mr. Davis, 89*l*.

21, Mr. and Mrs. Vining, (last night's performance), 122*l*.

So that in twenty nights, the receipts of the Edinburgh Theatre, amounted to 2667*l*. 10*s*. making the average of each night's receipt one hundred and twenty-seven pounds. In truth in Edinburgh the amount of a performer's benefit is generally the criterion of his estimation. To this general rule there are exceptions! strangers are not always fortunate nor is their success uniformly commensurate with their merits or deserts. Mansell for example, who had the worst benefit, is by no means considered the worst of our performers, on the contrary notwithstanding a voice somewhat monotonous, which I apprehend proceeds from some defect in the ear; his merits in *Comedy*, are highly esteemed, and I am informed his conduct in private life is respectable, decorous, and honourable. I find a mistake in the *Cabinet* (in my last), which prematurely requires correction, the benefit of two girls is called in the *Cabinet* *charities* benefit. Though that benefit as well as that of Hallion, the Tavern-keeper's children, was no doubt the tribute of charity to people deceased; yet notwithstanding the *Widow Willoughby* joined it, the benefit should have been entitled that of the two Charteris's, and Mrs. Willoughby.

PER CONTRA.

The company opened in Glasgow, on the 6th of May.—Previous to the benefits, the last house was only forty-nine pounds, the benefits are as follows:—

Wednesday, May 18, — Mrs. Young, 83*l*.

Friday, — 20, — Mr. Freeman, 69*l*.

Saturday, — 21, — Mr. McGregor, (Treasurer), 38*l*.

Monday, — 23, — Mr. Evatt, 50l. 6s.
 Wednesday, — 25, — Mr. and Mrs. Berry, 56l. 17s.
 Thursday, — 26, — Mr. Shaw, and Mrs. Peason, 81l. 19s.
 Friday, — 27, — Mr. Rock's, (last night), 98l.

I have already said that in Edinburgh, the amount of a performer's benefit is the criterion of his estimation. The above list of benefits will prove what has been long known to theatrical observers, that Edinburgh and Glasgow possess different theatrical feelings, and do not always accord in the expression of them. I who am neither a native of Edinburgh nor Glasgow, can bear with a certain sensation which shall be nameless, the pretender of each to exclusive fine taste, and their claim of the character of *the most discerning audience in Europe*.

On the last night of the season Mr. Rock, who for several years has acted in the capacity of both manager and performer, with great credit to himself, and satisfaction to the public, between the play and farce delivered a *farewell address*. The language of which was neat and appropriate.—during its delivery the audience exhibited the most unequivocal proofs of regret at parting with one who had so largely contributed to their amusement as a performer, while they evinced with the loudest approbation, the sense they entertained of Mr. Rock's liberal and judicious deportment as manager. In a few days Mr. Beaumont enters here upon his state of "united management," of which I shall not be an inattentive observer. I intend to "tent him to the quick," but in the mean time he has given us a "touch of his quality," "here will I hold."

Theatre Royal, BATH.—Mr. Cooke, with the permission of the proprietors of Covent-Garden Theatre, has appeared in several of his favourite characters, and been warmly welcomed by the public. *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant*, *Shylock*, *Sir Archy Macsarcasm*, *Richard*, and *Sir Giles Overreach*, have afforded the inhabitants of this great city a rich repast. To comment on the excellencies of his performances in the above characters, so well known and allowed, were but waste of words— suffice it, he played them with the greatest effect.—He has been tolerably well supported by the company, particularly in the comedy of *A new Way to pay old Debts*. Cunningham, Lovegrove, and Miss Marriott, as *Wellborn*, *Marall*, and *Lady Allworth*, deserve honourable mention. Miss Jameson, who possesses talent in characters of meekness and simplicity, has lately had assigned to her *Lady Anne*, in *Richard*, and *Roxalana*, in the *Sultan*, to neither of which is she at all competent; passing over the former as inefficient, the latter was portrayed as a vulgar romp, endeavouring to step into the good graces of the *Sultan*, and to effect this, practised all the awkward dancing steps I ever saw. At one time I fancied she was playing *Kitty*, in *High Life below Stairs*, and attempting the mock minuet. In one of the scenes with *Osmyn*, where *Roxalana* desires him to drink wine, *Osmyn* answers, "What I, that am a true Mussulman;" to which Miss Jameson replied, "If you were an *Oyster-man* you should take it!!" It never was intended by the author of the *Sultan* that *Roxalana*, should descend to such like puns, and Miss Jameson is advised for the future to be *selfish*, and keep them for her own private amusement. To Mr. Mallinson a word or two: rather decline accepting a character of no importance, than introduce buffonery to make it prominent. *Osmyn* is certainly beneath the talents of this actor.

Bath, June 20, 1800.

ITEM.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE:

Works recently published, in the press, or in preparation.

HISTORY.—History of Brazil, by Mr. Southey. History of the early part of the reign of James II. by the Right Hon. Charles James Fox, with a Preface by Lord Holland.

TRAVELS.—Travels in America, performed in 1806, by Thomas Ashe, Esq.

BIOGRAPHY.—Memoirs of the Rev. Cornelius Winter, by William Jay. Life of George Washington; by Aaron Bancroft, A. A. S. Pastor of the congregation church of Worcester. A new translation of the Memoirs of Marmontel, written by himself; accompanied by a Preface, illustrative of some peculiarities of French manners, particularly in the literary and fashionable circles, which may render the work more easily understood; and Notes.

ROMANCES, &c.—Tales by the Rev. Mr. Bland. Earl of Cork; or Seduction without Artifices, by Madam de Genlis. Les Souvenirs de Felicie L— by the same. Claire d'Albe, by Madam Cottin.

POETRY.—Musæ Seatonianæ; a collection of Poems which have obtained the annual prize founded by Mr. Seaton at the university of Cambridge, from the first institution of the premium in 1750, to the present time. The Siller Gun, a Poem in four Cantos; founded on an ancient custom of shooting for a silver gun, first given as a prize to the best marksman among the corporations of Dumfries; by Mr. Mayne. Pursuits of Agriculture, a Satirical Poem, Canto I. Poems on Creation, Redemption, Day of Judgment, &c. by James Gaggin. Original Poems intended for the use of young persons, by the widow of Joseph Richardson, Esq. M. P. on a plan recommended by Dr. Watts. Critical opinions and complimentary verses on the Poems of H. Downman, [M. D. The Cruise, a poetical sketch of naval life and service.

DRAMA.—Jew of Mogadore, by R. Cumberland, Esq.

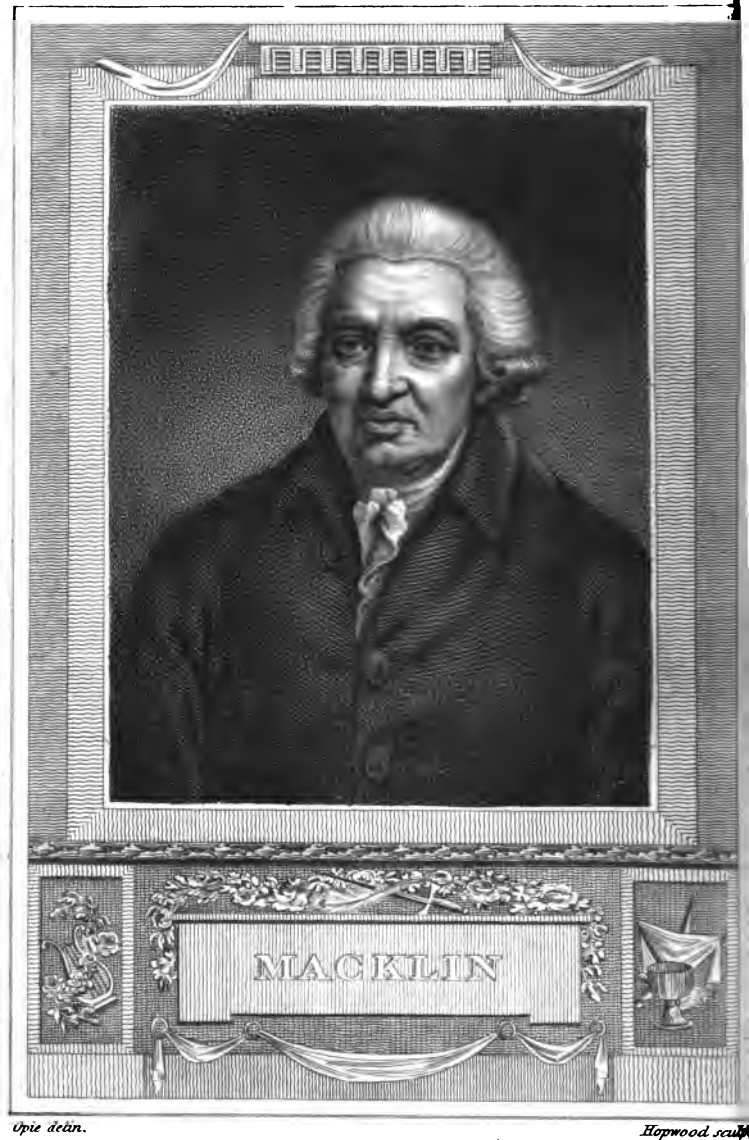
MISCELLANEOUS.—Five letters written by the late Empress, Maria Theresa, to her daughter, the late unfortunate Queen of France, on the very delicate and interesting subject of exciting and fixing the warmth of passion in husbands, and thereby securing their conjugal fidelity. Hints to the bearers of walking sticks, and umbrellas. Works of Henry Mackenzie, Esq. Statement of the circumstances and manner of the death of Mr. Goldsmid, &c.

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Meyer sculp.

WILKIE

Published by Mathews & Leigh, July 1st 1808.

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THE
CABINET;
OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF
POLITE LITERATURE.

AUGUST, 1808.

MR. MACKLIN.

THE memoirs of Mr. Macklin, having been published in two large volumes—to them we refer our readers for a full account of this very singular character. The few pages we could devote to the subject would very imperfectly trace the outlines of a life, so full of interest and variety.

MR. DAVID WILKIE,

Is a native of the northern division of our island, where his father is minister of Coult, a small village in the county of Fife. Here, we believe, he was born in the year 1786, and after receiving the best education his father had it in his power to give him, he was placed in 1801 at the academy of Mr. Graham, in Edinburgh, to study drawing. In this pursuit, to which it is more than probable that he was directed by some secret propensity, he made such a proficiency, that he was soon distinguished above all his companions for his drawings from the antique; and in 1803 he obtained the premium for the best historical drawing.

The first finished oil-painting that he is known to have produced exhibits a representation of a fair at his native village. Into this piece he has introduced about one hundred and forty figures, many of which are portraits.

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Among these are his father and several of the farmers and rustics of the village, whose likenesses he took at church, for which profane conduct, as the rigid presbyterians would deem it, very heavy complaints were made to the father of the youthful artist. The number of figures in this picture appears, at first sight, to be so great, that the spectator would suppose there could not be less than five hundred; yet the management of the various groups and of the light and shade is so excellent, that he has bustle and tumult without confusion, and the eye is agreeably led through the various scenes of rustic merriment without being fatigued.

This delineation of the whimsical incidents of a country fair, in which young Wilkie displayed great talent for humour, was executed at a time when he knew little of the method of painting in oil, and for this reason it has not that clearness of touch so conspicuous in his subsequent productions. He shewed it, when finished, to his instructor, Mr. Graham, who was highly astonished to see so superior a performance by so young an artist, and earnestly advised him to prosecute the study of that department of the art, adding, that it was the path in which he would be certain to excel. This picture, we have been informed, was purchased of him for fifty guineas by the lady of Mr. Whitbread.

Eager after improvement, and desirous of availing himself of the resources afforded by the metropolis, Mr. Wilkie repaired to London early in the year 1805, and became a student of the Royal Academy. Here he devoted himself with extraordinary assiduity to the study of the profession he had adopted. As he was unable to find purchasers, even at very low prices, for pictures executed in the style in which he so highly excels, he was at first obliged to confine his pencil to portraits.

His talents were thus buried in obscurity till the exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1806. Some time prior to this he had received a commission from Lord Mansfield to paint a picture from any subject he might think proper. Mr. Wilkie selected one from Macniel's celebrated poem entitled *Scotland's Scaith*, or the history of Will and Jean. All who are acquainted with the work must acknowledge that he could not have made a more judicious choice of a scene, as it forms one of the most prominent features in the poem, which is intended to enforce the idea, that excessive drinking and po-

tics are the scath or bane of the lower classes of the community in Scotland.

This picture represents a scene of the politicians of lower life, collected in a public house, after the labors of the day, disputing upon some point of politics which may be supposed at that moment to have interested every class of society, and to have found its way into the shop of the mechanic, and the cottage of the husbandman.—In the principal group the light falls on Will, a young carpenter, who from, the shrewd winking of his eyes, the expression of his mouth, the extended arm, with the acute angle of the wrist, and the end of the fore-finger on the table, happily conveys a self-approbation of the sagacity and superiority of his mind over those of his hearers. He appears to be engaged in warm dispute with a figure on his left hand, who seems extremely anxious for an opportunity to reply; but the carpenter, determined to proceed, is directing his discourse to a venerable-looking man who sits opposite to him with spectacles on his nose, and apparently acts as umpire between the contending parties. Close to Will's opponent, at the farther end of the table, is placed another figure, who seems to be carelessly balancing the argument with a knife with which he has been carving the bread and cheese that lies upon the table, together with drinking-vessels, &c. The figure of the two disputants are admirably characteristic of the conceit which a little knowledge produces upon vulgar minds; they evince great observation of rustic nature and the influence of the little heats of parties and politics on such as would naturally be supposed beyond the sphere of their operation.

The countenance of Will, as well as every part of his figure is extremely expressive; he appears to be exerting all his powers to convince his antagonist, who, on the contrary, seems to be thoroughly satisfied of the fallacy of his arguments, and only wants an opportunity to expose it. The expression in the countenance of the umpire is most exquisitely delineated; he appears cool, deliberate, and candid, as if weighing maturely the question in agitation. Indeed, we have no hesitation to assert, that this head was never excelled even by Teniers himself. In a half tint, behind Will, sits an old man reading a newspaper, which Macneil describes as the

Gazetteer, a violent anti-ministerial print published at Edinburgh, and which powerfully tended to inflame the minds of the people. The expression of the face of the reader, indicates with great felicity his composed and settled acquiescence in the conclusions of his own mind, and his undaunted adherence to his own opinions, amidst the din of his battling associates. He is easy and quiet, and thinks for himself; while another man in the opposite part of the picture, is scratching his head, seemingly sensible, that he does not possess the haranguing eloquence of the carpenter, but tolerably confident in his own mind that he is the best informed man in the room. Several figures in the shadow lounging about the fire, several of which are engaged in dispute, form the subordinate group of this excellent performance. Nearer the fore-ground, is a child eating something of which a dog seems very desirous of partaking, and close to them stands a bench, under which are kitchen utensils. In the opposite corner of the room is the landlady coming out of a closet, with bottles, &c. to furnish her customers with a fresh supply of liquor. A fine gloomy repose pervades the back-ground and the figures in shadow, and gives astonishing brilliancy to the principal group.

This rare display of juvenile talent, was sent by our artist to the exhibition of the Royal Academy, for 1806, where it shone like a star of the first brilliancy among the productions by which it was surrounded. At the dinner which, it is well known, is annually given by the Royal Academy, previous to the opening of the exhibition, to the most distinguished amateurs and other eminent characters. Mr. Angerstein, the munificent patron and consummate judge of the fine arts, instantly discovered the merits of Mr. Wilkie's performance. He called to the attention of the Prince of Wales and the other gentlemen present, as to an extraordinary phenomenon in modern painting, declaring that it possessed all the spirit of a Teniers, accompanied by the humour of a Hogarth. Such an encomium from such a man would, doubtless, have been highly flattering to the most renowned artist: the reader may then judge how soothing how encouraging must have been its effect on the mind of a mere youth, whose name was yet totally unknown, and was now just emerging from obscurity. Nor was this all, the public unanimously coincided in the sentiments

expressed by Mr. Angerstein, and Wilkie was immediately ranked among the most eminent of his profession.

On the first day of the exhibition, when our young artist went to gratify himself with a survey of the latest productions of the British school, he met Mr. Fuseli, the master of the academy, whose attention to his students is as honourable to his character as his professional excellence is to his genius. He had always taken the most friendly notice of Wilkie. Addressing him on this occasion, he pointed to his performance, observing that it was a very dangerous picture; for, if he did not surpass it in his next attempt, it would prove fatal to his newly-acquired reputation. "Young man," continued he, "this day will prove either the most auspicious or the most unfortunate of your life." By this emphatic expression, Mr. Fuseli, it is presumed, intended to convey a most important lesson to the mind of his youthful and inexperienced pupil. He meant to say, "This day, on which your talents are for the first time displayed to the world, will open you a path to fortune, fame, and eminence, if by assiduous study you endeavour to mature the abilities you possess, and make prudence and modesty the guides of your future conduct. If, on the contrary, you indulge that arrogance and self-sufficiency which success is apt to excite; if you listen to the needy flatterers which never fail to surround rising eminence; if you suffer yourself to be drawn aside by their allurements into the paths of indolence, dissipation, and vice, inevitable destruction awaits you; and the more conspicuous your talents, the more signal will be the ruin in which you will be involved."

A most striking illustration of the truth of this advice may be found in the history of the late unfortunate George Morland.

It has been already observed that the "Village Politicians" was painted by Mr. Wilkie for the Earl of Mansfield. We regret that truth obliges us to state that his lordship's conduct with regard to this picture was not calculated to confer any honour on his character, either as a man of fortune or a patron of the arts. Having hesitated to give the very low sum of ten guineas, at first required by Mr. Wilkie, the latter, after the merits of the piece were universally acknowledged, thought himself justified in demanding an advance upon the price he had before asked. His lordship, with a truly mercantile spirit,

was a considerable time in coming to a decision ; and such was the high sense of honour entertained by our young artist, that, among the various offers made by gentlemen who were eager to possess this juvenile master-piece, he even refused one of two hundred guineas ! — The price he received from Lord Mansfield was fifteen guineas.

The promise of future excellence held out by the “ Village Politicians,” was confirmed by his next production, which served to convince the public that Mr. Wilkie's former picture was not a work of accident, a mere lucky casualty, but that his powers are those of a regular, steady, and improving genius.

The subject is a “ Blind Fiddler, playing on his fiddle, in a house where he has stopped to rest himself, for the entertainment of the master, his wife, and children.” The fiddler is seated in the act of playing ; next to him is his wife, with her child on her lap, and at her feet a basket, containing the little *pedlary* wares which she has to sell. At the feet of the fiddler lie his fiddle-case, and some scattered domestic utensils, and kitchen herbs, just brought in for the use of the family. The group of figures at the end of the picture, which balances in composition that of the fiddler and his wife, consists of the mistress of the house, and her child on her lap ; the master of the house snapping his fingers, and looking with great glee upon his child, with the design of inviting it to laugh and dance, and exhibit its perception of youthful joy at the sound of the fiddle. Near the master of the house, stands, with his back to the fire, a sober, thinking man, seemingly the grandfather of the younger part of the family. He listens with great complacency to the rustic musician, but is evidently more impressed with humane compassion at the situation of the *Poor Fiddler*, than delighted with the efforts of his skill. At the fire-place sits a young lad, in the train of the fiddler, wrapt up in the comforts of the chimney-corner, and indifferent to every thing besides. Between the mother and the Fiddler are two children, a boy and a girl ; the girl exhibits a fondness for music, and presses forward with an eager familiarity ; but the boy is peevish and sulky, and shews that he neither likes the music nor the company of the fiddler and his family. Behind the mother is the eldest boy, about twelve years old : he has in his hand a small pair of bellows, which he has placed under his chin, in

imitation of the blind man's fiddle, and with a stick, in mockery of the bow, is ridiculously aping the fiddler. Near him is a girl, somewhat older than himself, who rebukes him for the unmannerliness of his jest, and is endeavouring to shame him out of it. There are altogether twelve figures. The front of the chimney forms the centre of the back ground, on which are shelves, containing a variety of domestic utensils, and upon the uppermost shelf are books, in the midst of which is a plaster bust, in appropriate colours, of a dissenting clergyman; and in order to shew that the family are not without a taste for the *fine arts*, besides that of music, the walls are ornamented with drawings on pieces of paper, representing soldiers, ships, and horses, evidently the manufacture of the boy above noticed. Near the boy, who is mocking the fiddler, is his dog, in deep dudgeon at this disturbance and intrusion upon his domestic repose. The light and shade of this picture are equally fortunate with the expression of the characters. The principal light, as well as the brilliancy of colour, falls upon the mistress of the house and her child; this is balanced by a second light at the other end of the picture, behind the fiddler, which is admitted by the door, and thus, by means of these two principal lights, the fiddler is placed in a kind of half tint, which gives a surprising breadth and repose to the composition; whilst the shadow occasioned by the group of the husband, the grandfather and the children, gives to the whole a general and accumulated force, and renders the half tint over the fiddler clear and transparent. The general tone over the back ground is a cool aërial tint, which gives great relief and strength to the colours of the draperies.

When we contemplate the different characters of the figures, we find in the fiddler, the man who has no other pursuit than the occupation of his present trade; in his wife, the care of her child, asleep upon her lap, and the charge committed to her of the little pedlary articles, impresses her countenance with perfect impassiveness as to any enjoyment for the music, and does away all concern but of that which might be the compensation of her husband's talents, and their treatment upon the conclusion of the tune. The master and mistress of the house seem to have no other pleasure than that which the music is supposed to give to their child.

These are the leading points in one of the most extra-

ordinary pictures, in this line of art, which has ever made its appearance in England by a native. Whether we consider the ingenious manner of bringing the materials of this picture together, the diversity and justness of the characters and expressions of the figures, with the correctness of drawing, even to the most minute parts; the light and shade, as well as the truth of colour, and the neatness of execution,—whatever parts we singly consider, it would be matter of difficulty upon which we should most fix our admiration. The picture in the late exhibition, the *Card Player*, possesses perhaps a still superior degree of excellence.

It is generally supposed that Mr. Wilkie has imitated the style of the celebrated Teniers, but we believe he had never seen a picture by that master when he produced his representation of the Fair; though there is a similarity in the manner, which may, however, be easily accounted for. Teniers drew from nature, and it is nature that our youthful artist has made the object of his study. Of the former it has been justly said, that “he studied nature in every shape, with a most curious and critical observation, and as he generally composed his subjects from persons in low stations, he accustomed himself to frequent their meetings, at sports and pastimes; and by that means had an opportunity of remarking the simplicity of their manners, and the various actions, attitudes, characters, and passions of every age and sex. From such observations, he had nature always present to his imagination in whatever he composed; and was enabled to give his figures such truth and such expression as must for ever ensure his works the approbation of the best judges.” These observations may with equal propriety be applied to Mr. Wilkie. He has been no less curious in his observation of the peasantry in the neighbourhood of the place of his nativity; and, even in the streets of the metropolis, he has been seen to stop and to pay great attention to groups of low characters. He has constant recourse to nature for every individual part, and even the minutest objects, in his compositions; and this method must necessarily give his work a great degree of truth and precision. He engages such characters as he accidentally meets, or thinks adapted to his purpose; and we have been informed that the old man in spectacles in the “Village Politicians,” was painted from a person who cries brooms in the streets of London.

THE ARTS.

No. XVII.

MR. CHARLES GRIGNION.

THE LONG CELEBRATED ENGRAVER.

THERE are few men who have contributed more to public amusement than this celebrated Artist. The number of books he has embellished with prints are beyond calculation; but his merits have not ended here, for he was the first that introduced legitimate art into literary publications: he was the first that led the way to that excellence to which the English engravers have since arrived in small book plates; and, if it be considered how much the sale of books has been increased by the insertion of prints, Mr. Grignion will be found to have greatly increased the public revenue, enriched the bookseller, improved the taste of the public, and added greatly to its fund of rational, elegant, cheap, and innocent pleasures.

Seldom have the people of England been appealed to in vain for protection against the miseries attendant on old age and penury; and never was preferred a claim on its justice and generosity more fairly founded than that of Mr. Grignion. Whilst nature left him powers, he exerted them for the public, but the great number of his years has now destroyed his energies, and he is left with a wife and a daughter (the latter nearly blind) dependant on him for support, after having out of ninety years, devoted upwards of seventy to the rational pleasures of the nation. Surely, that nation will not suffer his tottering steps to the grave to be imbittered with want and wretchedness. Long, and much too long, has he suffered the deprivation of those comforts of life which age demands as necessaries, before his modesty, and that natural independence of spirit which accompanies great abilities, would make them known; absolute necessity has now compelled him to lay them before a generous public, to whom age, infirmity, and wretchedness have never implored in vain, where they have had to recommend them purity of moral character, and virtuous industry.

Several Bankers, Booksellers, and Artists of respectability, have kindly offered to receive benefactions for this respectable and unfortunate man.

REMARKS ON OUR CATHEDRAL AND PAROCHIAL MUSIC.

OUR sacred poetry, sung in the cathedrals, is transcribed strictly from the holy scriptures, and most commonly from the book of Psalms: except only the *Te Deum*, which is one of the most ancient and approved hymns of the church. This restriction, by which no hymns of no new invention are admitted as a part of divine service, we owe to the grand reformation. This opened to us the fountain of the sacred writings, which had before been locked up, as in Italy. From the same cause, our anthems are likewise given in our own tongue; which, though not so various as the Latin, is yet generally round and sonorous, clearly accented and capable of being adapted to a variety of musical expressions. But while we justly admire the sacred poetry of our cathedral service, must we not lament the state of it in our parochial churches, where the cold, the meagre, the disgusting dulness of Sternhold and his companions, hath quenched all the poetic fire, and devout majesty of the royal psalmist?

The character of our cathedral music is of a middle kind: not of the first rank, in the great quality of expression; nor yet so improper or absurd, as to deserve a general reprobation. Too studious a regard to Fugues, and an artificial counterpoint appears in the old, and too airy and light a turn, to the neglect of a grand simplicity, in the new: two extremes, which tend equally, though from opposite causes, to destroy musical expression. Yet, there are passages in Purcell's anthems, which may fairly stand in competition with those of any composer, of whatever country. There are others, who may justly claim a considerable share of praise. Handel stands eminent in his greatness and sublimity of stile. Our parochial music in general, is solemn and devout, much better calculated for the performance of a whole congregation, than if it were more broken and elaborate. In country churches, wherever a more artificial kind had been imprudently attempted, confusion and dissonance are the general consequence.

The performance of our cathedral music is defective: we have no grand established choirs of priests, as in France, whose dignity of character might, in a proper degree, maintain that of the divine service. This duty

is chiefly left to a band of lay singers, whose rank and education are not of weight to preserve their profession from contempt. The performance of our parochial psalms, though in the villages it be often as mean and meagre as the words that are sung, yet in great towns, where a good organ is skilfully and devoutly employed, by a sensible organist, the union of this instrument with the voices of a well-instructed congregation, forms one of the graudest scenes of unaffected piety that human nature can afford. The reverse of this appears, when a company of illiterate people form themselves into a choir, distinct from the congregation. Here devotion is lost between the impotent vanity of those who sing, and the ignorant wonder of those who listen.

The anthem, with respect to its subject, neither needs nor admits of improvement; being drawn from the sacred scriptures. A proper selection of words for music is, indeed, a work of importance here: and though in many instances this will be well made, yet it were to be wished, that some superior judgment would oversee, and sometimes (negatively at least) direct the composer, for the prevention of improprieties. A parallel remark will extend itself almost to the whole book of Psalms, as they are versified by Sternhold, for the service of parochial churches. There are few stanzas which do not present expressions to excite the ridicule of some part of every congregation. This version might well be abolished, as it exposeth some of the noblest parts of divine service to contempt; especially as there is another version already privileged, which though not excellent, is however, not intolerable.—The parochial music seems to need no reform: its simplicity and solemnity suit well its general destination; and it is of power, when properly performed, to raise affections of the noblest nature.

It were to be wished, that the cathedral music were always composed with a proportioned sobriety and reserve. Here, as we have observed, the whole is apt to degenerate too much into an affair of art. A great and pathetic simplicity of stile, kept ever in subserviency to the sacred poetry, ought to be aimed at as the truest and the only praise. The same devout simplicity of manners may be attained in the performance, and ought to be studied by the organist and choir: their ambition should lie in a natural and dignified execution, not in a curious display of art. The maxim of Augustine was excellent, and

deserves the serious attention both of those who perform and those who hear; "I always think myself blamable, when I am drawn more to the singer than to what is sung." But an additional circumstance seems necessary, as a means of bringing back church music to its original dignity and use: we have seen in the course of this dissertation, how the separations follow each other in the decline of the poetical and musical arts.

And for the sake of the truth, we must here observe, that in the performance of cathedral music, a separation has long taken place, fatal to its truest utility. The higher ranks of the church do not think themselves concerned in the performance. It were devoutly to be wished that the musical education were so general as to enable the clergy, of whatever rank, to join the choir in the celebration of their Creator, in all its appointed forms: the laity would be naturally led to follow so powerful an example.

MADAME VILLACERFE

WAS a French lady, of noble family, dignified character, and unblemished life, whose death was distinguished by a greatness of mind, not usual in her sex, and when we consider *all* its circumstances, unequalled by the most renowned heroes of antiquity.

The short history of this excellent woman, is, I believe, generally known, and will probably be recognized by many of my readers, but she is so striking an example of Christian fortitude, philosophic suffering, generous forbearance, and angelic love, without the least alloy of vanity, selfishness, or sensuality, that the affecting narrative cannot be dwelt on too long, nor repeated too often.

An early, a mutual affection, had taken place between the subject of our present article, and Festeau, an eminent surgeon of Paris; but from the insurmountable obstacles which in those days (1700) so strictly guarded superior rank, all further intercourse was prevented than animated civilities, when opportunities offered, and soft but secret wishes.

The lover would have perished, rather than by a rash proceeding, degrade the object of his affections in the

eyes of her family and the world ; and his mistress, taught by love, the omnipotent leveller of all distinctions, though she felt too powerfully the merit of Festeau, who, in the scale of unprejudiced reason, far outweighed a thousand pretenders to frivolous accomplishment and superficial attainment ; she nobly resolved

To quit the object of no common choice,
In mild submission to stern duty's voice,
The much-lov'd man, with all his claims resign,
And sacrifice delight at duty's shrine.

Several years passed in this honorable contest with the passions ; in which duty and honour triumphed over wild wishes, and selfish appetites. Madame Villacerfe, from an indisposition which confined her to her chamber, but not to her bed, was, by the prescription of a physician, ordered to be bled.

Festeau, as surgeon to the family, being sent for, his countenance as he entered the room, proved the state of his mind. After gently touching her pulse, and a few professional questions, in a low voice, he prepared for the operation, by tucking up that part of a loose dress which covered her arm ; an interesting business to a man who had long laboured with the most ardent attachment to his lovely patient, whose illness infused an irresistible softness over her features, and lighted up the embers of an affection, suppressed, but never extinguished.

Pressing the vein, in order to render it more prominent, he was observed to be seized with a sudden tremor, and to change his colour : this circumstance was mentioned to the lady, not without a fear, that it might prevent his bleeding her with his usual dexterity. On her observing, with a smile, that she confided entirely in Festeau's skill, and was sure he had no inclination to do her an injury, he appeared to recover himself, and smiling, or forcing a smile, proceeded to his work, which was no sooner performed, than he cried out, " I am the most unfortunate man alive, I have opened an artery instead of a vein."

It is not easy to describe his distraction, or her composure ; in less than three days, the state of her arm, in consequence of the accident, rendered amputation necessary, when so far from using her unhappy surgeon with the peevish resentment of a little mind, she requested of him not to be absent from any consultation on the treatment of her case, and ordered her will to be made.

After her arm was taken off, symptoms appearing, which convinced Festeau and his associates, that less than twenty-four hours would terminate the existence of one who was an ornament to her sex; the voice, the looks, the anguish of her lover, as well as her own feelings, convinced her of the solemn truth.

This opinion, her earnest and solemn entreaties, on a death bed, not to be disregarded, obliged her friends to confirm, and a few hours before that awful moment, which none escape, and which bold bad men only affect to despise, after desiring the attendants to leave the chamber, Madame Villacerfe addressed her disconsolate surgeon in the following words:

"You give me inexpressible concern for the sorrow in which I see you overwhelmed, notwithstanding your kind efforts to conceal it. I am removing—to all intents and purposes, I am removed from human life and all that relates to it, it is therefore highly incumbent on me to begin to think and act like one wholly unconcerned in it.

"I feel not the least resentment or displeasure on the present occasion. I do not consider you as one by whose error I have lost my life; I regard you rather as a benefactor, who have hastened my entrance into a blessed immortality,

"But the world may look on the accident, which, on your account alone, I can call unfortunate, and mention it to your advantage, I have therefore provided, in my will, against every thing you may have to dread from the ill-will, the prejudices, or the selfish misrepresentation of mankind."

This pattern for Christians, this example for heroes, soon after expired. A judicial sentence, devoting his fortune to confiscation, and his body to exquisite tortures, could not have produced keener sensations of misery and horror, than Festeau felt during her address, which was an emanation of celestial benignity, an anticipating revelation, a divine ray from the spirit of that God who inspired and loved her, and in whose presence she was shortly to triumph and adore.

But when he contemplated her exalted goodness and unparalleled magnanimity in suffering pain and mortal agonies, inflicted by an unhappy man, who, of all others, loved and doated on her most; when he saw her dying look, and heard that groan which is repeated no more, sick of the world, dispirited with human life and its pursuits, angry beyond forgiveness with himself, he

sunk into the settled gloom and long melancholy of despair.

This is one of the many instances in which a little forethought, and a small share of prudence, would have prevented much serious evil, and irretrievable calamity. As it was impossible that Madame Villacerfe's relations could be entirely strangers to the partiality of Monsieur Festeau, they should industriously have prevented all intercourse between the young people.

The agitated frame and deranged appearance of her lover, observed previous to the catastrophe, by a gentleman nearly related to the lady, and from whose letter I derive the materials of my narrative, pointed him out as the most improper man for medical or surgical assistance, which requires coolness, dexterity, a steady hand, and a collected mind.

In the sudden and disastrous accidents to which human life is, on every side, and at every moment, exposed, it will frequently be found, that those connected to us by the nearest and dearest ties of blood, friendship, or affection, are often, by those very circumstances, disqualified from affording us prompt and effectual relief.

The fond mother, whose infant is a constant source of toil, which only a mother would willingly submit to, and of delight, which all must envy, on seeing it suddenly spring from her arms into a deep and rapid stream, would probably sink to the ground in a fainting fit, or an hysteric convulsion; thus would she be rendered, by the ardor of affection and the violence of her feelings, wholly unable to snatch her child from death.

A by-stander, perhaps a reprobate and a scoundrel, uninfluenced by philanthropy, love, or a sense of duty, and amply repaid by half a crown, would, with all his senses about him, directly plunge in, and, a stranger to the unmanageable ecstasies of a mother, restore the darling to her arms.

C. P. B.

QUOTATIONS FROM OTHER WRITERS.

ESPECIALLY THE ANCIENT GREEK AND LATIN.

In quotations, as in all other things, men have run into extremes. Some writers have quoted most abundantly, in order (as should seem) to make an ostentation of learn-

ing; with one of whom La Mothe le Vayer, though himself a great quoter, appears to have been much fatigued: "God grant you," cries he, "to become less learned"—*Dieu vous fasse la grace de devenir moins scavant*. Others have scarcely quoted at all, as Locke and Hoadley, with some of an inferior kind, who perhaps have hence affected to pass for original writers, that needed no extraneous helps: and indeed, in books of mere reasoning, all quotation to many may seem impertinent.

La Bruyere has animadverted upon the former extreme: he complains of books being crowded so with quotations, as to be hardly any thing else; of citing Ovid and Tibullus at the bar, Horace and Lucretius in the pulpit: where, says he, "Latin and sometimes Greek are the languages chosen to entertain the women and churchwardens with*." And, doubtless, nothing can be more absurd and ridiculous than this: by this an author's sense, if peradventure he has any, is almost oppressed and smothered under his learning; and, as Ovid said of a girl overloaded with dress and ornament, he is so garnished out with foreign materials, as to be, in truth, the least part of himself. Mean while, as Bayley observes upon Bruyere, "it is to be feared, that the very opposite custom of not citing at all, into which we are fallen, will make learning too much despised, as a piece of furniture entirely useless†:" and he has elsewhere mentioned, as "one principal cause of neglect in the study of the Belles Lettres, that a great many wits, real or pretended, have, with an air of disdain, run down the custom of citing Greek authors, and making learned remarks, as so much pedantry, and fit only for a college‡."

It is however certain, that many pleasing as well as useful purposes may be served by quotations, judiciously made and aptly applied. It is pleasing to know, while contemplating any subject, what other writers, men of name and abilities, have thought and said upon it: and then the variety, which the frequent introduction of new personages (as I may call them) creates, will greatly contribute to enliven attention, and thereby keep off weariness and disgust. With the Greek and Latin authors the classical reader is always entertained: "Mr. Clarke's book of coins is much above my pitch," said the learned

* *Charact. De la Chaire.*

† *Dict. BOUCHIN. Note B.*

‡ *MEZIRIAC, Note C.*

Markland to his friend; "but I read it with pleasure as his, and *because of the quotations from the ancients, which are numerous* *.

But quotation is useful, as well as pleasing, to confirm and illustrate the sentiments of a writer; and especially in works, where the great object is, not so much to teach men things of which they are ignorant, by descanting in detail and at large, as to remind them of what they know; not so much to *make men read*, to borrow Montesquieu's expression, as to *make them think*. For this the citing of authorities, and dealing in personal anecdotes and apophthegms, seem perfectly well calculated: for, however it be, men frequently pause and dwell upon *names*, who would hastily and inadvertently skim over *things*. Nay, let the reasoning be ever so close and sound, it shall often pass for little more than declamation; while the name of some admired author, especially if he be dead, shall arrest the imagination, and make all the impression which is necessary to produce conviction †.

Again, the practice of quoting from other writers, and especially the Greek and Roman authors of antiquity, is useful, inasmuch (as above hinted) it must give some countenance and sanction even to *letters* themselves: *letters!* neglected, declining *letters!* and with *them* declining all that is wise, and excellent, and beautiful, and polished. How would an astonished *macaroni* stare, to be assured, that the civilization of kingdoms is founded upon *letters*; and that in proportion as these are cultivated, so is nearly the progress of mankind from their most rude and savage state, up to that perfection of elegance and refinement, which beameth forth from his all-finished and refulgent person! I speak according to the gentleman's own idea of himself.

Lastly, were the practice of quoting once received and established, this great advantage would farther accrue to letters, viz. that it would reduce the bulk of scribblers, with which they are disgraced. Nothing is more common in these days, than for men to begin to write, and affect to be authors, not only before they understand Greek and Latin, but before they have any real or accu-

* Bowyer's Miscell. Tracts, p. 524.

† *L'authorité peut seule envers les communs entendemens, says Montaigne, et poise plus en langage peregryn. Essais, III. 19.*

rate knowledge of English. It is enough for them if they can spell with tolerable exactness: for this accomplishment, joined with such materials as magazines, reviews, and other public prints supply, is usually the stock in trade, with which authors now as well as critics set up. In short, writing is become a mere manual operation; and books are made every day by men without genius, without letters, who are but barely sufficient to transcribe, at the most to compile. Upon which account it might well be wished, that every one who presumes to write, especially upon matters of religion and government, (for in romance and moral painting it is not necessary) should be obliged to support his meaning, once at least, with some Greek, and once with some Latin, citation; and should produce at the same time a true and well authenticated testimonial, that these citations were not furnished by another, but *bond fide* his own act and deed. A test of this sort would have a mighty check to scribbling*; and save reams of paper, which are every moment going to perish—*peritura parcere chartæ*

Upon the whole, therefore, let us not condemn, and effectually avoid, the citation of authors; falsely delicate, falsely fastidious. Let us recollect, that the greatest and most respectable writers have done this: that *Cicero, Plutarch, Seneca, Bacon, Montaigne, and Montesquieu*, left nothing unborrowed from others, which might serve to embellish their own writings; and that the things thus borrowed may, if skilfully applied, have not only all the energy of their old situation, but all the graces of invention in their new one. And why should they not? *there being no less wit in justly applying the thought of another, than in being the first author of that thought.* At least so says *Mr. Bayle*; whom I have quoted the more freely upon this topic, because he was a very great wit, as well as a very great scholar. S.

MARRIAGE.

THOUGH the making the marriage contract liable to be annulled frequently, and on slight occasions, would be

* "The world has got such an appetite for reading," says our learned printer, "that it swallows every thing which is offered to it. Careless readers have made careless writers; and, amidst a multiplicity of books, I every day see barbarity creeping in." *Bowyer's Misc. Tracts*, p. 281.

attended with serious evils to society; yet surely the rendering it so irrevocable, as never on any occasion to be set aside, seems contrary both to justice and common sense. To compel a man and woman who have a rooted dislike to each other, to continue together for life, because they have inconsiderately engaged to do it under certain specific forms, is a most unjust and cruel law, inflicting the severest punishment on the unhappy sufferers, and exactly counteracting the purpose for which matrimony was instituted. A divorce, I allow, should never be hastily permitted, nor when it is adverse to the inclination or the interest of either party; for he who hath sworn to his neighbour ought not to disappoint him, though it be to his own hindrance; but when both parties, after long deliberation, earnestly desire to be separated, it does not appear that the evil of granting their wish would counterbalance that which must arise from the refusal of it. Neither would serious applications to separate be very frequent; as mutual interests, mutual affection to children, and the force of habit, are stronger bonds of union than any which human legislators can frame. And so far from a person acquiring a large fortune who had the sole right of dissolving marriages, as is often suggested in conversation, I rather think he would not be called on to exercise his function twenty times in a year, if the same time only for deliberation was necessary in untying the knot, that our laws enjoin for the tying it. But this infrequency affords no argument against the necessity of it. A person does not suffer the less from a disorder, because few are afflicted with it. Is no disease to be cured but the pestilence?

This system of irrevocable vows is said to be founded on the words of our Saviour; but those words, and especially the text of St Matthew, chap. v. ver. 32; and chap. xix. ver. 9, relate to a man putting away his wife, making a man thus at once the complainant and the judge; and not to a separation by mutual consent. The Jews we know had a law, which authorised them to put away their wives by giving them a bill of divorcement; and a learned writer on this subject observes, that 'some of the Jews extended this liberty so far as to fancy they might, without any reason at all, for their mere pleasure, part with their wives; and their doctors, after the captivity, grew strangely loose on this subject *.'

* Lewis's Hebrew Republic, lib. vi. chap. 35.

In England a divorce is not allowed on any pretence whatever. A marriage is never pronounced void by our courts, for any cause but what made the marriage illegal when it was solemnized, and which existed at that time; not even for adultery, which is expressly mentioned by our Saviour as a sufficient cause. The divorces *à mensâ et thoro*, pronounced by the ecclesiastic courts, are only legal permission to do what may be done equally well without such permission; for, as the poet says,

‘ Consent, if mutual, saves the lawyer’s fee :
 ‘ Consent is law enough to set you free.”

It is true our lawyers have found out a mode of dissolving the nuptial tie, for adultery; but it is a mode that violates every principle of natural justice. I mean the interference of parliament. In these cases the legislature interposes by an *ex post facto* law, not to annul a marriage by the mutual consent of both parties, but to punish * one of the parties only, for a crime, against which there was no punishment in force when it was committed; and which is only to have force in that case, and against that particular person.

Far be it from me to say that the ladies have not, in general, many advantages over us in the nuptial state, and many opportunities of retaliating on us, in general, the hardships and inconveniences that some few of them may suffer from the brutal and tyrannical part of our sex. Yet it must be allowed there is something capriciously cruel in what most men expect from their wives. They are displeased with them for seeming to feel any jealousy of their fidelity, even if they know they deserve it; and yet they would be hurt if they thought such a circumstance would not give them real uneasiness. This species of injustice is shewn in more trifling circumstances than nuptial infidelity. A man dislikes that his wife should express any symptoms of discontent, when he declares his intention to leave her and dine at a tavern with his friends; and yet he would not be pleased to have her say, (especially if he thought she spoke her thoughts) ‘ Pray, my dear, go; I shall be just as happy without you.’

In this case, a man in a profession has an advantage

* Surely it will not be denied, that an act which may reduce a countess to the situation of plain miss, is a punishment.

over an idle man. His business will give him pretences for enjoying convivial society, without hurting the self-opinion of his wife. For women can hardly allow the possibility (which undoubtedly exists in men of a social character) of other company being preferred occasionally to their own, without its being a proof of their husband's decreasing affection.

In fact, women, when they love, are much more attached than men. I really believe few women would wish for any other company than that of the husband they loved, while he behaved with kindness and attention. The case with our sex is widely different. To illustrate this by an example. We will suppose a young officer and a young woman eloped together, both of good dispositions, passionately fond of each other, and in the first week of possession. The woman would never wish to quit the side of her lover, for any amusement or society whatever:—but would it be so with the man? We will place them at an inn where the officers of a regiment he had served in were messing. He certainly would not, if he had common goodnature, or even decency, think of really quitting his mistress for their society; but he would possibly feel more inclination to join them, than perhaps he would wish to own, even to himself.

As human nature in all ages and countries must have been essentially the same, under the same circumstances, it is suprising that all the ancient ethic writers should consider the being under the dominion of a wife, a consequence of marrying a woman of fortune; since experience shews the fact at present to be directly the reverse. The very few men who maintain an uncontrolled sway over their wives and families, will be found, almost without exception, among those who have married for interest. And the reason of this seems clear; for besides the natural tendency persons in a dependant situation have to employ every effort to get out of it; an ascendancy, in such a connection as marriage, is not gained or maintained by the same causes as in the common affairs of life. In marriage, the person who loves most will certainly be governed; and the person who has the largest fortune will, in matches formed by the parties themselves, generally have most love on their side. To this may be added a characteristic of the sex, put into the mouth of Booth by that inimitable delineator of manners, Henry

Fielding. 'Women generally love to be on the obliging side; and if we examine their favourites, we shall find them to be much oftener such as they have conferred obligations on, than such as they have received them from*.'

Rousseau knew this also; for, speaking of what his conduct towards a woman he loved would be if he were rich, he says: 'Il seroit doux d'être libéral envers ce qu'on aime, si cela ne faisoit un marché: Je ne connois qu'un moyen de satisfaire ce penchant avec sa maîtresse, sans empoisonner l'amour; c'est de lui tout donner, et d'être ensuite nourri par elle.' This is nevertheless beginning with the obligation; and is in fact the case with every rich henpecked husband and keeper in the world. Indeed Rousseau adds: 'Reste à savoir, où est la femme avec qui ce procédé ne fût pas extravagant †.'

Attention, and assiduity, make the strongest impression on the hearts of women. Therefore men in the lowest order of society have by far the best opportunities of gaining the real affection of their mistresses.—What is the attention of picking up a fan, or handing a lady to a coach, compared with the frequent and essential acts of kindness that may be shewn in the hay or harvest field?—But as the days of pastoral refinement as well as chivalry are past, it is doubtful if the labourers of Great Britain often avail themselves of this advantage. Yet the politest lover, if he possesses sensibility, knows this, and the most accomplished young woman feels it. Any assiduity, expressing a real anxiety to serve her, and especially the appearance of serious alarm for HER safety, and a total disregard of his OWN, in the moment of real or supposed danger, will give the lover more interest in the heart of his mistress, than a ten years siege of courtly compliment.

Plato censures the dramatic poets for their exhibition of vicious manners, on the supposition that the actors, as

* An observation of the same sort is made on mankind in general by Thucydides, in the funeral oration spoken by Pericles. 'The person who confers the favour is always the most steady friend, being desirous to preserve that kindness on account of which it was conferred; while the love of the person owing the obligation is weaker, being conscious rather of discharging a debt, than shewing his own kindness.'

† Emile.

well as the poet, will acquire bad habits from frequently assuming such characters. This perhaps may be refining too much ; but undoubtedly the assuming a character in real life, must have a great influence on the actual character of the person assuming it. There is truth in the common proverb, that " custom is second nature." Has not then the fashion which enjoins the appearance of a total indifference in a young couple to each other in company, after marriage, a strong tendency to produce real indifference? Surely a woman must feel a little hurt at being neglected in public (which takes up a large portion of the time of the opulent) by the man who a few days before seemed only to live for her service ; and the contrast of this neglect to the unremitted, or probably increased, attention of other former admirers, must make impressions on her mind not very favourable to domestic happiness. I think nothing so pleasing as the marked attention of young married persons to each other. I am far from meaning a childish and disgusting display of fondness, and still further, that kind of behaviour we sometimes find among ill-bred people, at a third person's table, which is a tacit censure on the politeness of their host. The attention should something resemble that which lovers pay to each other, when in company with persons before whom they wish to be on their guard,

H. I. P.

THE LATE DR. BERKELEY, BISHOP OF CLOYNE.

GEORGE BERKELEY was the son of a clergyman in Ireland, of a small living, but at the same time remarkable for his learning and piety ; he therefore gave his son the best education his circumstances would admit of ; and, when fitted for the university, taxed his little fortune, in order to send him to Trinity college, Dublin.

Here he soon began to be looked upon as the greatest genius, or the greatest dunce, in the whole university ; those who were but slightly acquainted with him, took him for a fool ; but those who shared his most intimate friendship, looked upon him as a prodigy of learning and good-nature. Whenever he appeared abroad, which was but seldom, he was surrounded by a crowd of the idle or the facetious ; who followed him, not to be improved, but to laugh. Of this he frequently complained, but there

was no redress; the more he fretted, he became only the more ridiculous. An action of his, however, soon made him more truly ridiculous than before: curiosity leading him one day to see an execution, he returned home pensive and melancholy, and could not forbear reflecting on what he had seen. He desired to know what were the pains and symptoms a malefactor felt upon such an occasion, and communicated to his chum the cause of his strange curiosity; in short, he resolved to tuck himself up for a trial; at the same time desiring his companion to take him down at a signal agreed upon.

The companion, whose name was Contarine, was to try the same experiment himself immediately after. Berkeley was accordingly tied up to the ceiling, and the chair taken from under his feet; but soon losing the use of his senses, his companion, it seems, waited a little too long for the signal agreed upon, and our enquirer had like to have been hanged in good earnest; for as soon as he was taken down, he fell senseless and motionless upon the floor. After some trouble, however, he was brought to himself; and observing his band, "Bless my heart, Contarine, says he, you have quite rumpled my band." When it came to Contarine's turn to go up, he quickly evaded the proposal: the other's danger had quite abated his curiosity.

Still, however, Berkeley proceeded in his studies with unabated ardour. A fellowship in that college is attained by superior learning only; the candidates are examined in the most public manner, in an amphitheatre erected for that purpose, and great numbers of the nobility and gentry are present upon the occasion. This examination he passed with the utmost applause, and was made a fellow, the only reward of learning that kingdom has to bestow.

Metaphysical studies are generally the amusement of the indolent and inquisitive: his business as a fellow, allowed him sufficient leisure, and his genius prompted him to scrutinize into every abstruse subject. He soon, therefore was regarded as one of the best metaphysicians in Europe; his logic was looked upon rather as the work of a man skilled in metaphysics, than in the dialect of the schools; his treatise upon matter was also thought to be the most ingenious paradox that ever amused learned leisure; and many were the answers made to it by the literati of Europe.

His fame as a scholar, but more his conversation as a man of wit and good nature, soon procured him the friendship and esteem of every person of fortune and understanding; among the rest, Swift, that lover, yet derider of human nature, became one of the most intimate; and it was by his recommendation that he was introduced to the earl of Peterborough, who made him his chaplain, and took him, as his companion, on a tour through Europe.

Some time after his return, he was promoted to a deanery, in which situation he wrote his *Minute Philosopher*, one of the most elegant and genteel defences of that religion which he was born to vindicate, both by his virtues and ingenuity. It was at this time also, that he attempted to establish an university for our American colonies, in Bermudas, one of the Summer islands. Doctor Depusch, an excellent musician, and some others of great abilities, were engaged in this design, and actually embarked in order to put it in execution; but the ship being cast away, Berkeley was left to contrive something else to the advantage of his country.

He interested himself deeply in a scheme for improving the English language, by a society of wits and men of genius; established for that purpose, in imitation of the academy of France; in this design Swift, Bolingbroke, and others, were united; but the whole dropt by the death of Queen Anne, and the removal of Harley from the office of prime minister.

His friendship and connections, however, did not, as was the case with Swift and some others, prevent his promotion; he was made bishop of Cloyne; and sure no clergyman had juster pretensions to the mitre! No man was more assiduous or punctual in his duty, none exacted it more strictly from his inferior clergy, yet no bishop was ever more beloved by them. He spent his time with the utmost cheerfulness, innocence, and humanity; the meanest peasant within ten miles of his seat was familiar with him; those of them that wanted shared his bounty; and those that did not, had his friendship and advice. The country which was desolate and unimproved, he took the utmost pains to improve, and attempted to set an example of the proper methods of agriculture to the farmer, as he had before of piety and benevolence to the whole kingdom.

Metaphysical studies were still his amusement, and the dispensations of charity he looked upon as his duty

—But the opinions of metaphysicians he, at last, began to contemn, and to doubt of the certainty, not only of every argument upon this subject, but even of the science. He therefore turned his thoughts to more beneficial studies, to politics and medicine, and gave instances in both to what he could have done, had he made either his particular study.

In politics, a pamphlet published by him, intituled, *The Querist*, is a fine instance of his skill, and was attended with some beneficial circumstances to his native country.—His treatise on tar-water rendered him more popular than any of his preceding productions, at the same time that it was the most whimsical of them all. Here he pretends to prove, *a priori*, the effects of this, sometimes, valuable medicine; but then he extends them to every, and even opposite disorders.—The public were long undeceived before his lordship, who was the inventor, could be so. He had built an hospital at his own expence near his gate, and to it all the poor were welcome; he attended them himself as physician; dosed them with tar-water, of the virtues of which he was entirely confident. His intention in this particular cannot be applauded, though, perhaps, the success might have answered his expectations. Perhaps he carried his veneration for tar-water to an excess: he drank it abundantly himself and attempted to mend the constitution of his children by the same regimen: this, however, he could never effect; and, perhaps, his desire of improving their health and their understanding, at which he laboured most assiduously, might have impaired both. But his faults, if we know of any, all proceeded from motives of humanity, benevolence, and good-nature.

He preserved the closest intimacy with the gentlemen of the neighbourhood; and while he cultivated the duties of his station, he was not averse to the innocent amusements of life: music he was particularly fond of, and always kept one or two exquisite performers to amuse his leisure hours.

His income he was entirely contented with; and when offered by the earl of Chesterfield, then lord lieutenant of Ireland, a bishopric much more beneficial than that he possessed, he declined it, with these words, "I love the neighbours, and they love me; why then should I begin, in my old days, to form new connections, and tear myself from those friends whose kindness to me is the

greatest happiness I enjoy?" acting, in this instance, like Plutarch; who being asked, "why he resided in his native city, so obscure and so little?" "I stay, said he, lest it should grow less." But, at length, finding his health and constitution impaired beyond the power of medicine, even of his own tar-water, he removed towards the end of the year 1752, to Oxford, an university he always loved, and at which he received a great part of his education, in hopes of receiving some benefit from the change of air. His principal motive, however, was that he might himself superintend the education of his son, whom he took along with him; and the prospect of enjoying two or three years among the literati of that famous seminary.

After a short passage, and a very pleasant journey, he arrived at that famous seat of learning, where he was visited by many of his former friends and admirers: but the certainty there was of speedily losing him, greatly damped the pleasure they would otherwise have had in his company. In a short time after his arrival, he expired, on the 14th of January, 1753, greatly regretted by the poor, whom he loved, and the learned, whom he had improved.

HAIR POWDER.

HAIR powder was first introduced by ballad singers at the fair of St. Germaine, in the year 1641. In the beginning of the reign of George the First, only two ladies wore powder in their hair, and they were pointed at for their singularity. At the coronation of George II. there was only two hair dressers in London. In the year 1795, it was calculated, that there were in the kingdom of Great Britain, fifty thousand hair-dressers! supposing each of them to use one pound of flour in a day,—this upon an average would amount to 18,250,000 pounds in one year, which would make 5,314,280 quarter loaves, which at only nine-pence each, amounts to one million, one hundred and forty six thousand, four hundred and twenty pounds British money. This statement does not take in the quantity of flour used by the soldiers, or that which is consumed by those who dress their own hair.

Were such a man as Swift to write a volume of allegorical travels, he might describe the English, as a people who wear *three-penny loaves* on their heads, by way of ornament.

THE EFFECT OF MUSIC ON DIFFERENT ANIMALS.

THOSE who pretend that the love of music, and especially instrumental music, is a natural instinct, say that even brute animals are sensible of it. One day, when I was in the country, I resolved to try if it were true; and while a person played on a trump-marine properly tuned, I considered with attention the effect on a cat, a dog, a horse, an ass, a doe, some cows, some small birds, and a cock and hens; all which were in a court-yard, directly under a window out of which I leaned.

As for the cat, she did not seem to be at all sensible of the sound of the instrument; and, to judge by her deportment, she would have given all the music in the world for a single mouse: she did not shew the least mark of pleasure, but basked quietly in the sun. The horse stopped short before the window, and lifted up his head now and then, while he was grazing. The dog sat on his backside like a monkey, keeping his eyes fixed all the time on the person who played. He continued in this attitude more than an hour, and seemed to comprehend what was going forward. The ass gave no token of sensibility, but kept on calmly eating his thistles. The doe raised her large ears, and seemed very attentive. The cows stopped a little, and, after having looked as if to see whether they knew us, went on their way. The small birds, some in an aviary, and others on the trees, seemed as if they would burst themselves with singing. The cock, solely attentive to the hens, and the hens entirely employed in scratching the ground, gave no indication that they received any pleasure from hearing a trump-marine.

Shakspeare, in *the Merchant of Venice*, thus describes the effect of music on horses:

“—Do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unbridled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing round,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music.”

THE ANCIENT STATE OF LETTERS IN ENGLAND.

THERE was a time in this kingdom, when letters were so low, that whoever could prove himself, in a court of justice, able to read a verse in the New Testament, was vested with the highest privileges; and a clergyman, who knew any thing of grammar, was looked upon as a prodigy. In those enlightened days, a rector of a parish, as we are told, going to law with his parishioners about paving the church, quoted this authority as from St. Peter: "*paveant illi, non paveam ego;*" which he construed, "they are to pave the church, not I:" and this was allowed to be good law by a judge, who was an ecclesiastic too. Alfred the Great complained, towards the end of the ninth century, that "from the Humber to the Thames there was not a priest, who understood the liturgy in his mother-tongue, or who could translate the easiest piece of Latin:" and a correspondent of Abelard, about the middle of the twelfth, complimenting him upon a resort of pupils from all countries, says, that even Britain, distant as she was, sent her savages to be instructed by him"—*remota Britannia sua animalia erudienda destinabat.*

If the clergy had then, as they are said to have had, all the learning among themselves, what a blessed state must the laity have been in? And so indeed it appears, for there is extant an old act of parliament, which provides, that "a nobleman shall be entitled to the benefit of his clergy, even though he cannot read:" and another law, cited by Judge Rolls in his Abridgement, sets forth, that "the command of the sheriff to his officer, by word of mouth, and without writing, is good; for it may be, that neither the sheriff nor his officer can write or read." Who can say that such halcyon times may not return? When we contemplate the ignorance and dissipation of the great, whom the little are sure to follow: when we consider their not only neglect, but even contempt, of letters; their gambling, and low amusements; their luxury; the avarice, meanness, and selfishness, which prevail among them—when we consider all this, and more, can we forbear to exclaim, that "signs following signs lead on the mighty year?"

THEORETIC SPECULATION.

THE attention of philosophers and naturalists was at a certain period long and ardently excited by a number of fossil skeletons discovered in a marsh on the banks of the Ohio. These were considered at the time, as bones of elephants, but afterwards proved by an eminent and indefatigable anatomist, not to be remains of that animal, but of a species of the carnivorous kind, more enormous in bulk, and now wholly extinct or unknown.

The subject has been scientifically investigated by an ingenious German and well-informed mineralogist, Mr. Raspe, who has resided long in England; he controverts some of the positions of the learned professor, and others he apparently confirms: but the difficulty of accounting for animals, no longer existing in countries where they seem at a certain time to have been numerous, still remains unexplained; it has escaped the sagacity of Gmelin, the genius of Buffon, and the minute research of Daubenton.

A modern theorist of a lively and eccentric cast has, in his own opinion, *easily* solved the mystery, by *supposing* that the bones in question are the remains of certain angelic beings, the original tenants of this our terrestrial globe in its primitive state; till for the transgressions both were involved in ruin; after which, this shattered planet was refitted for the accommodation of its present inhabitants!!!

But romance out of the question, is it not possible to account for such an assemblage of creatures, in a country where they no longer exist, by *supposing* that at some remote period, the place in which they were found, *might* have laid in the tract of a conqueror, unknown to the historians of Europe; that it might have been the scene of a battle, and the animals in question, part of the baggage train, destroyed by slaughter or disease, and left in the hurry of flight, or of pursuit, to puzzle and set at defiance generations then unborn: chronology so remote is a *terra incognita*, to the philosopher as well as the historian.

REFORM.

"It is better," says a modern writer, "that reformation should be difficult, or even unattainable, than that laws should be uncertain, and the enjoyment of life and property precarious."

Being asked, if reform was never to be risked? he

almost confessed as much, for a reason, personal, and not at all applicable to the subject, "because the promoters of it, will, in every instance, be sacrificed, as the bulk of mankind always think enough has not been done."

Another of his reasons for delay is, "that abuse should become decrepid, hoary, and in its dotage, before you attack it; any institution, law, or custom, generally despised and ridiculed, however colossal, must, in a given time, tumble to the ground unsupported; its removal *then* will not endanger public tranquillity.

"I consider every evil as trifling, when compared to rousing the vengeance, and exciting the energies of that omnipotent sovereign, the people; in a word, I prefer the leprosy, the itch, and a thousand little nasty teasing diseases, which fret a man dismally, I confess, to the plague, to pestilence, and famine. I would rather pay a government of my own countrymen, ten, or even twenty per cent, of all I possess, than be stripped by a Gallic pro-consul."

THE POET COWPER.

FROM CECIL'S MEMOIRS OF THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

THERE has gone forth an unfounded report, that the deplorable melancholy of Cowper, was, in part, derived from his residence and connections at Olney. The fact, however, is the reverse of this; which is attested by living witnesses, and confirmed by a MS. of the poet; with the perusal of which I was favoured by Mr. N.

It most evidently appears, that symptoms of Mr. Cowper's morbid state began to discover themselves in his earliest youth. He seems to have been at all times disordered, in a greater or less degree. He was sent to Westminster school at the age of nine years, and long endured the tyranny of an elder boy, of which he gives a shocking account in the paper above mentioned; and which 'produced,' as one of his biographers observes, who had long intimacy with him, 'an indelible effect upon his mind through life.'—A person so naturally bashful and depressed as Cowper, must needs find the profession of a barrister a farther occasion of anxiety: the post obtained for him by his friends in the house of Lords overwhelmed him; and the remonstrances which those friends made against his relinquishing so honourable and lucrative an appointment, (but which soon after actually took place,) greatly increased the anguish of a mind already incapacitated for business. To all this were

added events, which of themselves have been found sufficient to upset the minds of the strongest; namely, the decease of his particular friend and intimate Sir William Russel; and his meeting with a disappointment in obtaining a lady, upon whom his affections were placed.

But the state of a person, torn and depressed (not by his religious connections, but) by adverse circumstances, and these meeting naturally morbid sensibility, long before he knew Olney, or had formed any connection with its inhabitants, will best appear from some verses which he had sent at this time to one of his female relations, and for the communication of which, we are indebted to Mr. Hayley:

“ Doom'd as I am, in solitude to waste
The present moments, and regret the past;
Depriv'd of every joy I valued most,
My friend torn from me, and my mistress lost;
Call not this gloom I wear, this anxious mein,
The dull effect of humour or of spleen!
Still, still I mourn with each returning day,
Him—snatch'd by fate in early youth, away;
And her—through tedious years of doubt and pain.
Fix'd in her choice, and faithful—but in vain.
See me—ere yet my destin'd course half done,
Cast forth a wand'rer on a wild unknown!
See me, neglected on the world's rude coast,
Each dear companion of my voyage lost!
Nor ask, why clouds of sorrow shade my brow,
And ready tears wait only leave to flow;
Why all that soothes a heart, from anguish free,
All that delights the happy—palls with me?”

That any man, under such pressures, should at first turn his mind to those resources which religion alone can afford, is both natural and rational. But Mr. Cowper was like a person looking from a high tower, who perceives only the danger of falling, but neither the security nor prospect it presents; and therefore it is no wonder, with so melancholy, morbid, and susceptible a mind, that his unhappiness should be increased.—And yet this very mind of Cowper, when put under the care of Dr. Cotton, of St. Albans (a physician as capable of administering to the spiritual, as to the natural maladies of his patients) received the first consolation it ever tasted, and that from evangelical truths. It was under the care of this physician, that Mr. C. first obtained a clear view of those sublime and animating truths, which so distinguished and exalted his future strains as a poet.

Here also he received the settled tranquillity and peace which he enjoyed for several years afterwards. So far, therefore, was his constitutional malady from being produced or increased by his evangelical connections, either at St. Albans or at Olney, that he seems never to have had any settled peace but from the truths he learned in these societies. It appears that among them alone he found the only sunshine he ever enjoyed, through the cloudy day of his afflicted life.

It appears also that, while at Dr. Cotton's, Mr. Cowper's distress was, for a long time, entirely removed, by marking that passage in Rom. iii. 25. "Him hath God set forth as a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past." In this scripture he saw the remedy, which God provides for the relief of a guilty conscience, with such clearness, that for several years after, his heart was filled with love, and his life occupied with prayer, praise, and doing good to his needy fellow-creatures.

Mr. N. told me, that, from Mr. Cowper's first coming to Olney, it was observed he had studied his Bible with such advantage, and was so well acquainted with its design, that not only his troubles were removed, but that, to the end of his life, he never had clearer views of the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel than when he first became an attendant upon them; that (short intervals excepted) Mr. Cowper enjoyed a course of peace for several successive years; that, during this period, the inseparable attendants of a lively faith appeared, by Mr. Cowper's exerting himself to the utmost of his power in every benevolent service he could render to his poor neighbours; and that Mr. N. used to consider him as a sort of curate, from his constant attendance upon the sick and afflicted in that large and necessitous parish.

But the malady, which seemed to be subdued by the strong consolations of the Gospel, was still latent, and only required some occasion of irritation to break out again, and overwhelm the patient. Any object of constant attention that shall occupy a mind previously disordered, whether fear, or love, or science, or religion, will not be so much the cause of the disease as the accidental occasion of exciting it. Cowper's letters will shew us how much his mind was occupied at one time by the truths of the Bible, and at another time by the fictions of Homer; but his melancholy was originally a constitutional disease

—a physical disorder, which, indeed, could be affected either by the Bible or by Homer, but was utterly distinct in its nature from the mere matter of either. And here I cannot but mark this necessary distinction; having often been witness to cases where religion has been assigned as the proper cause of insanity, when it has been only an accidental occasion, in the case of one already affected *. Thus Cowper's malady, like a strong current, breaking down the banks which had hitherto sustained the pressure and obliquity of its course, prevailed against the supports he had received, and precipitated him again into his former distress.

I inquired of Mr. N. as to the manner in which Mr. Cowper's disorder returned, after an apparent recovery of nearly nine years continuance; and was informed, that the first symptoms were discovered one morning in his discourse, soon after he had undertaken a new engagement in composition.

As a general and full account of this extraordinary genius is already before the public, such particulars would not have occupied so much room in these memoirs, but with a view of removing the false statements that have been made.

* I have been an eye witness of several instances of this kind of misrepresentation, but will detain the reader with mentioning only one. I was called to visit a woman whose mind was disordered, and, on my observing that it was a case which required the assistance of a physician, rather than that of a clergyman, her husband replied; "Sir, we sent to you, because it is a religious case—her mind has been injured by constantly reading the Bible." I have known many instances, said I, of persons brought to their senses by reading the Bible; but it is possible, that too intense an application to that, as well as to any other subject, may have disordered your wife. "There is every proof of it," said he; and was proceeding to multiply his proofs, till his brother interrupted him by thus addressing me:

"Sir, I have no longer patience to stand by and see you imposed on. The truth of the matter is this; my brother has forsaken his wife, and been long connected with a loose woman. He had the best of wives in her, and one who was strongly attached to him: but she has seen his heart and property given to another, and in her solitude and distress, went to the Bible, as the only consolation left her. Her health and spirits at length sunk under her troubles; and there she lies distracted, not from reading her Bible, but from the infidelity and cruelty of her husband."—Does the reader wish to know what reply the husband made to this? He made no reply at all, but left the room with confusion of face!

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

A Poetical Translation of the Works of Horace, with the original Text and critical Notes, by P. Francis, D. D. a new Edition, with additional Notes, by Edward Du Bois, Esq. of the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple. 4 vols. 12mo. 21s. all the Booksellers.

The works of Horace are, it is true, not for to-day or to-morrow, but like those of our Shakspeare, "*for all time*," and for every season of life, boyhood and old age. What Mr. Du Bois has also said of the translator, may with at least equal propriety be affirmed of the original bard: "His literary labours have passed the ordeal of many years of criticism, and his reputation is fixed."—*Introduction*, iii. It is now no time to canvass his merits, and Mr. D. has justly admitted the inequality of Dr. Francis's adding, after critically pointing out the difficulty of the undertaking, that "it is not too much to affirm, in justice to Dr. Francis, that it will be long before any one shall be found amongst Englishmen, to dispute his right to share the favor due to the Roman poet, and to pursue him with honour in his unrivalled course." p. iv. In this opinion we perfectly concur, and, before we quote several of the comments, congratulate the public on this improved edition of Francis's Horace, which is not only enriched with many new notes by Mr. Du Bois, and his friends, Sir Philip Francis, and the Rev. Stephen Weston, but also by a purified text, and the judicious restoration of odes and passages, omitted in former editions of this work.

As a specimen of the additional commentary, we shall select one or two notes, in the substance of which we differ, as well as some of the remainder, on which we entertain no dissimilarity of opinion. Mr. Weston's comments are numerous, and for the most part display considerable acuteness and discrimination. His learning,

however, appears occasionally to be more curious and fanciful than sound and convincing. On the passage

Quantâ laboras in Charybdi !

Digne, puer, meliore flammâ.

Lib. 1. od. 27.

he remarks—"on reading this passage, the mixture of metaphor brings to our recollection the words of Quintilian—"Sunt qui cum ab incendio initium sumpserint, tempestate finiunt." Here Horace begins with *water* and ends with *fire*. Perhaps the text is not quite correct. It is possible that the poet might have written

Quantâ laboras in Chalybdi !

What an iron-hearted damsel you are in love with ! *Chalybdis* is a lady of the Chalybes, a people that excelled in iron. Horace had authority for the formation of this word, as we find *χαλυβδίκη* in Euripides : *ατις χαλυβδίκη, sine ferro*, and the country where the iron mines were is, *χαλυβδίκη*. See Eurip. Heraclid. ver. 162, and Lycophron 1109, where *χαλυβδίκω* is Æolicè for *χαλυβικῶ*: thus *Chalybis* from *Chalybs* is *Chalybdis*."

Mr. Du Bois seems to be of our opinion, for he observes on this interpretation, "a perusal of the above note may, perhaps, tempt some pleasant critic to represent my friend Mr. Weston as having shown that he is able *laborare in Charybdi* in a new sense of the phrase. There is however much ingenuity in his comment ; but I must confess that I think with Dacier, who gives *laborare in Charybdi* as a proverbial expression, signifying *se trouver dans un pas fâcheux* ; and Desprez considers the allusion to be to an avaricious prostitute, *avarâ meretrix*."

Dr. F. reads "*ferro, et*" in lib. 111. od. 27. v. 46, but Mr. D. makes this judicious comment—" *Et* weakens the energy of this passage. So after *copiam*, ver. 9. and *negotio*, ver. 49. ode 29. lib. 3. where it is in both cases an incumbrance. The same may be said of that noble passage in Virgil :

Micat auribus et tremit artus
Collectumque premens.

Intremis is, I have no doubt, the true reading. In ver. 21. lib. 11. Carm. 3. I have omitted *et* with Wakefield and others.

Many of Mr. Du Bois' notes have much pleasantry in them, as well as critical taste and erudition. We shall

“ Joseph Fowke told Mr. Francis” (now Sir Philip) “ that he had mentioned this criticism many years ago to Samuel Johnson, who, after rolling himself about *suo more*, said, ‘ Sir, you are right !’ ” Mr. Wakefield also said “ that there could be no doubt of it.”

New and very ingenious as this is, with all the above authority at its back, it does not quite satisfy us, though it leads us to something which may. That *quem vocas* is the true reading we have no doubt. All the MSS. run so—but when we reject Mr. Fowke’s interpretation we are by no means led by the ambiguity of the collocation to fall in with the common one, *quem vocas dilecte*, i. e. *tibi dilectum*, but to submit a construction, which we think preferable to both.

Horace had before applied the epithet of *Cycnus Dircaeus* to Pindar: and had contrasted his own various but humbler flights by comparing them to those of a Bee:

Multa Dircaum levat aura Cycnum,
Tendit, Antoni, quoties in altos
Nubium tractus. Ego apis Matinæ

More modoque.

Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum, circa nemus invidique
Tiburis ripas, operosa parvus

Carmina fingo.

Lib. iv. 2.

Now we know that Mæcenas was not only a man of taste and literature, a lover of poetry and a friend to poets, but that, in some degree at least, he cultivated poetry himself. He probably was charmed with the numbers and lyric spirit of Horace, and had complimented him as the *Ausonian Swan*, with a friendly censure on his modesty in claiming no other character than that of a *bee*. We suppose then that Horace replies in this ascribed character. And this at the same time takes off from the apparent arrogance of the assumption.—

Non ego quem vocas, that is, *quem vocas Cycnum*, ὃν Κυκλὸν καλεῖς; as in Homer, ὃν Βεργεῖω καλεῖσσι Θῆοι, *I whom you call a swan* shall indeed become so. I shall, as such be known and revered by posterity. Every river of the habitable earth will recognize me! This, we venture to confess, appears to us the most probable interpretation. It is certainly as easy to supply *Cycnum*, if this were any answer to a little poem, in which Mæcenas had so called him, as to supply *pauperum sanguis parentum*, or any other expression, which is included in the elliptic

expression *quem vocas* or *quem vocant*, according to the general construction; and which indeed must be included, unless Mr. Fowke's conjecture should be the truth. Now tho' καλειν and *vocare* are both occasionally used as *inclamare*, yet when nothing further appears in the context, their more obvious construction is *appellare hoc vel illud*. Sed de his et omnibus suum cuique liberum esto iudicium.—We can spare no more space than will afford us room to say, that the new notes present an abundance of entertainment as well as instruction, and that this edition of Horace, its arrangement and correctness are highly honorable to the elegant and learned author of the *Wreath*.

Travelling Recreations, By William Parsons, Esq.
12mo. Longman, 1807.

Mr. Parsons, who we believe has not ventured before the public since the Baviad's stinging notice of his *one ode, three sonnets, and an epigram*, is not ambitious of being separated from the *mob of gentlemen who write with ease*: with these humble pretensions, he has afforded us a very agreeable amusement, and that our readers may participate in the pleasure we have received from the perusal of this collection, we shall extract the following SONG, for a dinner given when the author was studying CHEMISTRY at Edinburgh in the year 1800.

‘ A student I am, and a chemist I’ll live,
Since chemistry wine, and good living, can give,
Lavoisier I read, Doctor Hope * I attend,
But my study is pleasure with science to blend:
I hear of azotic, and oxygen gasses,
Galoric’s a fluid repulsive, they say;
But here is a fluid, which all these surpasses,
For wine is attractive—and makes the heart gay!

Of angles, and triangles, Playfair † may preach,
But this I’ll demonstrate whatever he teach,—
If broad at the base, and sufficiently tall,
A bottle can please—with no angles at all!
—Of cause, and effect, Stewart ‡ tells us indeed,
His sytem is good, and no fault I detect;
But this maxim I knew, ere I came o’er the Tweed,
That good wine is a cause—and good mirth an effect?

* The Chemical Professor. † The Mathematical Professor.
‡ The Professor of Moral Philosophy.

From Dalzel || I learn, by his erudite pow'rs
 That the wines of the ancients were better than ours ;
 And I glow at the names of Anacreon and Flaccus,
 The rogues were such lovers of Venus and Bacchus !
 —As the Scots so renown'd are for wisdom and knowledge,
 I came hither, some further improvements to seek ;
 But this I'll maintain, thro' all forms of the college,
C omputatio's good latin—*ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΟΝ* good greek !

And science we find is now grown so bewitching,
 From the garret we trace her, quite down to the kitchen !
 While boilers, and roasters, sage Rumford applies,
 Which delight our professors, our ladies surprise ;
 Tho' the cook maids lament, and declare 'tis quite cruel
 To puzzle their nobs with such new ways to dine,
 His scheme may be good to economise fuel,
 But let *him* save our *coals*—we will not save our *wine* !

Memoirs of the Rev. John Newton, late Rector of the United Parishes of St. Mary Woolnoth and St. Mary Woolchurch Haw, Lombard-street ; with general Remarks on his Life, Connections, and Character. 2nd edit. corrected. By Richard Cecil, A. M. Minister of St. John's, Bedford Row, 12mo. 4s. Hatchard, 1808.

The extraordinary history of Mr. Newton, previously to his entering into the ministry ; the irregularities of his youth, his sufferings on board different vessels, his cruel treatment, when in the service of a trader on the coast of Africa, and the perils he encountered while master of a slave ship in several voyages to Guinea, with his miraculous escape from various dangers both on shore and at sea ; form such a combination of occurrences as cannot fail to render his *Memoirs* peculiarly interesting. But we do not recommend this volume merely as a *Narrative* of singular facts. As a moral and religious character, Mr. Newton was as eminently distinguished after he arrived at maturity, as he was in the younger part of his life, remarkable for profligacy and infidelity. The manner in which so important a change in his principles and conduct was effected is fully detailed, and we think no reader can pass over this part of the work without instruction and improvement. Most of the leading circumstances of his life are extracted from the narrative, published several years ago by Mr. Newton himself, and

* The Greek Professor.

from the *letters to his wife*, a publication, which, tho' it shews the honest and amiable simplicity of his character, might and we think ought to have been kept from the public eye.

The following account of that truly benevolent and noble minded gentleman, the late John Thornton, Esq. will no doubt be acceptable to our readers.

“ It is said of Solomon, that the Lord gave him largeness of heart, even as the sand on the sea shore: such a peculiar disposition for whatever was good and benevolent was also bestowed on Mr. Thornton. He differed as much from rich men of ordinary bounty, as they do from others that are parsimonious. Nor was this bounty the result of occasional impulse, like a summer shower, violent and short; on the contrary, it proceeded like a river, pouring its waters through various countries, copious and inexhaustible. Nor could those obstructions of imposture and ingratitude, which have often been advanced as the cause of damming up other streams, prevent or retard the course of this. The generosity of Mr. Thornton, indeed, frequently met with such hindrances, and led him to increasing discrimination, but the stream of his bounty never ceased to hold its course. Deep, silent, and overwhelming, it still rolled on, nor ended even with his life.

“ But the fountain from whence this beneficence flowed, and by which its permanency and direction were maintained, must not be concealed. Mr. Thornton was a Christian. Let no one, however, so mistake me here, as to suppose that I mean nothing more by the term *Christian*, than the state of one who, convinced of the truth of revelation, gives assent to its doctrines—regularly attends its ordinances—and maintains an external, moral, and religious deportment. Such a one may have a name to live while he is dead; he may have a form of godliness without the power of it—he may even be found denying and ridiculing that power—till at length, he can only be convinced of his error at an infallible tribunal; where a widow, that gives but a mite, or a publican, that smites on his breast, shall be preferred before him.

“ Mr. Thornton was a Christian indeed, that is, he was alive to God by a spiritual regeneration. With this God he was daily and earnestly transacting that infinitely momentous affair, the salvation of his own soul; and

next to that, the salvation of the souls of others. Temperate in all things, though mean in nothing, he made provision for doing good with his opulence: and seemed to be most in his element when appropriating a considerable part of his large income to the necessities of others.

“ But Mr. Thornton possessed that discrimination in his attempts to serve his fellow-creatures, which distinguishes an enlightened mind: he habitually contemplated man, as one who has not only a body, subject to want, affliction, and death, but also a spirit, which is immortal, and must be happy or miserable for ever. He, therefore, felt that the noblest exertions of charity are those which are directed to the relief of the noblest part of our species. Accordingly he left no mode of exertion untried to relieve man under his natural ignorance and depravity. To this end, he purchased advowsons and presentations, with a view to place in parishes the most enlightened, active, and useful ministers. He employed the extensive commerce in which he was engaged, as a powerful instrument for conveying immense quantities of Bibles, Prayer Books, and the most useful publications, to every place visited by our trade. He printed at his own sole expense, large editions of the latter for that purpose; and it may safely be affirmed that there is scarcely a part of the known world, where such books could be introduced, which did not feel the salutary influence of this single individual.

“ Nor was Mr. Thornton limited in his views of promoting the interests of real religion, with what sect soever it was connected. He stood ready to assist a beneficial design in every party, but would be the creature of none. General good was his object, and wherever or however it made its way, his maxim seemed constantly to be, *valeat quantum valere potest*.

“ But the nature and extent of his liberality will be greatly misconceived, if any one should suppose it confined to moral and religious objects, though the grandest and most comprehensive exertions of it. Mr. Thornton was a philanthropist on the largest scale—the friend of man under all his wants. His manner of relieving his fellow men was princely; instances might be mentioned of it, were it proper to particularize, which would surprise those who did not know Mr. Thornton. They were so much out of ordinary course and expectation,

that I know some, who felt it their duty to inquire of him, whether the sum they had received was sent by his intention or by mistake?—To this may be added, that the manner of presenting his gifts was as delicate and concealed, as the measure was large.

“ Beside this constant course of private donations, there was scarcely a public charity, or occasion of relief to the indigent or necessitous, which did not meet with his distinguished support. His only question was, “ May the miseries of man in any measure be removed or alleviated ?” Nor was he merely distinguished by stretching out a liberal hand : his benevolent heart was so intent on doing good, that he was ever inventing and promoting plans for its diffusion at home or abroad.

“ He that wisely desires any end will as wisely regard the means ; in this Mr. Thornton was perfectly consistent. In order to execute his beneficent designs, he observed frugality and exactness in his personal expences. By such prospective methods he was able to extend the influence of his fortune far beyond those who, in still more elevated stations, are slaves to expensive habits. Such men meanly pace in trammels of the tyrant custom till it leaves them scarcely enough to preserve their conscience, or even their credit, much less to employ their talents in Mr. Thornton’s nobler pursuits. He, however, could afford to be generous ; and while he was generous, did not forget his duty in being *just*. He made ample provision for his children ; and though, while they are living, it would be indelicate to say more, I am sure of speaking truth when I say, they are so far from thinking themselves impoverished by the bounty of their father, that they contemplate with the highest satisfaction the fruit of those benefits to society which he planted—which, it may be trusted, will extend with time itself—and which, after his example, they still labour to extend.

“ But, with all the piety and liberality of this honoured character, no man had deeper views of his own unworthiness before his God ; to the Redeemer’s work alone he looked for acceptance of his person and services ; he felt that all he did, or could do, was infinitely short of that which had been done for him, and of the obligations that were thereby laid upon him. It was this abasedness of heart towards God, combined with the most singular

largeness of heart toward his fellow-creatures, which distinguished John Thornton among men."

Mr. Cecil has executed his duty as a biographer, ably and impartially.

The Causes of the increase of Methodism and Dissention, and of the popularity of what is called Evangelical Preaching, and the means of obviating them, considered in a Sermon, preached at the visitation of the Rev. the Archdeacon of Leicester, held at Melton Mowbray, June 20th 1805, and subjoined appendixes, &c. &c. By Robert Acklom Ingram, B. D. Rector of Segrave, Leicestershire. 8vo. 4s. Hatchard. 1807.

It is a general opinion that the established church is in more danger from the prevalence of methodism, than it would be subject to if the Catholic claims were admitted in their full extent. Without at all contesting this point, we concur with Mr. Ingram in attributing the increase of methodism in a great degree, to the indolence or want of talent in the clergy; who satisfied with their benefices and livings, doze over their own *printed sermons*, and encourage their SMALL congregations to take a comfortable nap with the preacher. The neglect of the clergy at large, (numerous exceptions there are no doubt,) both as to the duties of the pulpit and the parish, is notorious; and hence arises the vast influence which men of ability and perseverance, in what is called the methodistical persuasion, over the minds and affections of their hearers. If this evil be not reformed, methodism will continue to increase, and deservedly so continue, for attention to the mere *form* of devotion, without its enlivening spirit, will neither attract a congregation or be of any benefit to when assembled.

Rays of Genius, collected to enlighten the Rising Generation. By Thomas Tomkins. 2 vols. 12mo. 15s. Longman.

A compilation of essays in which the author has shewn much taste and judgment. The subjects are interesting and important, and the author has not forgotten that "*brevity is the soul of wit.*"

Conversation : a Didactic Poem, in Three Parts. By William Cooke, Esq. large 8vo. 4s. Phillips. 1807.

Sensible and correct, but tedious and too often prosaic. Didactic poetry need not be brilliant, but it should be sufficiently animated. Many of the passages, however, are forcible as well as elegant, and the thoughts are in general just, and often striking.

Letters on the subject of the Duties on Coffee. By Edgar Corrie, Esq. 8vo. Cadell and Davies. 1808.

The letters are addressed to the *Chancellor of the Exchequer* and the author repels all the objections which have been, or may be urged, against the measure he proposes; he wishes the duty to be reduced to 2^d per pound, a reduction which will tend to suppress smuggling, add to the comfort and nourishment of the people, relieve the growers of coffee, and diminish the hopes of the enemy to obtain great and future durable advantages, by impairing the colonial commerce and resources of this kingdom. As to the East India company who would probably resist the desired reduction. Mr. C. contends that "the commerce of the East India company to China, will comparatively suffer little diminution from the most full effect of the measure purposed, which would, besides, essentially promote the shipping interest of the kingdom." And with respect to the tea brokers, supposing that their interest would suffer by such a reduction of the duties on coffee, he urges, that the health and comfort of the people of this country, ought not to be sacrificed to the profit of these dealers.

That the reduction of these duties so low as 2^d per pound, and Mr. Corrie thinks that nothing higher would be an *effectual* reduction, would be in every point of view expedient, we are not prepared to assert; but as lovers of *coffee*, we for our own parts wish that it will be found right to adopt his suggestion, and that, in future we may be enabled to taste the real beverage at a cheap rate, instead of *brown water* made of *burnt crust*, for which we are now obliged to pay so dear at the coffee-houses.

THE DRAMA.

 ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE. — *Shakspeare.*

ORIGINAL CHARACTER OF FOOTE.

BY MR. GANAGAN.

FOOTE was a very extraordinary man, and had talents which he abused. He abounded in wit, humour, and sense; but he was so fond of detraction and mimicing, that he might be properly called a buffoon; and they were a great blemish in his conversation, though he entertained you. He was generally civil to your face, and seldom put you out of humour with yourself; but you paid for his civility the moment you turned your back, and were sure of being made ridiculous. He was not so malignant as some I have known, but his excessive vanity led him into satire and ridicule. He was vain of his classical knowledge (which was but superficial) and of his family, and used to boast of his numerous relations in the West of England. He was most extravagant and baubling, but not generous. He delighted in buying rings, snuff-boxes, and toys, which were a great expence to him; and he lost money at play, and was a dape with all his parts. He loved wine and good living, and was a mighty pretender to skill in cookery, though he did not understand a table as well as he thought; he affected to like distinguished dishes and ragouts, and could not bear to eat plain beef or mutton, which shewed he had a depraved appetite; he spared no expence in his dinners, and his wine was good. He was very disgusting in his manner of eating, and not clean in his person; but he was so pleasant, and had such a flow of spirits, that his faults and foibles were overlooked. He always took the lead in company, and was the chief or sole performer. He had such a rage for shining, and such an itch for applause, that he often brought to my mind Pope's lines on the Duke of Wharton:

" Though senates hung on all he spoke

" The mob must hail him master of the joke."

He loved lords' company, though he gave himself airs of despising them, and treating them cavalierly. He was

licentious and sensual, made a jest of religion and morality, and of all worthy men. He told a story pleasantly, and added many circumstances of his own invention to heighten it. He had a good choice of words, and apt expressions, and could speak very well upon grave subjects; but he soon grew tired of serious conversation, and returned naturally to his favourite amusement—mimickry—in which he did not excel; for he drew caricatures by which made you laugh more than a closer mimick. He was a coarse actor, yet he played the parts in his own plays better than any who have appeared in them since his death; for instance, *Major Sturgeon*, *Aircastle*, *Cedwallader*, &c.

He had a flat, vulgar face, without expression; but where a part was strongly ridiculous, he succeeded, for he always ran into farce; so that I have been often surfeited with him on the stage, and never wished to see him twice in the same character. Though he wanted simplicity in his acting, yet he was a very good judge of the stage; but so unfair, and so disposed to criticise, that you could not depend on his opinion.

As a writer he certainly had merit, and afforded great entertainment to the town for many years. If he had taken more pains in finishing his pieces, they would have been equal to most of our comedies; but he was too indolent, and too idle, to carry them to perfection.

Upon the whole, his life and character would furnish a subject for a good farce, with an instructive moral. It would shew that parts alone are of little use without prudence or virtue; and that flashes of wit and humour give only a momentary pleasure; but no solid entertainment.

REFLECTIONS ON DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES.

If the stage should be really what the generality of our polite writers tell us it ought to be, a school of agreeable morality, it naturally follows, that those plays are the best which afford us the most pleasing instruction, and that it is neither a strict adherence to the severity of critical discipline, or a slavish imitation of the ancients, which can possibly constitute the excellence of dramatic literature.

Nothing is more necessary for an author to consider, who means to exhibit his productions upon the stage,

than the genius of the people before whom they are to be represented: different countries have their different manners, and on this simple account, it is utterly impossible ever to establish an universal criterion for dramatic excellence in writing.—The cold declamations, for instance, which suit the taste of a French audience, would make an Englishman yawn at Drury-lane house; and on the other, that force of a fable, that strength of plot, and variety of business which is requisite to entertain an English spectator, would be deemed impertinent or pantomimical, barbarous or unnatural, according as the piece happened to be comic or distressful, by the refining criticism of a Parisian theatre.

It is whimsical enough to hear our modern critics recommending the ancients to our imitation, as the great fathers of the drama, when they themselves acknowledge, that even the best tragedy of Sophocles would be banished indignantly from our stage; not because it would want either the fire of exalted genius, or the spirit of animated poetry, but because it would want that redundancy of business, that complication of incident, which alone can keep a British audience from manifesting a public disapprobation. A fine poem may be a very bad play; a fine play may be a very bad poem. Addison's *Cato* is the former—the versification is polished—the sentiments elevated—the characters marked—the manners consistent—and the conduct critical.—Yet with all these advantages, it languishes most miserably in the exhibition.—All our reverence for the author is necessary to restrain our disgust, and had not the political circumstances attending its original appearance, fortunately render it a favourite no less with the Tories than the Whigs, we are confident it could never have survived a second representation.

Yet even admitting that Sophocles, and the various celebrated tragic writers of antiquity abounded as much in incident, as they are notoriously deficient in that necessary article, there is one circumstance which would render them not only disagreeable, but ridiculous on our stage; the classical reader must see we allude to the chorusses of these poets, which are always offensive to common sense, and constantly destroying every idea of probability. About ten years ago a sensible satirical piece, entitled the *Wishes*; or, *Harlequin's mouth opened*, was performed in the summer season at Drury-Lane theatre, under the direction of Mr. Murphy and Foote.

The author of this ingenious performance introduced an episode, which illustrates the present observation relative to the Greek chorus very happily. The episode consisted of a mock tragedy, which was called *Gunpowder Treason*, and of which the supposed writer, Mr. Distress, made Guy Faux, naturally enough, the hero.—When Guy comes to that passage, where he purposes to blow up the parliament house, the chorus exhorts him to reject so barbarous an enterprise, and makes use of all the arguments which are obviously applicable in such a situation. Guy however continues immoveably fixed, and prepares to execute his horrid resolution: On which one of the spectators inquires, why does not the chorus send for a constable, and carry the villain to a Justice of Peace. Mr. Distress answers something to this effect, “Poh, poh, that would be natural, and the chorus is never to discover a secret.”——

When we see therefore, that the greatest of the Grecian poets are so generally destitute of business, as to be mostly dramatic conversations, and when we see the chorus, the vehicle, through which the argumentative part of their plays is chiefly conveyed, is thus ridiculously fabricated, why are they eternally held up to us as objects of imitation? Are we to imitate what we know will be disapproved, or to copy an absurdity upon the authority of Sophocles or Euripides? Are we to crowd our stage with chorusses, when the chief persons in the drama are talking in a soliloquy of something wholly improper for a second ear? Or to tell a number of humane people our design to commit a murder, without ever suffering their humanity to operate agreeably to the dictates of justice? In fact, highly as the Greek stage may at present be admired by the affectation of criticism, our own is upon a much better establishment.—It is not governed by the laws of composition, but by the principles of common sense.—Whatever is repugnant to nature, is with us immediately condemned, and though we tolerate many scenes in favourite pieces, which are palpably unnatural, the beauties nevertheless must greatly exceed the imperfections, to obtain so considerable an indulgence at our hands.

EXPRESSION OF THE PASSIONS,

In the countenance of dramatic heroes and heroines.

Has it been remarked, that in the violence of their efforts to represent excessive sorrow, bitter anguish, and violent rage, some of our best performers frequently lapse into broad caricature, and the grin of licentious distortion?

I will not mention names, yet I *could* point out those of renown, who, in some of the most interesting scenes of our best tragedies, have actually excited laughter.

Perhaps, it may be asked, is an actor of feeling and rapid perception to balance his limbs, discipline his features, and adjust his looks before a glass, previous to his appearing on the stage? Is he to regulate by a thermometer, the warmth of his impressions, and consult a posture-master on the gracefulness of his attitudes, and the propriety of his gestures?

I answer, yes, if his own taste and execution are not sufficiently correct: in acting, as in painting, the effect produced on the *retina* of the spectator, is every thing; effect is the grand business of a player's life, to which all rules, all favorite theories must be subservient; the tongue, the eyes, the lips, the muscles of the face, are the principal organs, by which the passions of the heart are demonstrated and conveyed; they are tools given to us by nature, to make certain impressions on the minds of others; but if, from a want of skilful management, they produce sensations, and excite ideas, not only different, but exactly opposite to those which the dramatic artist meant to convey; *if they do nothing by doing too much*, they act as false interpreters, translate their lesson wrong, and should be sent to school again.

It was the opinion of Leonardo D'Avinsi, that a man born dumb would be *a good study* for an artist, in the business of expression; but here too sobriety and moderation must not be forgotten, or we shall degenerate into pantomime.

It is the opinion of a friend, that I was seated too near the performers whose over-acting I censure; *that the picture was not placed in its proper light and position*; he is convinced, if I had been in a more distant part of the theatre, that what appeared coarse, violent and outra-

geous, would have met with my approbation, as natural and appropriate:

Ainsi foit il, mais parlons d'autres choses.

I cannot help remarking another impropriety, sometimes exhibited on the stage: the giving young characters, whom passionate lovers are calling goddesses and angels, to aged, infirm, and wrinkled old women, or to others, who, however qualified by age, possess not a single attraction to render them objects of love or desire to a man of common sense, eye-sight, or discernment.

I am ready to make allowance for the vagaries of whim, and the extravaganza of capricious appetite; but it is not consistent with nature or experience, for a man to be pouring forth strains of rapture and admiration, when every spectator knows and feels that the object of the actor's adoration is old enough to be his grandmother; it is equally revolting to common feelings, as well as correct taste, to see a virago, well calculated for an oyster-basket, the slaughter-house, or a butt of porter, assuming the Medicean Venus, and caricaturing the Loves and Graces.

These improprieties sometimes perplex a good-natured audience, because the performers in question are frequently excellent in other walks, or stage veterans, who once knew better days, and for whom the majority of the persons present feel the strongest sympathy, and entertain the highest respect.

Is it avarice or cruel kindness in managers, thus to suffer or entice age and decrepitude to expose themselves, and sport with the feelings of the public? Were a subscription proposed, I have little doubt of its being encouraged; but to pay six shillings for sitting three hours the harrassed spectator of scenes at once ridiculous and distressing, is what I will not *again* submit to.

C. P. B.

QUAKERS, AND THE STAGE.

THE amusements of the theatre are strictly forbidden to Quakers of every description; and this, partly because many plays are immoral, but chiefly (according to Mr. Clarkson*), because on the stage, 'men perso-

* See his *Portraiture of Quakerism*.

nate characters that are not their own ; and thus become altogether sophisticated in their looks, words and actions, which is contrary to the simplicity and truth required by Christianity.' The *Edinburgh Reviews* make the following observations on this statement. We scarcely think the Quakers will be much obliged to Mr. Clarkson for imputing this kind of reasoning to them. We would rather hear at once that the play-house was the Devil's drawing-room, and that actors paint their faces, and deserve the fate of Jezebel. As to the sin of personating characters not their own, and sophisticating their looks and words, it is necessarily committed by every man who reads aloud a dialogue from the New Testament, or who adopts, from the highest authority, a dramatic form in his preaching. As to the other objection, that theatrical amusements produce too high a degree of excitement for the necessary sedateness of a good Christian, we answer, in the first place, that we do not see why a good Christian should be more still and sedate than his innocence and natural gaiety incline him to be; and, in the second place, that the objection proves Mr. Clarkson to be laudably ignorant of the state of the modern drama, which, we are credibly informed, is by no means so extremely interesting, as to make men neglect their business and their duties to run after it.

EXTRACT FROM AN ACCOUNT OF THE
GERMAN THEATRE.

IN examining these pieces in detail, and appropriating them to their respective authors, one is immediately struck with the name of Lessing, whom Germany so much reveres as one of the founders of her drama. He is the author of the first piece in Friedel's collection, *Emilie de Galotti*, another tragedy in one act called *Philotas*, a third called *Sara Samson*, and a drame entitled *Nathan le Sage*. He is author also of several other plays contained in the Theatre Allemand of Junker, one of which, *Minna de Barnhelm*, is reckoned the *chef d'œuvre* of German comedy. I have perused it with all the attention to which its high character entitled it, and indeed with a great degree of the pleasure, though not with all the admiration which that high character led me to expect. It is of the graver or sentimental kind of comedy, where the characters maintain a war of generosity, from which the embarrassments and implications of the plot, not very intricate nor artificial ones, result.—

The principal person is Major Telheim, a disbanded officer, whose merits his country had ill-rewarded; a man of the most consummate bravery, generosity and virtue, for whom these qualities have gained the love of every soldier and domestic around him. They have procured him a still more valuable attachment, the love of the heroine of the piece, Minna of Barnhelm, who, on hearing of the Major's regiment being disbanded, comes to Berlin to seek him, and to make him happy. The rival nobleness of mind of these two characters produces the principal incidents of the piece, which however are not always natural, nor very happily imagined; and besides, as Fielding jocularly says, when comparing a shallow book to a shallow man, may be easily seen through. But, with all these defects, and that want of comic force which the turn and situation of the principal characters naturally occasions, the play must please and interest every reader. There is something in the constitution of the human mind so congenial to disinterestedness, generosity and magnanimity, that it never fails to be pleased with such characters, after all the deductions which critical discernment can make from them. Amidst the want of comic humour which I have observed in this play, I must not omit, however, doing justice to a serjeant-major of Telheim's regiment, and to Justin his valet, who are drawn with a strong and natural pencil. The story of the spaniel, told by the latter, when his master's poverty makes him wish to dismiss him from his service, is one of the best imagined, and best told, I remember to have met with. There is a good deal of comic character and lively dialogue in some of Lessing's less celebrated pieces in the collection of Junker; but the plots are in general extravagant and farcical.

In judging of Lessing as a tragic writer, one will do him no injustice by making the tragedy of *Emilie de Galotti* the criterion of that judgment. The others in these volumes are very inferior to this, which is certainly, in point of composition, character and passion, a performance of no ordinary kind. Lessing was well acquainted with the ancient drama, and wished to bring the theatre of his country to a point of regularity nearer to that of the ancients. He published, for some time, a periodical criticism on theatrical composition, called, "*Le Dramaturgie de Hambourg*." His plays, accordingly, though not exactly conformable to the Aristotelian

standard, approach pretty near to it, in the observation of the unities. He is said to have got into a dispute with Goethe on this subject, in which, from a degree of timidity in his nature, he rather yielded to his antagonist. I am not sure if he has profited by confining himself more than some other of his countrymen within the bounds of the regular drama. The fable of *Emilie de Galotti*, as well as of his other tragedies, is more regular than happy; and the denouement neither natural nor pleasing.—It is founded on circumstances somewhat similar to those in the story of *Virginia*. A prince of Guastalla is desperately enamoured of *Emilie de Galotti*, who is just about to be married to a man of rank and fortune, the Count Appiani. On the day of his marriage, he is waylaid by order of a wicked minister of the prince, and murdered. His bride is brought to the prince's country-seat, where, to prevent any chance of her dishonour, her father kills her.

After the first reading of *Emilie*, I was disposed to wonder at the reputation it had acquired; but a second placed it higher in my estimation. This was naturally the case in a performance where the whole was neither so perfect nor so interesting as some of the scenes in detail were forcible and striking. The heroine *Emilie de Galotti* is but imperfectly drawn, and not very well supported. Indeed, it may in general be observed in these pieces, that the characters of the female personages are by much the most defective, both in beauty and in force. This may perhaps be ascribed to the state of society in Germany, where the sex is less an object of consideration and respect than in France, and some other parts of the Continent. But there is another lady in this tragedy, the Countess d'Orsina, the last betrayed and abandoned mistress of the prince, whose character the poet has delineated with great ability; and one scene, in which she is introduced along with the father of *Emilie*, in genuine expression of passion, and pointed force of dialogue, may be compared to some of the best which the modern stage can boast.

In the developement of the secret foldings of the heart, Lessing seems deeply skilled, and the opening scenes of this tragedy contain some of those little incidents that mark an intimacy with human nature, which genius alone can claim. But in its progress we find, in some degree, a want of that strong and just delineation and support of character, but chiefly of that probable conduct and in-

interesting situation, which are the great and peculiar requisites of dramatic excellence. It seems also defective in the pathetic, for which certainly the subject afforded very great room, and which, in a similar situation, our countryman Rowe has contrived so strongly to excite.

Of Lessing's performances in these volumes, the next in merit, though in my opinion, at a considerable distance, is *Sara Samson*, an English story, of which the idea seems chiefly taken from *Clarissa*; though one character in it, that of a violent and profligate woman, is evidently borrowed from *Millwood* in *George Barnwell*. There is a degree of infamy in the vice of such a person, that is scarcely suitable to the dignity of the higher drama, and which disgusts us with its appearance. The *Marwood* of Lessing is introduced in such a manner as to heighten that disgust. The amiable female of the piece, *Sara Samson*, is no exception from the general defect of female character in this collection. And her father, who is placed in the tenderest situation, of which several authors have made so affecting a use, the parent of a child seduced from honour, though still alive to virtue, is insipidly drawn, and awkwardly introduced. In this tragedy, is an incident, of which Lessing seems to be fond, as he has repeated it with very little variation in another tragedy, called *L'Esprit Fort*, a dream, related by the heroine, predictive of the catastrophe. This, as it anticipates the conclusion, is always faulty. No part of the conduct of a play is more nice and difficult than that degree of information which the author is to give the audience in the course of it. In general, he should certainly not forestall their expectations, by opening his plot too soon. But there is an admirable theatrical effect which often results from letting the audience know what the persons of the drama are ignorant of, which stretches, if I may use the expression, the cords of fear, anxiety and hope in the spectators to the highest pitch, through scenes which otherwise would produce these feelings in an inferior, as well as in a momentary degree. This knowledge in the audience of *Mérope's* son, while she, in ignorance of his person, is on the point of putting him to death, is one of the most interesting situations which dramatic invention has ever produced; and there is nothing on the French stage which equals the horror of that scene of *Crebillon's Atree et Thyeste*, where the devoted brother attempts to disguise himself from *Atræus*, while the terrified spectators know him all the while, and tremble at

every look and word which they think will discover him.

Next to Lessing, in point of name, is Goethé, the author of two tragedies in this collection, *Goetz de Berliching* and *Clavido*, and of a drame entitled *Stella*. The first I have already mentioned as highly irregular in its plan, being a life thrown into a dialogue rather than tragedy. The simple manners, the fidelity, the valour and the generosity of a German knight, are portrayed in a variety of natural scenes. This national quality, I presume, has been the cause of its high fame in Germany, to which it seems to me to have otherwise not a perfectly adequate claim. His *Clavido* is founded on an incident which happened to the celebrated Caron de Beaumarchais in Spain, who is introduced as a person of the drama, under the name of Ronac, an anagram of Caron, with the letters a little transposed. The distress of the play arises from the falsehood of a lover, who leaves his mistress after being engaged to marry her. Neither the delineation of the characters, nor the management of the plot in the first two acts, is entitled to much applause; but the last act, which passes in the sight of the corpse of Maria, is wrought up with uncommon force, and must, on the stage, be productive of high effect. His third performance, *Stella*, is strongly marked with that enthusiastic sentiment and refined sensibility, which, in the *Sorrows of Werter*, he has so warmly indulged; and in point of immoral effect, the drama is equally reprehensible with the novel. Its conclusion is in the boldest style of this sentimental refinement; since it gives to the hero two wives, with whom he is to share that heart, to which the incidents of the play have shewn the claims of both.

COUNTESS OF CARLISLE'S OPINION OF THE DRAMA,
FROM HER MAXIMS TO YOUNG LADIES.

When you can fix your mind on the scenes before you, when the eye shall not wander to, nor the heart flutter at, the surrounding objects of the spectacle, you will return home instructed and improved.

The great utilities you may reap from well-acted tragedy are, the exciting your compassion to real sufferings, the suppression of your vanity in prosperity, and the inspiring you with heroic patience in adversity.

In comedy, you will receive continual correction, delicately applied to your errors and foibles; be impartial in the application, and divide it humbly with your acquaintance and friends, and even with your enemies.

POETRY.

TO *——— *———

ON BEING TOLD I HAD HURT HER FEELINGS.

When the joy-breathing spirit of rapture has flown,
 And the heart sinks, oppress'd by the demon of woe,
 Could *I* add to the pangs which the sufferer has known,
 Or sharpen the arrows of sorrow?—Oh! no!

Each sigh of her grief I would willingly share,
 Bid the tears of her anguish for e'er cease to flow,
 But could *I* ever add to the load of despair,
 Or oppress the keen feelings of sorrow?—Oh! no!

Oh! no! *I* would pray the blest seraph of peace
 To soothe all the cares of the mourner to rest,
 Bid the griefs of her bosom in happiness cease,
 And joy fix its haunt in so hallow'd a nest!

Liverpool.

W. M. T.

SONNET TO HORATIUS,

PREVIOUS TO HIS GOING TO THE EAST INDIES.

Say, can the fields luxuriant of the East,
 Or all the wealth that Asia's sons possess;
 Say, can the dainties of the varied feast,
 On which proud man lays such an awful stress!
 Yield *these* more charms than England's *lib'ral* fare?
 Than what the heroes of the island see?
 No!—surely no!—her wealth's without compare,
 Her sons are honest, virtuous, and free!
 How great the contrast!—the extreme how wide!
 But I'll not trace them, lest I mar thy views;
 Be mine the task thy roving feet to guide,
 And thine to mind the precepts of the muse!
 Where'er thou goest Misery will appear,
 Relieve her woes, and bless thy happier sphere.

Hereford-street, 1808.

J. G.

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LAURA.

SLOWLY bend the willow trees,
O'er the brook their branches wave,
Near their roots the trav'ler sees
Th'r rustling grass on Edmund's grave.

When at midnight's silent hour,
Is heard the bell's sonorous toll—
And the torrent's distant roar,
Strikes with dread the guilty soul—

Laura leaves her wretched home,
Lost to joy incessant weeps,
Seeks the dew-bespangl'd tomb,
Where in silence Edmund sleeps.

Hark! she gently strikes the lyre—
Mournful sound the trembling strings,
Echoing round the moss-clad spire,
Thro' the porch the music rings.

Wild on air the numbers float,
Wild thro' distant woodlands fly,
As she forms the pensive note,
Sadly heaves a heartfelt sigh.

Sweet her voice in cadence low,
Softly fills the list'ning ear,
The gentle waters as they flow,
On ev'ry pebble drop a tear.

Hapless maid, not long thou'lt mourn.
Wee not long will pain thy breast
Soon thy bosom anguish-torn,
Will cease to throb in endless rest.

J. E.

LYING DICK ; OR, DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

AN English ship, in desperate fight
 With Gallic foes engag'd,
 For twice two hours, an awful time,
 The unequal conflict wag'd.

But victory crown'd the British flag
 Though purchas'd by the blood
 Of many a brave and noble tar,
 Who for his country stood.

The fight once o'er, the surgeons next
 O'er wounded bodies creep,
 And those whom death had fairly caught
 They sentence to the deep.

One manly fellow on the deck
 Had felt the Gallic fire;
 Disguis'd with blood, they scarcely knew
 Poor DICK ; nicknam'd the *liar*.

For truth from DICK's unsteady tongue,
 Too rarely found the way;
 Whate'er he said, he freely gave
 Imagination play.

Him motionless and stain'd with gore
 The surgeon left for dead:
 And bade his comrades standing round,
 Heave to his watery bed.

They stoop ; they heave the bleeding load ;
 But life was not all gone:
 DICK roar'd aloud " I'm only stunn'd,
 " You lubbers set me down ?"

Amaz'd they stand ; but knowing well
 DICK lov'd a lying jest,
 At once exclaims, " Why, d——n your eyes,
 " The doctor must know best."

QUIZ.

VON SCHLEMNER AND POT LUCK,
AN ANECDOTE.

AN Englishman invited once
His German friend to dine
On plain *pot luck*, for such his phrase,
And drink some good port wine.

MEIN HERR repair'd at proper time
With stomach for the treat :
The viands on the table plac'd,
VON SCHLEMNER took his seat.

Soup, turkey, beef, by turns were serv'd,
MEIN HERR declin'd each one :
Fowls, turtle, sauce, they follow'd next
VON SCHLEMNER tasted none !

His host, at length, by kindness urg'd
Press'd him to take some duck ;
" Ach mein !" with groans VON SCHLEMNER said,
" I wait for *de pot luck*."

QUIZ.

THE DOUBT CLEARED UP.

TO MISS SARAH MORGAN, OF YATTON COURT, HEREFORDSHIRE.

The canzonet—the tender sigh—
The gentle smile—the witching look—
The ever searching, curious eye,
Deep-poring on a poet's book :
The tongue that teems with constant praise,
The glance that steals the soul away,
The sweet approval of my lays,
Sure more than *friendship* must betray !

The tale of this or that kind youth,
Who lov'd or this or that fair maid ;
The tale of * her who swerv'd from truth,
And with my heart so basely play'd !

* Miss Marianne M———.

Must surely mean (and yet I doubt)
 That which I dare not now express :
 Yet, wou'd the muse fain let it out,
 And call it—Sarah's soft *caress* !

O ! that some airy sylph wou'd tell
 Me whether I am right or wrong !
 If right,—I'd snatch my little shell,
 And hail her presence with a song !

She comes ! she comes !—on spangled wings,
 Behold she floats through ether bright !
 The welkin with sweet music rings,
 As on she prompts her magic flight !

'Tis done ! 'tis fixt !—the glance that stole
 So swiftly thro' my trembling frame ;
 Has gain'd possession of my soul,
 And I have rous'd a kindred flame !

Hence mutual joys shall ever be,
 Attendant on each varying hour ;
 Hence, Sarah I will live for thee,
 And yield to thy bewitching pow'r !

Hertford Street, 1st June, 1802.

J. G.

SONNET.

Amidst the gloomy foilage of the grove
 Alone I sit, sublim'd " in awful state,"
 Revolving deep on man's precarious fate,
 While Cynthia drives her silver car above :
 Here oft at eve the plaintive cooing dove,
 Bemoans the absence of her tender mate ;
 And even I, no stranger unto love,
 My Sarah's presence anxiously await !

Now Silence reigns triumphant o'er the scene,
 And the pale moon peeps gently thro' the trees ;
 The glimmering twilight in the west is seen,
 While Fancy's visions float upon the breeze :
 Wrapt into thought my spirit roams afar,
 Beyond the confine of the polar star !

Hertford Street, June, 1808.

J. G.

ANACREONTIC.

Give me boy, that golden cup ;
 Fill, come fill it brimful up,
 With the bright Falernian wine,
 With the nectar'd juice divine,
 For I could gaily quaff a bowl,
 Large as my capacious soul ;
 For know, immortal gods ! O know !
 To Bacchus and the loves I bow.
 Haste, then bring the rubied juice,
 Prepar'd for every social use ;
 For to mirth I'll give the day ;
 She, the banquet sweet shall sway,
 Hence, then Care, thou fiend most foul,
 Ere I drown thee in the bowl ;
 Hence, then hence, and far remove,
 Whilst I toast the girl I love.
 Now I feel a rapture fire,
 All my soul with sweet desire ;
 Now my mind by magic fraught,
 Aspires to every tow'ring thought :
 Say, am I wake, or do I dream,
 That now I feel such bliss supreme ?
 Bring then flow'rs of every hue,
 Blushing roses pearl'd with dew ;
 Such as glow on Hebe's face,
 Such as Cypria's goddess grace,
 Such as deck with myrtle fair,
 The lovely Grace's flowing hair.
 Let these in clust'ring wreaths be bound,
 To shade my front, and temples round ;
 For know, immortal gods on high,
 On earth, none is so great as I.

Liverpool, June, 1808.

J. B—w—n.

WRITTEN IN RICHMOND PARK.

Dear to my heart is this sequester'd sphere,
 Where silence slumbers in fantastic guise,
 And nature's radiant hues salute mine eyes,
 Where malice comes not hideously to leer:
 Where neither pain nor jealousy appear
 To cloud the lustre of the burnish'd skies,
 Or machinations dreadful to devise,
 To spoil the beauties of th' advancing year!

Hail! Charming spot! and may'st thou ever prove,
 A genial harbour for the soul distress'd!
 Relieve the tortures of a hopeless love,
 And lull the woes of indigence to rest!
 That those who to despondency are driven,
 May find thy shades a secondary heaven!

Grafton-street, June, 1808.

J. G.

SONNET.

Still—still the image of my love I view,
 Sporting, as it was wont, in bland array,
 Beside yon crystal stream, that glides away,
 “ Making sweet melody” the valley through!
 I run to seize—it flies as I pursue,
 And fondly blames my tedious delay:
 Fain wou'd I follow, but the length'ning way
 Doth mock my toil, and every hope subdue!

Oh! that some ærial pow'r—some magic art
 Wou'd pulverize my frame, and my torn sprite,
 Convey to realms of everlasting light,
 Where lives in peace my soul's far better part!
 But ah, 'tis vain!—The succour I implore,
 Add but fresh sorrows to my sick'ning store!

Grafton-street, June, 1808.

J. G.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

MAYMARKET.

JUNE

28. *Speed the Plough.* Sir Philip Blandford, Mr. Thompson; Bob Haudy, Mr. Farley. Review.

29. *Heir at Law*—Tom Thumb.

30. *Wheel of Fortune*—PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT; or, *The Portrait of Michael Cervantes*, (1st time). The Characters by Messrs. Fawcett, Liston, Mathews, Grove, Palmer, jun. Putnam, Atkins; Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Mathews, Mrs. Gibbs.

JULY 1. *Five Miles off*—A Mogul Tale—Plot and Counterplot..

2. *Tale of Mystery*—We fly by Night—Ib.

4. *Iron Chest.* Fitzharding, Mr. Waddy; Rawbold, Mr. Thompson. Helen, Mrs. Bellamy.

5. *Wonder.* Frederick, Mr. Glover, (his 1st appearance on any stage.) Violante, Mrs. Bellamy. Ib.

6. *Battle of Hexham.* Barton, Mr. Thompson; Marquis of Montague, Mr. Carles, (his first appearance this season!!) Fool, Mr. Farley. Queen Margaret, Mrs. St. Leger. Seeing is Believing. Ib.

7. *Sighs.* Leopold, Mr. Thompson; Hans Williams, Mr. Farley. Louisa, Mrs. Bellamy. Ghost. Roger, Mr. Liston. Ib.

8. *We fly by Night*—Critic—Ib.

9. *Five Miles off*—Plot and Counterplot—Tom Thumb.

11. *Iron Chest*—Plot and Counterplot.

12. *Wild Oats.* Rover, Mr. May, (from Belfast, his 1st appearance in London); John Dory, Mr. Farley. Lady Amaranth, Mrs. Bellamy. Ib.

13. [Not acted for 30 years] FATAL CURIOSITY. Old Wilmot, Mr. Young; Young Wilmot, Mr. Palmer, jun.; Randal, Mr. Thomp-

son ; Eustace, Mr. Carles. Agnes, Mrs. St. Leger ; Charlotte, Mrs. Bellamy ; Maria, (with a song) Mrs. Mathews. **CHEATS OF SCAPIN**, (never acted here) with Alterations and Additions from the old farce of *Trick upon Trick*, or the *Vintner in the Suds*. Scapin, Mr. Mathews. Plot and Counterplot, [altered to the *Agreeable Surprise* on account of Mr. Liston's indisposition].

14. Tale of Mystery—Escapes, (1st time here). Count Armand, Mr. Taylor ; Antonio, Mr. Treby ; Daniel, Mr. Grove ; Michelli, Mr. Fawcett. Constantia, Mrs. Taylor ; Angelina, Mrs. Mathews ; Marcellina, Miss De Camp. 1b.

15. Battle of Hexham—Seeing is Believing—Love Laughs at Locksmiths.

16. Surrender of Calais. John de Vienne, Mr. Thompson. Julia, Mrs. Bellamy. Cheats of Scapin.

18. Hunter of the Alps—Review—Escapes.

19. Five Miles off—Mogul Tale—Plot and Counterplot.

20. Mountaineers, Octavian, Mr. May. Mrs. Wiggins—Tom Thumb.

21. Poor Gentleman. Lieut. Worthington, Mr. Thompson ; Corporal Foss, Mr. Grove. Plot and Counterplot.

22. Heir at Law—Escapes.

23. Sighs—Music Mad—Plot and Counterplot.

25. Dramatist. Florville, Mr. Farley. Blind Boy, (1st time here). Edmund, (for this night only) Mrs. C. Kemble. Rodolph, Mr. Thompson ; Stanislaus, Mr. Carles ; Starrow, Mr. Treby. Elvina, Mrs. Mathews. 1b.

26. Revenge. Alonzo, Mr. Palmer, jun. Carlos, Mr. Carles ; Zanga, Mr. Young. Leonora, Mrs. Bellamy ; Isabella, Mrs. St. Leger. Ghost—Cheats of Scapin.

27. Catch him who can—Plot and Counterplot—Tom Thumb.

The Summer Theatre has hitherto afforded little novelty. Mrs. Bellamy, the wife of the favourite singer at Covent Garden, appeared in *Mrs. Haller*, and has since played several other characters. Her figure, though *petite*, is pleasing, but her powers are limited, and her claim to a superior situation on the London boards very disputable. We remember her as Miss Grist at Covent Garden, where she was the original *Edward*, in *Every one has his Fault*.

PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT—is a farce from the French, by Mr. Charles Kemble. It varies but little from the translation acted at Covent Garden, but has more bustle, and is better written. As in other Spanish plots there are two cavaliers, two servants, a chambermaid, a mistress, and duenna, and a rich old father. The old gentleman is a painter, and a monk in the neighbouring convent,

where it is supposed Cervantes died, proposes to afford him an opportunity of taking the likeness of that genius, no portrait of him having appeared during his life; for this purpose the corpse of Cervantes is to be brought to his house in the night. The rival lovers, are apprized of this arrangement and immediately form the same resolution. The two valets are to represent the dead poet, and are successively introduced to the artist. The chief humour of the farce rests on the incident, and nothing in the contrivance can be more ingenious, or more irresistably ludicrous in effect. The terror of the supposed dead men, their surprise at finding each other shrouded for the same purpose, and the final discovery of the *Plot and Counterplot* are all in the best style and spirit of farce, and excite incessant peals of laughter and applause. The piece is inimitably supported by the comic talents of Fawcett and Liston. On the first night it was stated that Mr. Putnam intended for one of the lovers was indisposed, and that Mr. C. Kemble, who was interested in the success of the piece, would undertake his character. Mr. Kemble must have been infinitely gratified both by his reception as an actor, and his success as the author of the farce. Mr. Farley took the character on the following evening.

Of Mr. Glover who played Frederick in the *Wonder* we can say nothing in praise; and of Mr. May, though he displayed some talent in *Rover* (respecting his *Octavian* we must be silent) it cannot be disguised that his *MAY* is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf, and therefore we do not think he will meet here with that "which should accompany old age," viz. *troops of friends*?

The *FATAL CURIOSITY* was revived for the sake of Mr. Young's *Old Wilmot*, which was marked by this actor's usual judgment in the part, but whether the other parts were not adequately sustained, or from its not being *tragedy weather*, the audience shewed very little favour to the piece at the dropping of the curtain. This tragedy was first acted in 1732, at the little theatre, and was afterwards revived by the late Mr. Colman, whose postscript to the printed play we think worthy of being transcribed. Mr. Kemble revived the tragedy a few seasons since at Drury Lane, himself playing Wilmot, and Mrs. Siddons Agnes; but thus strongly acted, it was played only three or four nights to thin audiences. Mr. Colman's Postscript is as follows:

Though the *Fatal Curiosity* of Lillo has received the applause of many sound critics, and been accounted worthy of the Grecian stage, and (what is, perhaps, still higher merit) worthy of Shakspear! yet the long exclusion of this drama from the theatre had in some measure obscured the fame of a tragedy, whose uncommon excellence challenged more celebrity. The late Mr. Harris, of Salisbury, has endeavoured, in his philological enquiries, to display the beauties, the terrible graces, of the piece, and to do justice to the memory of Lillo. His comment is in general just; yet he seems to have given a sketch of the fable from an imperfect recollection of circumstances, without the book before him. He appears to have conceived that the tragedy derived its title from the curiosity of Agnes to know the contents of the casket: but that Lillo meant to mark

by the title the Fatal Curiosity of Young Wilmot, is evident from the whole scene between him and Randal, wherein he arranges the plan of his intended interview with his parents ; which arrangement Mr. Harris erroneously attributes to his conference with Charlotte. The principle of curiosity is openly avowed and warmly sustained by Young Wilmot, and humbly reprehended by Randal.

The comment of Mr. Harris is, however, on the whole, most judicious and liberal. It concludes with a note in these words :

“ If any one reads this tragedy, the author of these inquiries has a request or two to make, for which he hopes a candid reader will forgive him—One is, not to cavil at minute inaccuracies, but look to the superior merit of the whole taken together—Another is, totally to expunge those wretched rhimes, which conclude many of the scenes ; and which, 'tis probable, are not from Lillo, but from some other hand, willing to conform to an absurd fashion, then practised, but now laid aside, the fashion (I mean) of a ryming conclusion.”

Philological Inquiries, vol. i. p. 174.

The present Éditor thought it his duty to remove, as far as he was able, the blemishes here noticed by Mr. Harris ; and he therefore expunged the rhyming conclusions of acts and scenes, except in one instance, where he thought the couplet too beautiful to be displaced. Some minute inaccuracies of language he also hazarded an attempt to correct ; and even in some measure to mitigate the horror of the catastrophe, by the omission of some expressions rather too savage, and by one or two touches of remorse and tenderness. Agnes is most happily drawn after Lady Macbeth ; in whose character there is not perhaps a finer trait, than her saying, during the murder of Duncan,

“ Had he not resembled

“ My father as he slept, I had don't !

The story on which this tragedy is founded is, I believe, at present no where extant, except in a folio volume, printed in the year 1681, and entitled *The Annals of King James and King Charles the First*. Both of happy memory. The period included in these annals is from the tenth of James, to the eighteenth of Charles. They are published anonymously, yet are generally known by the name of *Frankland's Annals*. The author places this tragical event in the annals of the year 1618, and relates it in these words :

“ The miserable condition of sinful man in sundry examples of these present and of former times, should mind us hourly to beg of God preventing grace, lest we fall into temptations of sin and Satan ; such have been the calamities of ages past, at present are, and will be to come ; histories of theft, rapine, murder, and such like.

“ One of wondrous note happened at Penryn in Cornwall, in September, a bloody and unexampled murder, by a father and mother upon their own son, and then upon themselves.

“ He had been blessed with ample possessions, and fruitful issue, unhappy only in a younger son ; who taking liberty from his father's bounty, and with a crew of like condition, that were wearied on land they went roving to sea ; and in a small vessel southward, took booty, from all whom they could master, and so increasing force and wealth, ventured on a Turks-man in the Straights ; but by mischance their own powder fired themselves ; and our gallant, trusting to his skilful swimming, got ashore upon Rhodes, with the best of his jewels about him, where offering some to sale to a Jew, who knew them

to be the governor's of Algier, he was apprehended, and as a pirate sentenced to the galleys amongst other christians, whose miserable slavery made them all studious of freedom; and with wit and valour took opportunity and means to murder some officers, got aboard of an English ship, came safe to London, where his Majesty and some skill made him servant to a chyrurgion, and sudden preferment to the East Indies; there by this means he got money, with which returning back, he designed himself for his native county Cornwall; and in a small ship from London, sailing to the west, was cast away upon the coast; but his excellent skill in swimming, and former fate to boot, brought him safe to shore; where since his fifteen years absence, his father's former fortunes much decayed, now retired him not far off to a country habitation, in debt and danger.

"His sister, he finds married to a mercer, a meaner match than her birth promised; to her at first appears a poor stranger, but in private reveals himself, and withal what jewels and gold he had concealed in a bow-case about him; and concluded that the next day he intended to appear to his parents, and to keep his disguise till she and her husband should meet, and make their common joy compleat.

"Being come to his parents, his humble behaviour, suitable to his suit of cloaths, melted the old couple to so much compassion, as to give him covering from the cold season under their outward roof; and by degrees his travelling tales told with passion to the aged people, made him their guest, so long by the kitchen fire, that the husband took leave and went to bed, and soon after his true stories working compassion in the weaker vessel, she wept, and so did he; but compassionate of her tears, he comforted her with a piece of gold, which gave assurance that he deserved a lodging, to which she brought him, and being in bed shewed her his girdled wealth, which he said was sufficient to relieve her husband's wants, to spare for himself; and being very weary, fell fast asleep.

"The wife tempted with the golden bait of what she had, and eager of enjoying all, awaked her husband with this news, and her contrivance what to do; and though with horrid apprehension he oft refused, yet her puling fondness (Eve's enchantments) moved him to consent, and rise to be master of all; and both of them to murder the man, which instantly they did, covering the corpse under the cloaths till opportunity to convey it out of the way.

"The early morning hastens the sister to her father's house, where she with signs of joy, enquires for a sailor that should lodge there the last night; the parents slightly denied to have seen any such, until she told them that it was her brother, her lost brother, by that assured scar upon his arm cut with a sword in his youth, she knew him; and were all resolved this morning to meet there and be merry.

"The father hastily runs up, finds the mark, and with horrid regret of this monstrous murder of his own son, with the same knife cut his own throat.

"The wife went up to consult with him, whers in a most strange manner beholding them both in blood, wild and aghast, with the instrument at hand, readily rips up her own belly till the guts tumbled out.

"The daughter, doubting the delay of their absence, searches for them all, whom she found out too soon, with the sad sight of

this scene; and being overcome with horror and amaze of this deluge of destruction, she sank down and died, the fatal end of that family.

"The truth of which was frequently known, and flew to court in this guise; but the imprinted relation conceals their names, in favour to some neighbour of repute and a-kin to that family.

"The same sense makes me silent also."

The historical fact, immediately preceding this dreadful narrative, is the fate of Sir Walter Raleigh, which accounts for the author's having, in the original play, introduced the mention of him into the first scene of the tragedy. He has conducted the fable, and accommodated the story to his purpose, with great art. From the reality of the incident, he also calls it a *TRUE* tragedy. A *TRUE* tragedy, indeed it is, in all senses of the word; and such a tragedy as I thought demanded a revival, and the further notice of the public.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The negotiation between Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Jones is broken off, and it is now said that Mr. T. Sheridan is to have the sole and sovereign direction of Drury Lane. Busy rumour has suggested another elevation from the theatrical boards to the peerage, by the marriage of the late chancellor E. and Mrs. Siddons. We understand there is no foundation for this report, but an illustrious personage observed on its being mentioned to her, that if there should be many more such matrimonial engagements her drawing room would be converted into a *green-room*.

COUNTRY THEATRES.

Theatre Royal, RICHMOND.—Opened on Monday July 25, with *Inkle and Yarico*, and *Plot and Counterplot*. Trudge by Mr. Russell, Sir Christopher Curry, Mr. Chapman; and *Yarico*, by Mrs. Dibdin. The theatre is under the management of Mr. Russell. Mrs. Jordan is to play a few nights.

Theatre Royal, MANCHESTER.—In consequence of the departure of the *Antiparture*, I have taken the opportunity of imparting to you without partiality the particulars of our theatre, indeed to give a description of *all* the novelties brought forward by our indefatigable manager would take up too large a portion of your highly esteemed work.—The historical tragedy of '*Julius Cæsar*' was brought forward in a style of peculiar splendor, nor did we ever witness a more able representation of the piece.—*Mark Antony* by Mr. Barrymore, *Brutus* by Mr. Nugget, and *Cassius* by Mr. Conway, were finely supported; in the quarrel, the two latter gentlemen evinced great powers, and were warmly applauded, nor would it be doing justice to omit mentioning the *Portia* of Mrs. Glover, and *Calphurnia* of Miss Taylor, who rendered their parts chaste, interesting and impressive. The opera of the '*Caravan*, or the *Driver and his Dog*' has also been produced with new scenery, dresses, and decorations, and has been frequently repeated.

A Mr. Barnes from the Exeter theatre appeared in the character of '*Stephano*' in the *Tempest*, which he represented in a truly respectable style, and a Miss Simpson from Newcastle upon Tyne in the

part of Edmund in the 'Blind Boy' and received great applause. 'King Lear' has been brought forward for the purpose of introducing Mr. Harley in Lear, who displayed great judgment and discrimination in portraying the hoary monarch, indeed we have seldom witnessed a more chaste performance of the part. We have also been nightly gratified by the performances of Mr. Richer. A Mrs. Garrick made her *debut* in 'Oscar and Malvina' and acquitted herself to the satisfaction of the audience. Mrs. Young (late Miss Biggs) from the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, is the present novelty, she made her *entrée* on Monday, June 20, in Mrs. Haller in the 'Stranger,' and in the same play a Mr. Loveday from Newcastle performed the character of Peter and was warmly received; he is a very respectable comic performer. The Irish Widow was the farce of the evening, in which Mrs. Young was all we could wish in Widow Brady. On the Wednesday following that Lady performed Juliana in the Honey Moon, in a most excellent style; and a Miss Grayson from Newcastle was much applauded in Violante. Yours

ALTER.

Theatre, BRIGHTON.—Mr. Brunton, senior, having retired from the management, the theatre is this season, under the care of Mr. J. Brunton and Mr. Field of Covent Garden, who have collected a good company, and the stage performances are well regulated. The four Miss Adams's are engaged for the season, and among the principal performers are Messrs. Brunton, Murray, Penley, Andrews, Miss Boyce, Mrs. J. Brunton, Mr. Bologna, junior, &c. A new circus has been built in opposition to the theatre, but the managers having refused to licence it for stage performances, it is reported that the proprietor means to give concerts, and to bring down Catalani for a few nights.

Theatre, WORTHING.—Trotter has commenced his season with every prospect of success. Powell from Drury Lane, Cory from Covent Garden, Messrs. Jones, Owens, Hardy, Gibbon, Stanley, Davis; Mrs. Trotter, Mrs. Bew, Miss Johnstone, Mrs. Owens, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Zerbin, and Miss Bristow, Miss C. Bristow, Miss Beaufield, and Miss Norton from Covent Garden, constitute his company. Miss Norton has just finished her engagement.

Theatre-Royal, GLASGOW.—This theatre was opened on Wednesday the 29th ult. for the first time under the management of Mr. Beaumont, whose exertions to please seem indefatigable. He has already procured the largest company, at the same time, containing the greatest number of celebrated performers that ever visited this city. In addition to a great many respectable provincial actors, the following from London have already appeared, viz. Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Powell, Mr. Raymond, Mr. Talbot, Mr. Holland, Mr. Wewitzer, Mr. R. Jones, and Oxberry, &c. and in the course of the season the following are expected, Mr. Elliston, Mr. Bannister, Mr. Emery, Mr. Inclendon, Mr. and Mrs. H. Siddons, Miss Lyons, and Mrs. Edwin.

Mr. Lewis's tragedy of *Adelgitha*, is the only new piece yet brought forward, which gives strong proofs of Mr. Beaumont's liberality. It has been got up in a style of splendour superior to any thing ever seen in Scotland. The scenery is elegant and beautiful, and the dresses and decorations, executed in the most tasteful and splendid manner.

On Monday the 11th instant, Mrs. Glover, took the *Wheel of Fortune*, for her benefit. The misanthropic *Penruddock* was admirably supported by Mr. Raymond, who, through the whole of the character, receive the most incessant plaudits. The receipt of the house was about 115l.

The following lines are from the pen of one of our performers, they were written in the Green-Room, on the spur of the occasion, and spoken on Saturday the 9th inst. by Mrs. Glover, at the conclusion of Mrs. Inchbald's Comedy of "*Wives as they Were, and Maid's as they Are.*"

What is't e'en now inspires the Patriot band,
To drive oppression from their native land;
To hurl their vengeance on a treach'rous foe,
'Tis for the Fair, Spain nobly strikes the blow!
Oh! may each fallen State, example take.
Essay once more the Gallic yoke to break;
Like Spain assert their rights, and dare be free,
Or glorious fall for glorious Liberty;
Here after ages should the deed record,
And grateful tell the achievements of their sword!
Like you proud pillar rais'd to NELSON's name,
That speaks at once his own and Glasgow's fame;
Whose gen'rous founders nobly led the way,
To strike the threat'ning Despot with dismay;
And pray'd their Sov'reign War might never cease,
Rather than Britain sue inglorious peace.
Oh! never shall that realm that waves the waves
Be rank'd among the Gallic Tyrant's slaves;
Nor suffer Spain that makes such bold advance,
To groan beneath the iron pow'r of France.
Go on ye gallant Sons of Freedom's favour'd isles,
The grateful Fair shall bless you with their smiles.

Theatre, SUNDERLAND.—Opened on Friday, July 1st, for seven nights, to give Mr. Emery an opportunity of displaying his talents, before the inhabitants of his native town, the characters personated were *Farmer Ashfield, Tyke, Stephen Harrowby, Giles Woodbine; Frank Oatland, Zekiel Homespun, Hawbuck, John Lump, The Miser, Sam, Joey, She-pface, and Captain Bertram*, to unbounded approbation, and fashionably crowded houses—His benefit was under the patronage of the officers of the Herefordshire and East York regiments; the company is not so good a one as last season, therefore, he was not well supported—It consists of Messrs. Faulkner, (manager), Bland, Darley, Wright, Thompson, Aldridge, Master T. Pitt, Elliott, Master Elliott, Mann, Adcock, Leonard, Holmes, Diddear, Mrs Pitt, Mrs. Darley, Mrs. Bland, Mrs. Elliott, Miss King, Miss Campion, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Diddlear, &c. Emery has since gone to Durham, North Shields, &c. for a further display of his abilities, and attends the Assize week at Newcastle. Messrs. Incedon, Blanchard, and Dwyer, are at present at Newcastle, whose united talents on the night I was present, in *Love in a Village*, and *Midnight Hour*, did not draw 20l. together! Oh! Newcastle, fie!!—As is also Bannister, who are expected, on finishing there, to come for a few nights to Sunderland.

July, 13, 1808.

PRIVADO.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the press, or in preparation.

BIOGRAPHY. *The Itinerant; or Genuine Memoirs of an Actor*; by S. W. Riley. *Essay on the Life and Writings of Rev. Abraham Booth*; by Wm. Jones. *Memoirs of Josias Rogers, Esq. Commander of his Majesty's Ship Quebec*; by the late W. Gilpin, A. M. *Memoirs of Captain George Carleton, an English Officer*; including *Anecdotes of the War in Spain, under the Earl of Peterborough*, and many interesting Particulars relating to the *Manners of the Spaniards, in the beginning of the last century*; written by himself.

POETRY. *Renovation of India; a Poem*; with the *Prophecy of the Ganges*; an *Ode. The Senses, an Ode*, in the manner of Collins's *Ode on the Passions. A Day in Spring, and other Poems*, by R. Westall, Esq. R. A. *The White Doe, or the Fate of the Nortons*; a *Poem*, by R. Wordsworth. *The Fisher Boy*; comprising his several *Avocations during the four Seasons. By H. C. Esq. Poetical Works of the late C. Anstey, Esq. with some Account of his Life and Writings*; by his son, John Anstey, Esq. *Fowling, a Poem, in five Books.*

NOVELS, &c. *The Cottagers of Glenburnie, a Tale for the Farmer's Ingle-Nook*, by Elizabeth Hamilton. *The Match-Girl*, by Mrs. Edgeworth.

DRAMA. *Abradates and Panthea, a Tragedy from Xenophon*; by John Edwards, Esq. *The Montem, a Musical Entertainment*; by the Rev. Henry Rowe. *Illustrations of the Scenery of the Gentle Shepherd, with a new and correct Edition of the Comedy*: and an *Appendix, containing Memoirs of David Allan, the Scots Hogarth*; *Poems connected with the illustrations, and a Glossary*: prefixed are, a *Life of Allan Ramsay, an inquiry into Pastoral Poetry, &c.*

MISCELLANEOUS. *Theory of Dreams*; in which an enquiry is made into the powers and faculties of the human mind, as they are illustrated in the most remarkable dreams recorded in sacred and profane history. *Fragments, in Prose and Verse, by a Young Lady, lately deceased*; with some Account of her *Life and Character. Translations of M. Genet, being a Selection of Letters on Life and Manners*; by John Muckersey, Minister of West Calder. *Letters on Taste, Literature and Criticism*; by the late Dr. Gregory; addressed to his Son. *Midas; or, a Serious Inquiry concerning Taste and Genius*; including a *Proposal for the certain Advancement of the Elegant Arts*; by A. Fisgrave, L. L. D.

THE
CABINET;
OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF
POLITE LITERATURE.

SEPTEMBER, 1808.

ANECDOTES OF LORD NELSON.

A VENERABLE clergyman, apparently between seventy and eighty years of age, was perceived one morning by his lordship, with a large book under his arm, anxiously looking towards the door of his apartment, with the most expressive solicitude depicted in his countenance. His lordship, immediately, with his ever prompt kindness and humanity, desired Mr. Oliver to enquire what was the object of his wish. Having learned, that he was the pastor of a place forty miles distant, who had travelled thus far with his parochial bible, in the first leaf of which he wanted the immortal hero to inscribe his name, his lordship instantly admitted him into his presence, readily complied with his request, and then, taking him kindly by the hand, heartily wished the patriarchal and spiritual shepherd a safe return to his rural flock. The aged and pious minister suddenly dropped on his knee: fervently imploring Heaven to bless his lordship, for so generously condescending to indulge his wish; and solemnly declaring that he should now be happy till it pleased God to call him, when he would die contented, having thus done homage to, and obtained favour from, "*the Saviour of the Christian World.*"

Another circumstance, of still greater singularity occurred at Hamburgh, relative to a wine-merchant. This gentleman, who was likewise more than seventy years of

age, and of a very respectable appearance, had requested to speak with Lady Hamilton, her ladyship, accordingly, condescendingly admitted him to a private audience; when he informed her, through the medium of Mr. Oliver, who interpreted for both parties, that he had some excellent old Rhenish wine, of the vintage of 1625, and which had been in his own possession more than fifty years. This, he said had been ever preserved for some very extraordinary occasion; and one had now arrived, far beyond any he could have expected. In short, he flattered himself that, by the kind recommendation of her ladyship, the great and glorious Lord Nelson might be prevailed on to accept six dozen bottles of this incomparable wine: part of which, he observed, would then have the honour to flow with the heart's blood of that immortal hero; a reflection which could not fail to render himself the most fortunate man in existence, during the remainder of his days. His lordship, being informed of these curious particulars, immediately came into the apartment, and took the old gentleman kindly by the hand, but politely declined his present. He was, however, finally persuaded to accept of six bottles, on condition that the worthy wine-merchant should dine with him next day. This being readily agreed, a dozen bottles were sent; and his lordship, jocosely remarking that he yet hoped to have half a dozen more great victories, protested he would keep six bottles of his Hamburg friend's wine, purposely to drink a bottle after each. This his lordship did not fail to remember, on coming home, after the battle of Copenhagen; when he "devoutly drank the donor." It is said, that this wine-merchant, soon after Lord Nelson had first taken him by the hand, happening to meet with an old friend, who was about to salute him in a similar way, immediately declined the intended kindness, and said he could not suffer any person to touch the hand which had been so highly honoured by receiving that of Lord Nelson. Certain it is, that this man felt so overcome by his excessive sensibility, that he literally shed tears of joy during the whole time he was in our hero's presence.

At a grand public breakfast, given to Lord Nelson and his friends, by Baron Breteuil, formerly the French ambassador at the court of Naples, the celebrated General Dumourier was introduced to his lordship. Lord Nelson, notwithstanding his general aversion to Frenchmen, had a favourable opinion of this able and intelligent officer;

and said to him, that he hoped they should both, in future, fight hand in hand for the good cause : adding, as there was then some prospect of General Dumourier's being employed in the British service, that there was no person, if we were to have joint operations by sea and land, with whom he would sooner act. The General was so overpowered by this generosity and grandeur of soul in our hero, that he could only articulate—"Great Nelson ! brave Nelson ! I am unable to speak. I cannot make any reply to your goodness !" His lordship, finding the circumstances of General Dumourier very humble, for a man of his merits, kindly sent him a weighty purse next day, by Mr. Oliver, to whom the General feelingly expressed the utmost thankfulness.

While Lord Nelson remained at Hamburgh, he received, one morning, a very extraordinary visit. An Englishman, of gentlemanly address, called on his lordship, and requested to speak with him in private. Sir William Hamilton, conceiving the stranger's appearance to be suspicious, particularly as he held one hand under his coat, advised his lordship not to withdraw. Our hero replied that, though he had never before differed with Sir William in opinion, he must decidedly do so now. He felt conscious, he said, that he had done no ill ; and, therefore, dreaded none. He then, with firmness, bade the stranger follow him into another apartment ; who soon gave his lordship to understand, that he was no less a personage, than the famous Major Semple, of swindling notoriety. With a considerable degree of feeling, he detailed his miserable situation : an outcast from society ; in the deepest distress ; avoided, and despised, by every body. Lord Nelson protested, that he had not expected the honour of such a visit ; but, nevertheless, returning to Sir William and Lady Hamilton, and mentioning who it was, kindly asked—"What shall we do for the poor devil ?" They accordingly gave him, between them, a purse of twenty guineas : his lordship tenderly remarking, that he seemed a man of talents ; who had, probably, from some first error of early life, unchecked by friendly advice or assistance, finally sunk into a state of, perhaps, irrecoverable ignominy.

Lord Nelson had, in August 1805, no intention of again going speedily to sea. All his stores had been brought up from the Victory ; and he was, he said, resolved to enjoy a little leisure, with his family and friends,

in the delightful shades of Merton. The Honourable Captain Blackwood, a few days afterward, brought intelligence that the combined fleets, reinforced by two more Spanish squadrons, and now amounting to thirty-four sail of the line, had left Ferrol, and got safely into Cadiz. All this, however, was nothing to him; "Let the man trudge it, who has lost his budget!" gaily repeated his lordship. But, amid all his allegro of the tongue, to his friends at Merton Place, Lady Hamilton observed that his countenance, from that moment, wore occasional marks of the pensive in his bosom. In this state of mind, he was pacing one of the walks of Merton garden, which he always called the quarter-deck, when Lady Hamilton told him, that she perceived he was low and uneasy. He smiled, and said—"No! I am as happy as possible." Adding, that he saw himself surrounded by his family; that he found his health better since he had been at Merton; and, that he would not give a sixpence to call the king his uncle. Her Ladyship replied, that she did not believe what he said; and, that she would tell him what was the matter with him. That he was longing to get at these French and Spanish fleets; that he considered them as his own property, and would be miserable if any other man but himself did the business; that he must have them, as the price and reward of his long watching, and two years uncomfortable situation in the Mediterranean: and finished, by saying—"Nelson, however we may lament your absence, and your so speedily leaving us, offer your services, immediately to go off Cadiz; they will be accepted, and you will gain a quiet heart by it. You will have a glorious victory; and then, you may come here, have your *otium cum dignitate*, and be happy." He looked at her ladyship, for some moments; and, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed—"Brave Emma! good Emma! if there were more Emmas, there would be no more Nelsons. You penetrated my thoughts. I wish all you say, but was afraid to trust even myself with reflecting on the subject. However, I will go to town." He went, accordingly, next morning, accompanied by her ladyship and his sisters. They left him at the Admiralty, on the way to Lady Hamilton's house in Clarges Street; and, soon after, received a note, informing them that the Victory was telegraphed not to go into port, and begging they would prepare every thing for his departure. This is the

true history of that affecting affair. Her ladyship feels, most severely, that she was the cause of his going ; but, as she loved his glory, she could not resist giving him such advice. It is, however, the general opinion of those who best knew his lordship, that he would, in all probability, have fretted himself to death had he not undertaken this expedition.

THE ARTS.

No. XVIII.

ANECDOTES AND ECCENTRICITIES OF PAINTERS.

MARCO ANTONIO FRANCIABIGIO. This master painted a grand picture for the cloister of the nunziata at Florence. On its being uncovered by the monks, before it had received the ultimate finish, the painter, in a fit of shame or rage, gave it some blows with a hammer, nor ever after could be induced to terminate it.

WILLIAM KAY, Kay's reputation was so well established at Antwerp, that the Duke of Alva sat to him for his portrait ; but whilst he worked on the picture, the judge-criminal and other officers waited on the Duke to receive his determinate orders, in regard to the Counts Egmont and Hoorn. The Duke, with a terrible austerity of countenance, ordered their immediate execution, and Kay, who understood the language in which they conversed, and also loved the nobility of his country, was so violently affected by the piercing look and peremptory command of Alva, that he went home, fell sick, and died, through the terror impressed upon his mind by the transaction. Some authors (and Sandrart in particular), to render that incident more surprising, or perhaps with strict adherence to truth, assert, that he died on the same day those noblemen were executed ; others affirm that he was struck with such terror only by looking at the enraged and fiery visage of the Duke, that he died immediately.

JOHN VAN KUIK. This artist having indiscreetly given some slight offence to the Jesuits at Dort, they persecuted him with a most unremitting severity, accusing him of heresy, and prevailed so far as to have him imprisoned. He was kept in irons for a long time, although John Van Bondewinze, the chief justice, took all

possible pains to procure his enlargement; and Kuick, out of gratitude, painted a picture for that magistrate, representing the Judgment of Solomon, in which he designed the portrait of his benefactor, for the head of the principal figure, as a particular compliment.

That picture having been finished during the confinement of the painter, it gave new offence to that unforgiving tribe, the Jesuits, who daily contrived means to increase the miseries of his imprisonment, and never ceased their persecution of him till they extorted a final sentence from the judge, condemning him to death. That sentence the Jesuits and Monks took care to have immediately executed; and they caused him to be burned alive, to the inexpressible concern of all protestants, who dreaded the tyranny and persecuting spirit of the church of Rome, and to the universal regret of all the lovers of the art of painting.

JOHN DE MABUSE. This painter is censured by all writers for his immoderate love of drinking; and it is confidently said, that having received, by order of the Marquis of Veren, a piece of brocade for a dress to appear in before the Emperor Charles V. he sold it at a tavern, and painted a paper suit so exceedingly like it, that the Emperor could not be convinced of the deception, till he felt the paper, and examined every part with his own hands.

THE MODERN ATHENIANS.

THE Athenians have perhaps to this day more vivacity, more genius, and a politer address, than any other people in the Turkish dominions. Oppressed as they are at present, they all oppose with great courage and wonderful sagacity, every addition to their burden, which an avaricious or cruel governor may attempt to lay upon them. During our stay, they by their intrigues, drove away three of their governors, for extortion and mal-administration; two of whom were imprisoned, and reduced to the greatest distress. They want not for artful speakers, and busy politicians, so far as relates to the affairs of their own city; and it is remarkable enough, that the coffee-house, which this species of men frequent, stands within the precincts of the ancient Poikil. Some of their priests have the reputation of being learned men, and excellent preachers: and the most admired of them in our time, was

the abbot of *St. Cyrianée*, a convent on Mount Hymettus; he is a man of great reading, and delivers himself with becoming gesture, and a pleasing fluency of elocution. Here are two or three persons who practise painting; but whatever genius we may be tempted to allow them, they have indeed very little science; they seem never to have heard of anatomy, or of the effect of light and shade; though they still retain some imperfect notions of perspective and of proportion. The Athenians are great lovers of music, and generally play on an instrument, which they call a *lyra*, though it is not made like an ancient lyre, but rather like a guitar, or mandola. This they accompany with the voice, and very frequently with extempore verses, which they have a ready faculty at composing.

There is great sprightliness and expression in the countenance of both sexes, and their persons are well proportioned. The men have a due mixture of strength and agility, without the least appearance of heaviness. The women have a peculiar elegance of form and of manner; they excel in embroidery and all kind of needle-work.

The air of Attica is extremely healthy.

The articles of commerce which this country produces are chiefly corn, oil, honey, wax, rosin, some silk, cheese, and a sort of acorns, called *velanede* by the Italians and the French, but written *Βαλανίτης* by the Greeks: these acorns are used by the dyers and leather-dressers. The principal manufactures are soap and leather. Of these commodities, the honey, soap, cheese and leather, and part of the oil, are sent to Constantinople; the others are chiefly bought by the French, of which nation they reckon that seven or eight ships are freighted here every year.

The Turkish governor of Athens is called *Vaiwode*. He is either changed or renewed in his office every year the beginning of March. The Athenians say, he brings the cranes with him, for these birds likewise make their first appearance here about that time; they breed, and when the young ones receive sufficient strength, which is some time in August, they all fly away together, and are seen no more till the March following.

Besides the *Vaiwode*, there is a *Cadie*, or chief man of the law. His business is to administer justice, terminate the disputes which arise between man and man, and to punish offenders. There is also a *Mudeerése Effendi*, who presides over the religious affairs of the Mohammedans here; and those who are designed to officiate in the

moschèas, are by him instructed in the Mohammedan ritual. The *Disdár Agá* is the governor of the fortress of Athens, which was anciently called the *Acropolis*; and the *Azáp Agá* is an officer who commands a few soldiers in that fortress.

DUKE OF MEDINA CELI.

In consequence of the defeat at Saragossa, and the very low state to which France was reduced, Philip* apprehended he should be obliged to relinquish his pretensions to the throne of Spain. Amongst others, it was suspected, that the Duke of Medina Celi was in the interest of his competitor, Charles. To render so powerful a prince inactive, would be almost equal to a victory; but the method to effect it seemed difficult, especially in the exhausted state to which Philip was reduced. Sir Patrick Lawless, an Irish gentleman, then a colonel in the French service, charged himself singly to secure the person of the Duke. Having previously concerted all his measures, he repaired to the ducal palace, as charged with a special commission from Philip. He invited the Duke to take a walk on a fine terrace, in order to converse the more freely. As the conversation was interesting, they insensibly rambled to a considerable distance from the suite of the Duke, until they came to a passage which led to the high road, where the Colonel had a carriage in waiting. Lawless in a few words told his Highness, that he must directly, and without the least appearance of constraint, take a seat in the coach; as he had engaged, at the hazard of his head, to bring him to Madrid, where he would find Philip ready to receive him with open arms. The determined tone with which these words were uttered, the appearance of the man, and above all, his character for resolution and bravery, induced the Duke to resort to the only alternative. They soon arrived at Madrid, where he met with a most gracious reception. The battle of Almanza, which happened some time after, made the Duke deem his visitor, his preserver, as well as that of his immense estate. Lawless was raised in a short time to the rank of Lieutenant-general, and governor of Majorca, and in the course of a few years, Philip appointed him his ambassador to the court of Versailles.

* Philip V.

THE ADVANTAGES OF A PROFESSION.

MR. WILLIAMS was the school-fellow, the confidential friend, and afterwards, the private secretary, of Richard West, Esq. Keeper of the seals in Ireland, in the reign of George the first.

This gentleman is mentioned for the sake of introducing part of a letter well worth recording, which, in the anxiety of real friendship, he wrote to the widow of his patron, on the subject of her son, Mr. Richard West, a young man of lively imagination and elegant manners; who, vibrating between a love of literary leisure, and the severity of professional study, incurred the risk of sinking into sordid supineness.

A tendency to this inglorious ease is the misfortune of the age, the natural effect of morbid refinement on an immense population, from which, and from the circumstance of *genteel employments*, sufficiently numerous, not offering, our coffee-houses are filled with listless loungers, and our jails with wretched prisoners, the unhappy victims of pride and vanity.

The lady to whom the letter is addressed, was a daughter of Bishop Burnet; and the young man, who is the subject of it, was in the habits of the closest intimacy with Mr. Gray, a man scrupulously nice in the choice of his associates. Several of his letters are preserved by Mr. Mason, and his Ode to May, deserved and obtained the praise of Dr. Johnson.

Lyons, Jan. 12, 1739.

— “I often think of my friend Dick, and write on purpose that you may communicate what I say to him. You have not spoke of him a great while; from whence I conclude two things, that he is pretty well, but does not study the law; if he did, your satisfaction and his, would soon make me hear of it.

“Young people do not see far, and, what is worse, do not care to be advised by those who can. They will not be the better for *our* experience. What would I not undertake, were I twenty years of age, and with my present knowledge of the world! It is at his service.

“I have often considered his aversion to the law, and lament it, because it is a natural, and almost a sure method of advancing himself. His father's name so much esteemed, his friends and mine, with his own parts,

could scarcely have failed. He has no fortune, at least, none sufficient to keep him clean, unless in retirement, which I know (though perhaps he does not) he never will chuse.

"My case and his were much the same. With small expectations of fortune, and lively parts, I was soon introduced into good company; they were pleased, and I was flattered. 'My boy,' said my father, who was an excellent mathematician, but knew very little of the world; 'My boy shall qualify himself for polite circles, and some one or other of these great men will provide for him.'

"I directly studied French, Italian, dancing, fencing, riding, drawing, heraldry and music. In short, I was made a fine gentleman, instead of being educated to a profession; instead of acquiring knowledge, that was useful and necessary to mankind, I was furnished only with the superfluities of life. Without a fortune, I was taught to live as if I had one. Habits were formed, which if I did not succeed, would make me miserable for the rest of my days.

"Something more than Greek, Latin, French, Italian, &c. was necessary; and I was shut up for two years, in order to study the History of Europe, Domat on the Civil Law, Grotius, Puffendorff, and lastly, four folio volumes of Treaties. This labour gone through with tolerable success, I was next to find a patron. My great friends had not been used to hear me speak of wanting employment; they relished my conversation, and praised my Odes; however, they smiled on, till my father's pockets grew low, and dress and chair hire became too expensive.

"Luckily a patron was at last found, who understood what wit and parts were, as he excelled in them himself; but he knew, that these alone, were not enough; I endeavoured to convince him, I had more material furniture in my head, and succeeded. We went abroad together; the weight of his character, which was excellent, and his being a near relation of the minister, gave me reason to expect the most flattering consequences.—What hindered? Why, the commonest thing upon earth, my patron turned out, and Mr. Secretary had to seek for another.

"With better luck than ordinary, and two or three great men's recommendation, another was found, and my little boat was again afloat; the gale was prosperous and

the weather fine ; but in a twelvemonth, the envoy died. These changes astonished me ; I was a young man, and did not recollect that people were to die, or ministers to be turned out.

“ What was to be done now ? No money, and my former patron in disgrace. Friends timid and cold, unable or unwilling to serve me. In this condition, in want of every thing but a fine coat and a laced shirt, I languished on for three long melancholy years ; sometimes elevated for a moment, by a smile or a nod, but for the most part solitary, dejected, and reduced to the agony of talking of my misfortunes and wants, and that basest of all conditions, the intolerable slavery of borrowing to support an idle, useless being. What would I *then* have given for a profession. My Greek, my wit, my Italian, my dancing, and my treaties, were entirely useless to me.

“ In this wretched situation, retired eighteen miles from London to an obscure village, in debt to tailors, drapers, butchers, and chandlers shops, I received a letter from an intimate friend, acquainting me, that he was just appointed to a considerable employment ; and desiring me to come directly to town, and determine which of the considerable places, he had to bestow, would be most agreeable to me.

“ Guess at my joy and gratitude, I can express neither, any more than my grief, but by those tears which now flow from my eyes, because that my friend is no more.

“ He overlooked my unfitness for any place under him, from the ignorance of the law ; and obliged me to take the best he had to give, which was full a thousand pounds a year. His age and my own, promised riches for many years to come ; but it was permitted that *he* should die too, with which I end the history of myself.

“ My reason for reciting it, you and Dick know too well, is to make him sensible, that **WITHOUT THE KNOWLEDGE OF SOMETHING, WHICH MANKIND CANNOT DO WITHOUT, NEITHER WIT, PARTS, FRIENDS, NOR PATRONS, CAN SECURE A MAN FROM WANT.**

“ Let us suppose for a moment as law is not his favourite study, that he *should* succeed in the diplomatic path, and be appointed Secretary to a Minister at a Foreign Court : let it be remembered, that he cannot obtain *that* without a kind of knowledge to the full as difficult and disagreeable in acquiring as the law of England : as re-

mote from wit and poetry, and those pursuits with which he has too long amused himself. But, supposing him to have so far succeeded, as to be King's Secretary to the first embassy in Europe, he will not be in half so comfortable a condition to a man of sense, as if he was in a three pair of strairs chamber at the Temple, in the way of getting only 200l. a year.

"In short, places are so precarious, the attendance in search of them, so mean and unmanly, refusals and delays so insupportable, and the loss of them, when obtained, so dreadful to one who has not a good private fortune, that it is a line no reasonable man would ever adopt by choice; **A USEFUL PROFESSION IS BETTER THAN A THOUSAND PATRONS.**

"I grieve when I recollect, that my friend Dick is now twenty-two, and has not yet read one book since he left Eton, for which he or his family, will be at all the better as long as he lives."

We are not able to say what effect so much good advice produced; but fear the result was not that which the giver of it wished, as Mr. West, with a good heart, and many companionable qualities, *was infected with the cacœthes scribendi*, which, generally speaking, disqualifies those who labor under that incurable disease, for performing either the common business, or the more important duties of life, with efficacy and spirit.

MILITARY HINTS.

THE army is perpetually changing its fashions, and not always for the better. Formerly the officers in the ranks were continually dressing their divisions with their esponsions, and were much distinguished by their clothes from the soldiers. Now they are expected to be as steady under arms as their men; and their dress is nearly the same. This may have a better effect at a review, and in real service contribute something perhaps to the officer's safety, though not so much as has been imagined*. Yet

* Much was said of the American riflemen picking out our officers, especially at the battle of Bunker's Hill. The writer of this compared the list of the killed and wounded there, with those of the first unsuccessful attack on Quebec and the subsequent victory, too dearly bought by the fall of Wolfe, in the seven years war. In both these last, the proportion of officers killed and wounded to that

it cannot be the duty of an officer in battle merely to fill up an interval in a battallion, as he has no personal means of annoying the enemy, but to attend to his men, and see that they do their duty ; and to perform this effectually, he must be frequently pointing and speaking to different parts of his division, and should also be easily distinguished by his dress.

The scantiness of a subaltern's pay, in proportion to his necessary expences, has been much complained of. But besides the consideration, that while every vacant ensigncy is as much solicited for as a lucrative employment, government has no right to draw an additional expence on the public, another real advantage is derived from it. If the property of the officers is so essential to a constitutional militia, any circumstance that compels the adoption of the same qualification in the army, has a direct tendency to render that establishment more safe and constitutional. One alteration however is absolutely necessary. Every officer who has served a given number of years, should have such a competence secured to him, as should enable him to enjoy the remainder of his life in credit and comfort ; and such of his sons as choose to go into the army should, while subalterns, be enabled by the assistance of government to meet the increased expences of the times.

It seems a great absurdity in the naval service, that the admiral should always engage in the largest ship, and take personally the greatest share in the action. How is it possible that, so situated, he can observe and direct the rest of the fleet ? And surely the manœuvres of a sea fight require some directions from the commanding officer, though not so much as those of a land battle. What would be said of a general, if, instead of giving his orders, he were to put himself at the head of the strongest regiment, and charge the enemy in person ?

The disposition is something like that of the heroes of Homer. They were personally the strongest men in the army, and acted as commanders only in arranging their troops for the attack. After that commenced, they min-

of the men was greater than at Bunker's Hill, though the comparative disproportion of their numbers was also greater ; as at Quebec the army was on the war establishment, four officers to a company of an hundred men ; and at Bunker's Hill on the peace establishment, three officers to a company of forty-five.

gled with the combatants, and by their own individual exertions chiefly decided the fortune of the day. The knights of the times of chivalry acted in the same manner. In land battles at present this is exactly reversed. The officers in general are the least robust men of the army, and, by laying aside the esponton and the fusil, may be said to be entirely unarmed, as the sword in the charge of a battallion of foot must be totally useless. I have heard some wise gentlemen talk of a pistol in the belt; a weapon only formidable in the hand of a footpad (or a duellist who uses it for less * justifiable purposes,) when placed close to the head. The only officer of the third regiment of guards who was wounded at St. Amand, received a hurt from a pistol that went off in his own pocket.

There is a passage something to this purpose in Dr. Gillies's History of Greece. 'Alexander' (at the passage of the Granicus), 'after performing the duties of a great general, displayed such acts of personal prowess, as will be more easily admired than believed by the modern reader. But in the close combats of antiquity, the forces when once thoroughly engaged might safely be abandoned to their resentment and courage, while the commanders displayed the peculiar accomplishments to which they had been trained from their youth, in the most conspicuous parts of the field.' But this observation, though very applicable to the age of Homer, is by no means so to that of Alexander, when the military art had been carried to its highest pitch. As the armies of antiquity, from the depth of their files, did not extend to the distance of those of the moderns, and were not enveloped in clouds of smoke, the skill of the commander was of greater use throughout the whole action than it can be at present. Indeed the only use of a general now, after the first fire, arises from the whole army never being engaged together. There are circumstances when it is necessary for a general to expose his own person to reanimate his troops: but in our battles this can only have a very partial effect; while the personal exertions of an ancient general might be conspicuous to his

* I do not mean to say that every man who fights a duel is in the wrong. Perhaps in the present state of things duelling is a necessary evil; but the second who suffers such a mode of fighting to take place, as makes the pistol almost certainly a fatal weapon, deserves to suffer the punishment of a cowardly assassin.

whole army. Yet that it was not customary for the commanders of antiquity to expose their persons needlessly, appears from this anecdote preserved by Plutarch. 'A rash officer shewing his wounds with exultation to Timotheus, he said to him "When I was your general against the Samians, I should have been ashamed if an arrow from a catapulta * had fallen near me†."

I have always thought it to be regretted, that, when the new militia was established, the prejudice of the times obliged the legislature to adopt that name instead of some other, as provincial or county regiments. For though *militia* really means the military establishment of a country, yet so deservedly was the old institution that bore that name become disgraceful, that it was held in universal ridicule. Instances of this occur frequently in our old comedies, and, when they do occur, are always applied to the present institution that goes under the same name, though so widely different in fact. It must be from this cause only, that so many militia officers were induced to take commissions in those heterogeneous corps called fencibles‡, to which every ridicule that can attach on the militia must attach, without the honourable motive that induces a country gentleman to enter into the established constitutional forces of his county. If it should be thought I have gone too far in saying the ridicule incurred by the old militia affects the new, only let

* The catapulta was one of the military engines, which threw very large arrows to a great distance.

† There was a part of the Grecian army called the peltastæ, from pelta, a small shield. This is usually translated targeteers; but though target is properly the diminutive of targe, as that word is obsolete, and target is in common use for a butt to shoot at, it gives us the idea of a shield in general, without any notion of diminution, like the word PISTOLET in French. If a Greek army were drawn up in Hyde-Park, and an aid-du-camp ordered to ride up to the targeteers, he would go without hesitation to the heavy armed foot, from their shields being most conspicuous.

‡ Those corps only are alluded to, which unite every evil both of regulars and militia, without having the advantage of either, and whose only end is to injure the recruiting service. The military associations, both in the metropolis and the country, are truly respectable, and indeed have arisen out of the militia, which is by no means numerous enough to be the sole defence of the country in the hour of danger, but is a barrier immediately ready for the whole country to rally behind. The regular forces are not mentioned, as one of the principal advantages of the militia is the enabling them to defend the country in the most effectual manner by attacking the territories of the enemy.

it be remembered, that whenever the farce of the **MAYOR OF GARRAT** is performed, how constantly the satire, levelled solely at the Westminster militia, is applied to the county regiments; as if it were a good jest to suppose that country clowns were afraid of oxen, and that country squires could not ride.

The exercise of the London trained bands was a subject of ridicule so long ago as the time of Beaumont and Fletcher, as appears in **THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE**. Perhaps the satire was directed by the soldiers of the old feudal system against the first attempt at regular discipline; who being themselves never trained, but in immediate preparation for actual service, laughed at all other training, just as the regulars now laugh at the militia, and as the regulars have themselves been laughed at for military parade * in time of peace. If this be so, the success of the London trained bands against the horse at the battle of Newbury, instead of being wonderful, was the natural consequence of the superiority of disciplined, though untried infantry, against cavalry†. This seems confirmed by the account of Lord Clarendon.

* That the officers in the army are at least indebted to the militia for taking this source of ridicule from them, appears from a poem: called **MANNERS**, written by Paul Whitehead.

‘ Mark our bright youths, how gallant and how gay,
 ‘ Fresh plum’d and powder’d, in review array;
 ‘ Unhurt each feature by the martial scar,
 ‘ Lo! Albemarle assumes the god of war.
 ‘ Yet vain, while prompt to arms by plume and pay,
 ‘ He takes the soldier’s name, from soldier’s play,
 ‘ This truth, my warrior, treasure in your breast:
 ‘ A standing soldier is a standing jest.
 ‘ When bloody battles dwindle to reviews,
 ‘ Armies must then become mere puppet shews;
 ‘ Where the lac’d log may strut the soldier’s part,
 ‘ Bedeck’d with feather, though unarm’d with heart.’

† ‘ The London trained bands and auxiliary regiments, (of whose inexperience of danger, or any kind of service beyond the easy practice of their postures in the artillery garden, men had then too **CHEAP** an estimation) behaved themselves to wonder; and were in truth the preservation of the army that day. For they stood as a bulwark and rampire to the rest; and when their wings of horse were scattered and dispersed, kept their ground so steadily, that though Prince Rupert himself led up the choice horse to charge them, and endured their storm of small shot, he could make no impression upon their stand of pikes, but was forced to wheel about. **OF SO SOVEREIGN BENEFIT AND USE IS THAT READINESS, ORDER, AND DEXTERITY IN THE USE OF THEIR ARMS, WHICH HATH BEEN SO MUCH NEGLECTED.** This shews they were the only well-disciplined foot in the army.

The most zealous partizan of the militia must acknowledge its weakest part to be the want of proper subordination in the officers. A few singular instances of public spirit excepted, the hope of honour and emolument, and the fear of disgrace and punishment, are the general spurs to human industry; and these are wanting to the militia officer. This deficiency in discipline is the most felt in those regiments which are most respectably officered in point of qualification, as the commanding officers of militia will not often be inclined to exact a very strict obedience from persons who have great property and influence in their counties.

The balloting for the militia, which was taken from the French, is also a defect. If every man ballotted were compelled to serve if able (which is impossible), there would be no injustice, as all would be on an equality. But as no person ever does serve, who can possibly afford to hire a substitute, the ballot is merely gambling who shall pay a most unequal poll-tax. If property were assessed to find soldiers, it would be more just, and the deputy-lieutenants might then be stricter in the choice of men, than common humanity will now permit them to be when the principal is in very low circumstances.

P.

THE COLLECTOR.

No. XII.

Collatis undique membris.—HOR.

DISPROPORTIONED MARRIAGES.

ILL suited matches are productive of such complicated misery, that it is a wonder it should be necessary to declaim against them, and by arguments and examples expose the folly, or brand the cruelty of such parents as sacrifice their children to ambition or avarice. Daily experience indeed shews, that this misconduct of the old, who, by their wisdom, should be able to direct the young, and who either have, or are thought to have, their welfare in view, is not only subversive of all the bliss of social

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his compatriots as a bad member of society. And why? because these systems are deemed useful and even necessary to keep the people in order*.

And if from bodies and establishments we descend to individuals or single instances, we shall find the worst and basest *means* employed to bring about (what have been deemed) just and lawful *ends*. When the Earl of Suffolk fled into Flanders, to promote an insurrection against Henry the VIIth, Henry doubtless thought himself warranted to countermine and subdue him. For this purpose, he caused Sir Robert Curson, captain of the castle at Hammes, to fly from his charge, and to feign himself the Earl's servant. Curson did so: and, having insinuated himself into the secrets of the Earl, and become his confidant, communicated every thing to Henry. Meanwhile Henry, to confirm the credit of Curson, caused to be published at Paul's Cross the Pope's Bull of excommunication and curse against the Earl of Suffolk and Sir Robert Curson: "wherein it must be confessed," says Lord Bacon very gently, "that *heaven was made too much to bow to earth*, and religion to policy†."

In the time of Cromwell, a thousand tricks were played to find out and convict the disaffected; and an accursed order of villains, who were called *Duckoys* and *Trapans*, were employed to worm out their secrets under hypocritical pretences, and then betray them. Thus overreached, Colonel Andrews lost his head: nor, says my author, "was the President *Bradshaw* ashamed openly "to declare in court, that by counterfeit letters he had "corresponded with him in the name of the *King*†."—

alioqui impotens, sæva mutabilis: ubi vana religione capta est, melius vatibus quam ducibus suis paret. But the latter part of it, so much to the relish of Jeremy, may probably have made the whole unpalatable to the statesman: who, it is observable, hath never been forward to employ the priest in any of his manœuvres, when he could possibly do without him. Q. Curt. iv. 39.

* But do not men, who thus contend for the utility of *all* religions to the support of government, appear to put *all* religions upon a level, confounding the true with the false? and, if government can as well be supported by fraud and imposture, as by a genuine and pure religion, must not the God of *truth* and the God of *order* seem two distinct beings?

† Hist. of Henry VII.—Zopyrus acted precisely the same part for Darius against the Assyrians, whom he betrayed: only to gain their confidence more effectually, he caused his nose, ears and lips to be cut off, and then feigned to have been thus treated by Darius. Just. Hist. i. 13.

‡ Bates's *Elenchus Motuum*, &c. Part II.

Even in the case of petty traitors, these arts have not been judged too mean to be practised; and unless my memory deceives me, John the Painter's conviction could not be made full and complete, till some pretended friends had cajoled and drawn him to convict himself.

All such arts, however, are not only mean, but base and wicked. A man who would preserve his integrity untainted, should not put himself into the attitude of a villain, no, not for a moment. The inward feelings soon accommodate themselves to the outward situation and garb; the artificial character soon becomes natural; and therefore I should dislike, a player, to act a bad man but I would not, as an advocate, defend a bad cause.

S. ;

A HIGHLAND STORY.

Origin of the name of BENIN GOROD, in Mull, a mountain with Basaltic Pillars, 200 feet in height; discovered by Mr. Raspe in the year 1789: and far superior to Staffa, the Giants' Causeway, or any other specimen of the kind hitherto known.

THE name of this unequalled natural phenomenon arises from a story of a nature so peculiarly tragical, that it merits to be preserved. There are many traditions respecting it, but the following seems to be the most authentic.

A powerful chieftain, who was Lord of the island of Mull many years ago, was no less distinguished for the extent of his territories, where he lived in great feudal magnificence, than for a ferocity of temper which knew no bounds, and a spirit of avarice which he found no means of satisfying but by grievously oppressing his tenants and vassals, and seizing their property and estates.

He was particularly anxious to acquire the possessions of a neighbour, whose name was Gorod, on account of their extent and contiguity. But he had long abstained from any attempt of this kind, both as Gorod, though above fifty years of age, had remained unmarried, and, failing of him and his heirs, the estate reverted to the chieftain, and because his only son, who was reared, according to the custom of those times, in the family of a vassal, was then in his custody.

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Gorod, however, contrary to the expectation of every one, married a young lady of great beauty and accomplishments, whom he had accidentally met with in one of the neighbouring islands ; and the chieftan had reason to apprehend that the expectations with which he had flattered himself of getting his vassal's estate, by a failure of his posterity, would be frustrated.

Impelled by lust and disappointment, he resolved to destroy the hopes and happiness of Gorod by seducing his wife, which he with difficulty effected, and at last carried her in triumph to his castle.

Gorod concealed his rage, whilst he inwardly vowed vengeance: and having contrived, in the course of a great hunting party, at which the chieftan and his son, Gorod and the lady, and all the principal people of the island assisted, to bring the whole company to the summit of a lofty mountain, he seized the youth, and, standing on the brink of a frightful precipice, he exclaimed " This instant I plunge myself and this boy down the cliff, unless that infamous woman is put to death by the hands of her seducer."

The chieftan, trembling for the safety of the only support of his family, and encouraged by the persuasions of his unhappy mistress, who presented her breast to the stroke, reluctantly obeyed.

Gorod then cried out " I am revenged ; but that tyrant must be punished."—Then, springing with the unhappy youth in his arms, they were dashed in pieces in an instant.

The place has ever since been known by the name of *Benin Gorod*, or the *Hill of Gorod*: and the prospect from its summit, particularly when the spectator revolves in idea the scene that was there exhibited, excites a degree of horror which it is impossible to describe.

ANTIQUUS.

KIRK LEAS IN YORKSHIRE.

KIRK-LEA is built upon a rising ground above the spot where the old abbey stood. This abbey was endowed by King John with five manors and various lands (the present estate). The grant itself to the ancestors of this family is curious; comprising the designation of the manors and estate upon a piece of parchment not larger than a quarter of a sheet of paper, to which the

great seal of King John is annexed, nearly the size of the deed. It appears that Elizabeth de Stanton was prioress of this abbey, in King John's time; her tomb-stone is now extant in the old burial ground of the priory, and in clear distinct preservation. The inscription is thus expressed, in large letters of the old Anglo-Saxon character, near the edge:

" Here lyes Elizabeth de Stanton Prioress of this Abbey
 " Sweete Jesus have mercie upon her Soul."

She was aunt to Robin Hood (so called); which name was assumed by the Earl of Huntingdon. His conduct (according to the manner of those times, when the barons disputed the king's authority) having excited royal indignation, he fled to Kirk-Leas, and sought the protection of his aunt in that abbey, where he lay concealed. Some time after he died there, and was buried on the side the castle hill in the Park. The figures of him and his three chief companions—Little John—Will Scarlet—and Midge, the miller's son, dressed in the martial habits of that time, still form a beautiful ornament at one end of the hall at Kirk-Leas: the walls of which are enriched with the arms in relief of the various ancestors who succeeded each other.

Robin Hood's grave was discovered by Sir John Armytage, in the year 1755, as they were removing earth to form a new road near the castle hill in the present Park, being a part of the alteration he made of the old grounds.

The tomb-stone was entire, with an epitaph on a long blue slab (nearly the size of that remarkable long one in the passage-cloister of Westminster—but his aunt's somewhat less than his), describing his title, change of name, and great skill in archery. The river calder, now famous for its navigation, runs with a fine stream down the valley below.

ROBIN HOOD'S EPITAPH.

Hear undernead dis laitl stean
 laiz robert earl of huntingtun
 nea arcir ver az hie sae geud
 an pipl kauld im Robin Heud
 pick utlawz as hi an ia men
 vil England nivir si agen.

obit 24 kal. dekembria, 1247.

R. G.

OSSIAN.

FIN-MAC-COUL is a personage, who with the other heroes of Ossian, was very familiar to the historians, and poets of Scotland, during the age of Sir David Lyndsay, and during some centuries before. They were mentioned by Barber, in 1375; by Holland, in his *Houlat*, 1453: by Bishop Douglas, in his *Palice of Honour*; by the historians Boece, and Lesley; and even by Colvil, in his *Whig's Supplication*, 1681. From all those premises, it follows, that neither of the contending parties, about the genuineness of *Ossian*, are altogether right. The chronology of Hanmer, Macpherson, and their followers, is most egregiously erroneous. On the other hand, those who insist on the forgery of Ossian's Poems by Macpherson and on the recentness of Ossian, argue against facts, which cannot be contradicted. Gawin Douglas, in his *Palice of Honour* mentions

“Gret gow Mac Morne, and Fin-Mac-Coul, and how
“They ruld be goddis, in Ireland, as they say.”

Gow Mac Morne is *Gaul*, the son of *Morni*; *Gow* being the Scoto-Saxon pronunciation of *Gaul*. If we follow the learned bishop to Ireland, we shall discover “the genealogy of *Fin-Erin*, or *Fin-Mac Coyl*.” In the Rev. Doctor Hanmer's Chronicle, p. 24. “The Danes of the line of *Fin-Erin*, that came out of Denmarke, were these: David, the king's sonne, who had to his sonne borne, in Ireland, Dewre Dove, who had foure sonnes, Cowrry, Boyrkene, Fyagh, and Oghe; Boyrkene had a sonne called Garrenisio; and Con-Caghmore was his sonne, Con had a sonne named Ferrelagh; and he had a sonne called *Irenmore*; this *Irenmore* had to his sonne *Coylie-Negoe*; and he had a sonne called, *Fin-Fa*, alias *Fin Mac Coyle*; and he had a sonne called *Oshen*; and he had a sonne called *Osker*. This *Oshen* lived An. Dom. 432, in the dayes of St. Patrick, unto whom he made a relation of many things before going, and was by him baptized, being of the age of seven-score years. “Such is the egregious fable of Dr. Hanmer! There were no Danes, in that age: there were no Danish rovers, or *sea-kings* till almost four centuries had elapsed after this epoch: yet, is this passage curious, as it contains so many characters, who have become of late, so very famous, and familiar to us. It is true, indeed,

that Ossian, and his heroes, are always connected with the *Danes*; the *Danes of Ireland*: but, the true epoch of the arrival of the Danish sea-kings, in that island, is the begining of the ninth century; as we know from Ware, and Usher: of consequence, in fair discussion, the story of Ossian, and his heroes, cannot back beyond the *ninth* century: neither can poems, which are chiefly founded on that story, be older than the events, which compose that story. But, we find, in fact, that several of the heroes of Ossian were mentioned by our historians, and poets, for centuries before Macpherson was born; and Ossian, and his heroes, are, to this day, interwoven into the *topography* of Scotland, and the traditions of the country.

CRIM-CON.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN SORROW AND REASON.

Addressed to Lord Borringdon.

Sorrow. A young fellow has stolen my wife.

Reason. Young men are prone to that species of robbery. I am sorry to observe that in this age I have very little influence over the mind of the youth of both sexes; I wish I may have some influence over your's at present, for I see you are very much affected. You must consider this matter. Was she young and handsome?

Sorrow. Both.

Reason. Two great temptations. You married her for her beauty?

Sorrow. I did.

Reason. You should have reflected, that the season of youth and beauty is short, and that both fly off together: the woman that won your affections, was sensible, no doubt, that she could win those of another; and some of that frail sex are as ambitious of lovers after they have entered into the married state as before it. Was she fond of dress?

Sorrow. Passionately; she would spend hours together at her toilet.

Reason. Every time she looked in her glass, she thought she saw the face of an angel in it, and perhaps she thought that an angel ought not to employ her time in domestic affairs. Was she fond of Romances?

Sorrow. She would sit up all night reading them.

Reason. Then of course she slept all day ?

Sorrow. A considerable part of it.

Reason. Then, as to her temper ?

Sorrow. Capricious.

Reason. Extravagant ?

Sorrow. My purse was at her command.

Reason. And she exhausted it ?

Sorrow. Frequently.

Reason. Now let us cast up the account, and see what you have lost, and what you have gained. In the first place you married a woman for her beauty, a short-lived flower; and she married you for your wealth, which could scarce gratify her vanity and extravagance; you thought you took an angel to your arms; but the result has proved that there are fallen angels. Instead of consulting your happiness, she poisoned it: instead of pouring the balm of consolation into your mind when it was afflicted, she poured a torrent of words into your ears: she consulted her glass oftener than she consulted your countenance; her nights were spent in reading romances, so that her head was filled with imaginary adventures, and heroes that never existed: such a defenceless castle was easily besieged. Why, if you view all this with an indifferent eye, instead of a loss, you have gained. If a physician cured you of a tertian fever, you would reward him with thanks and money, and what should be the reward of that physician who has rid you of a quotidian fever? Your mind will be no longer distracted with the caprices of a woman, whose temper was not even to be regulated by the weathercock, and whose tongue would run for hours together without winding up; you will be no longer besieged by a train of milliners and perfumers. Little you know how much you are indebted to him that carried off such a disease. If he was your friend pity him; if he was your enemy rejoice. You are now restored to your health, and a little time and reflection will restore you to your senses.

Sorrow. I can't restrain my tears.

Reason. If carried away by force, forgive her; but if willingly ?

Sorrow. Willingly: she stole off with her gallant in the dead of night.

Reason. Many a man would pray for such a night, and hail the annual return of it with feasting and music.

Sorrow. My unhappy wife went off willingly.

Reason. If she loved you, she would not have done so : how then can you weep for a woman that is unworthy of your affection ?

Sorrow. My unhappy wife !

Reason. Truly she will be unhappy, and he that stole her more so : repentance quickly treads on the heels of unlawful appetite. But you should remember, that this is an injury kings could not escape : for Masinissa stole away the wife of Syphax, and Herod stole away the wife of Philip, and Menelaus had two wives, and they were both stolen.

MR. WHITFIELD.

MR. WHITFIELD'S eloquence was of a peculiar cast, and well adapted to his auditory, as his figures were drawn from sources within the reach of their understanding, and frequently from the circumstances of the moment. The application was often very happy, and sometimes rose to the true sublime : for he was a man of warm imagination, and not wholly devoid of taste. On his first visit to Scotland, he was received in Edinburgh with a kind of frantic joy, by a large body of the citizens. An unhappy man, who had forfeited his life to the offended laws of his country, was to be executed the day after his arrival. Mr. Whitfield mingled with the throng, and seemed highly pleased with the solemnity and decorum with which the most awful scene in human nature was conducted. His appearance, however, drew the eyes of all around him, and raised a variety of opinions as to the motives which led him to join in the crowd. The next day, being Sunday, he preached to a large body of men, women, and children, in a field near the city. In the course of his sermon, he adverted to the execution which had taken place the preceding day. "I know," said he, "that many of you will find it difficult to reconcile my appearance yesterday with my character. Many of you, I know, will say, that my moments would have been better employed in praying for the unhappy man, than in attending him to the fatal tree : and that, perhaps, curiosity was the only cause that converted me into a spectator on that occasion : but those who ascribe that uncharitable motive to me are under a mistake.—I witnessed the conduct of almost every one present on

that awful occasion, and I was highly pleased therewith. It has given me a very favourable impression of the Scottish nation. Your sympathy was visible on your countenance, and reflected the greatest credit on your hearts ; particularly when the moment arrived that your unhappy fellow-creature was to close his eyes on this world for ever, you all, as if moved by one impulse, turned your heads aside, and wept. Those tears were precious, and will be held in remembrance. How different was this, when the Saviour of mankind was extended on the cross—the Jews, instead of sympathizing in his sorrows, triumphed in them. They reviled him with bitter expressions, with words even more bitter than the gall and vinegar which they handed him to drink ; not one of all that witnessed his pains, turned the head aside, even in the last pang. Yes, there was one, that glorious luminary (pointing to the sun) veiled his bright face, and sailed on in tenfold night.”

JOHN DENNIS.

From a MS. Collection in the Hand-writing of the late Dr. Lyon.

THIS gentleman had certainly great merit in the commonwealth of learning, but was unhappy from some peculiarities that his disappointments in the world had seemed to make almost natural to his temper, at least as some were of opinion, who made but small allowances for his unhappy circumstances. His talents, in short, created him many enemies among the small wits and minor poets, who, in some sort, made it a common cause to depress a judgment of which they had reason to be afraid. If, however, he had causelessly or unjustly offended any one, the wretched circumstances through which he had struggled, to a tedious, an indigent and helpless old age, was a revenge which the most exasperated mind could not wish to its worst enemy : and it will be always remembered, to the praise of two or three gentlemen of exalted genius as well as humanity, that they could overlook his little failings, and do him real benefit, for the sake of his greater excellencies. The political writings of this unhappy gentleman, together with several MSS. which never appeared, manifest his steady love to his country, and strict adherence to the Protestant interest. As to his other pieces, let better judges give them their due character : we shall only add, that we think he may be called *the last classic wit of King Charles's reign*.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

An Examination of the Charges maintained by Messrs. Malone, Chalmers, and others, of Ben Jonson's Enmity, &c. towards Shakspeare. By Octavius Gilchrist. 8vo. pp. 62. Taylor and Hessey. 1808.

IT has been so strongly and repeatedly urged, that Ben Jonson was the enemy of Shakspeare, that very few have latterly entertained a doubt upon the subject. The authorities were high on which the assertions rested, and were consequently not much questioned. As a point of fact therefore it is material to examine into the ground of the accusation, and it is but just to the fame of *rare Ben* to rescue his reputation from a charge which, if proved, our regard for Shakspeare would naturally aggravate into a high and unpardonable misdemeanor against the great Sovereign of the Drama. Mr. Gilchrist has undertaken this laudable task, and he has proved incontestably, that there is no just ground for the imputation. We never gave the least credit to the story, but we were far from aware that such indubitable testimony could be adduced in its refutation. The principal arguments on which Mr. Gilchrist relies are these: Tradition has given to Shakspeare the merit of having introduced his companion to the stage. If this be true, and there is nothing to contradict it, it would be unfair to tax Jonson, without good foundation, with ingratitude to his friend. The lines to the memory of his *beloved* William Shakspeare are in the highest strain of eulogium. No writer of that day or the present has gone beyond them. For instance,

While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man, *nor muse*, can praise too much.

Soul of the age,
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage.

Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to shew,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time.

Farmer calls these verses "the warmest panegyrick on Shakspeare that ever was written."

George Steevens believed that this praise would not have been bestowed on Shakspeare had he been living. This, as an opinion only, goes for nothing. He has failed to support it with any proof of Ben's disinclination on other occasions to acknowledge the merit of his illustrious competitor. Malone infers that there had been a quarrel between the two poets, from the *Return of Pericles*, wherein Kempe, in a supposed dialogue with Burbage, is made to say,

"Few of the university pen plays well; they smell too much of that writer Ovid, and that writer Metamorphosis, and talk too much of Proserpina and Juppiter. Why here's our fellow Shakspeare put them (the university poets) all down, ay, and Ben Jonson too. O, that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow; he brought up Horace, giving the poets a pill, but our fellow Shakspeare hath given him a purge that made him bewray his credit" In this proof of a quarrel according to Malone, and Mr. Chalmers, Mr. Gilchrist sees no reference to personal animosity; it was a just testimony to the superior merit of "the poet of nature" over the writings of more "learned candidates for fame;" and the well merited compliment is very appropriately put into the mouth of Will Kempe, one of "Shakspeare's fellows." "Shakspeare (adds Malone) has sufficiently marked his disregard for the calumniator of his fame, by not leaving him any memorial by his will"!!!

These lines, from Jonson's *Prologue* to his *Every Man in his Humour*,

"He rather prays, you would be pleas'd to see
One such to-day, as other plays should be;
Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,
Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please,"

Mr. Malone would convert into "a clumsy sarcasm" on Shakspeare's Henry V.

To this Mr. Gilchrist very satisfactorily replies, "Jonson's design in this prologue was clearly to ridicule the tricks and stratagems, the phantasmagoria, and Sadler's-wells' antics, by which his contemporaries engaged the frequenters of the stage in that early age of theatrical representation, and to win them by ridicule from buffoonery, bombast, and empty machinery,

"To deeds, and language, such as men do use;
And persons such as comedy would chase

When she would shew an image of the times;
And sport with human follies, not with crimes:"

—the legal and genuine purpose of dramatic representation, and such appears to have been Jonson's general object. For "the chorus," thus acutely converted into "a clumsy sarcasm" on the great bard, one might be tempted to suppose that Mr. Malone would have us conclude, that the introduction of it in *Henry the Fifth* is the only example of its adoption on the English stage; or why must Jonson's reprobation of the practice be construed into a sneer at Shakspeare? Why, but for the purpose of encouraging an opinion, founded on falsehood, and fostered by misrepresentation? The fact is, that Jonson, with all his fondness for the ancients, thought the chorus, borrowed from the Greek tragedies, an incumbrance, and openly reprobated it; as Shakspeare had before ridiculed the "dombe shewe" of his predecessors. But the chorus on the English stage is coeval with the first tragedy, *Gorbodue*; was the common appendage of the drama during his life, as may be seen in many instances among the old plays edited by the late Isaac Reed; and, though declining, continued in use long after Shakspeare had made his exit from the scene of life. That it was displeasing, Shakspeare was conscious, by his apologies for its introduction in the case of *Henry the Fifth*, and his omission of it on all other occasions. Heywood, also, who has adopted it in his "*Fair Maid of the West*," quarto, 1651, seems to have been sensible of the absurdity, when he introduces a chorus saying,

'Our stage so lamely can exprets a sea,
That we are forc'd by chorus to discourse
What should have been in action.'

What, then is there in the line quoted by Mr. Malone, that is not applicable to fifty others as well as Shakspeare? and what is there to justify his charges of "clumsy sarcasm, and malevolent reflection?"

'Discite justitiam moniti, et non spernere verum.'

"The same eagerness of research for finding attacks on Shakspeare, exhibited in preceding examples, has been employed to discover a sneer at him in this passage of foregoing extract:

'To make a child now swaddled to proceed
Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and wood,
Past threescore years.'

A a 4

" This is considered ' a palpable hit' at the beautiful drama, ' The Winter's Tale : ' than which inference nothing can be more unnecessary. Certainly in none of Shakspeare's plays are the unities of time and place more disregarded than in the present ; but this neglect or contempt was not peculiar to the bard of Avon ; similar and even greater licences are found in Lilly's *Endimion*, in 1591, and Patient Grissel, performed as early as 1599. Nor was the practice confined to these ; George Whetstones, in an epistle prefixed to his *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, speaking of the absurdities and offences committed against the laws of the drama by various nations, says, ' the Englishman in this qualitie is most vain, indiscreet, and out of order. He first grounds his work on impossibilities : then in three hours runnes he over the worlde : marryis, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monsters, and bringeth goddes from heaven, and fetcheth devills from hell, &c.' And Sir Philip Sidney, in his ' *Defense of Poesie*, ' 1589 ; when complaining of Gorbodue* as ' faulty both in place and time, the two necessary companions of all corporal actions ; ' adds, ' but if it be so in Gorbodue, how much more in all the rest ? where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Africa of the other, and so many other under kingdoms, that the player, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By-and-by, we hear news of a shipwreck in the same place ; then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave ; while, in the mean time, two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then, what hard heart will not conceive it for a pitched field ?

" Now, of time they are much more liberal : for ordinary it is, that two young princes fall in love ; after many traverses she is got with child ; delivered of a faire boy, he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another child ; and all this in two hours space ; which, how absurd it is in sense, even sense may imagine."

* " How comes it that Warton, in his " *History of English Poetry*," invariably writes this *Gorbodue* ?

“ These extracts, while they are irresistible proofs of the generality of Jonson's satire in the present case, may suggest to the calumniators of Ben the probability of other passages being equally so; and his ‘taxing may like a wildgoose fly, unclaimed of any man.’

With similar force and success Mr. Gilchrist combats and defeats the position, that in the *Induction to Bartholomew Fair*, Ben Jonson intended by the following passage to ridicule the *Tempest* and *Winter's Tale* of Shakspeare:—“ If there be never a *servant-monster* in the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of *antiques*? He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget *Tales, Tempests*, and such like drolleries.” The satire was general, and levelled, not at Shakspeare, but at the extravagant masks and other stage exhibitions which prevailed in those days.

But, admitting that all these passages do apply to Shakspeare, is the proof complete that Jonson was guilty of envy, malignity, and ingratitude towards the great poet? It can only amount to this: that Jonson disapproved of these instances of false taste in the writings of Shakspeare, which the authority of his great example would tend to multiply, to the exclusion or injury of the higher qualities of the drama.

Mr. Gilchrist further maintains and proves, that Jonson's fifty-sixth epigram on “Poet-Ape,” was not intended, as Mr. Chalmers will have it, as a lampoon on Shakspeare, but a satire on Dekker, who acknowledged the allusion in the following lines in the *Satiromastix*, evidently addressed to Ben Jonson:

“ That fearful wreath, this honour is your due,
All poets shall be *Poet-Apes* but you.”

Such are the principal arguments in support of the heavy accusation, that Ben Jonson was at enmity with Shakspeare. and envious of his reputation; and thus ably and satisfactorily has Mr. Gilchrist refuted them.

We have only adverted to the leading points; but Mr. G. has entered fully into the whole question, and stripped the accusers of old Ben quite bare. He has also, incidentally, detected some false criticisms of the commentators on the works of Shakspeare.

He thus sums up the whole, “Jonson has been accused of heavy crimes upon fictitious and imaginary foundations. How hard it is to prove a negative need not be shown: but the testimony in his favour does not rest here:

we have incontrovertible evidences of their friendly attachment; to which should be added the uncommon zeal; with which Jonson cherished the literary reliques of his friend.—We have seen that he composed an elegy on his death; that he inscribed his resemblance with his praise; and Mr. Malone thinks that he wrote the preface to the first collection of his works. Nor did time diminish Jonson's regard, or efface the remembrance of his companion from his mind. Many years after Shakspeare's death, Ben with warmth exclaimed, 'I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasie, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *susflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Harterius.'

"I have now little to add. If the memory of men, honourable in their generation, deserve our respect and reverence; if the writings of poets, who have bequeathed their works as legacies to posterity, have any claim upon our regard; if truth, whoever and whatever the subject, be worth attaining; the present pages may be endured. For these purposes they are written; and it is hoped, with diffidence, that by them truth will be elicited. No example can be instanced in literary history of a poet of Jonson's extraordinary merit so unworthily and ungratefully treated. An invidious position is asserted, without the slightest proof from historical testimony, and his writings are tortured and perverted to support the fallacious theory. Years have passed in this disgraceful warfare, and no lover of literature has hitherto stepped in, to refute the charges, and check the progress of malicious dulness. If I have undertaken the cause of the poet, it has not been without a perfect conviction of my inability to do full justice to the task; nor should I have engaged in it, but from the most decided confidence in the justice of the cause. My motive has been, to rescue a venerable bard, who has many substantial claims upon our gratitude, from charges founded on error, and fostered by misrepresentation. If Jonson is unfortunate in his advocate, I shall have my reward if this imperfect essay shall excite some abler pen to undertake the office. That there are ample means of defence, I am fully persuaded from the examples adduced, the result of a few days casual and interrupted study. It is not necessary for

Jonson to perish, that Shakspeare may flourish ; *his* fame is fixed on a foundation 'as broad and general as the casing air;' and the commentator or critic, injures the fame of the 'gentle Shakspeare,' who would raise him a phoenix from the ashes of another."

A Father's Advice to his Son at School. 12mo. 1s.
Mathews and Leigh.

The most salutary advice conveyed in simple but correct language, and in a very persuasive and affectionate manner. The original was sent to the author's son at school, and we learn from the preface, that the admonitions have proved beneficial. Indeed he must be a boy of little sensibility, on whom the concluding address would make no impression.

"These hints which I have thus thrown together, as they arise in my mind, without any orderly or methodical arrangement, you will consider as dictated by the purest affection and most unfeigned regard ; for which reason, I doubt not, you will read, learn and inwardly digest them, always bearing in mind that your improvement is the sole object your father had in view, whose happiness and comfort in this life will depend very much upon the part which you perform in it : if you grow in wisdom, as you grow in stature, and walk in the paths of religion and virtue, you will pour upon my mind a sunshine of satisfaction which this world can neither give nor take away : You will make what remains of my life pass on in serenity and comfort : You will pluck up many a thorn which would otherwise grow in my way, and smooth and enlighten my passage to the gates of the grave.

"But if, unmindful of my admonitions and your own duty, you unhappily become a vicious and immoral character, following the multitude to do evil, and treading the high road to ruin and disgrace ; you know not the agony with which you will pierce my soul, you will shorten and embitter my days, and send me to the tomb, before my time, miserable and disappointed."

The Siller Gun. A Poem, in four cantos : with notes, and a glossary. By John Mayne, author of the Poem of "Glasgow," &c. 12mo. pp. 154. Richardson, 1808.

This Poem is founded on an ancient custom in Dumfries, called *Shooting for the Siller Gun.*

The Gun is a small silver tube, like the barrel of a pistol, but derives great importance from its being the gift of James VI. that monarch having ordained it as a prize to the best marksman among the Corporations of Dumfries.

The contest was, by royal authority, licensed to take place every year ; but, in consequence of the trouble and expence attending it, the custom has not been so frequently observed. Whenever the festival is appointed, the birth-day of the reigning sovereign is invariably chosen for that purpose.

The institution itself may be regarded as a memorial of the Waponshaw—the shooting at butts and bow-marks, and other military sports, introduced by our ancestors, to keep alive the martial ardour and heroic spirit of the people.

It was on one of the contests for this royal prize, namely, that of the 4th of June, 1777, that the first Verses entitled *The Siller Gun* were composed. They were afterwards published by Mr. Ruddiman, in *The Edinburgh Weekly Magazine*, and thence copied and printed in various forms by different persons.

These Verses, in some respect, constitute the groundwork of the present Poem ; but the additions and alterations are so numerous, that scarcely an original stanza now remains.

To enable our readers to form any idea of the subject of this poem, they must first be told what the *Siller Gun* is. The Siller Gun (it seems) is about ten inches long ; has silver marks stamped on it ; and, according to what old people say they heard from their progenitors, was originally mounted on a carriage, with wheels, all of silver ; but of these no vestige remains. Near the touch-hole, the letters L·M are engraved on the barrel, supposed to be the initials of the Provost of Dumfries at the time when this ceremony was first instituted. This, however, is mere conjecture : such records of the Corporations as were prior to the reign of Charles II. have suffered so much by decay, that they are no longer legible ; and, after that period, the only mention in them of the SILLER GUN is an occasional memorandum of its having been shot for “ agreeable to the institution.”

The Burgh of Kirkcudbright is also in possession of a Silver tube, or Gun ; which, like that of Dumfries, is said to have been given to the Corporations by King

James VI. It is about seven inches long; marked **T•M•C• 1597.** These letters are supposed to be the initials of Sir Thomas M'Clellan, Laird of Bombie, Provost of Kirkcudbright* in 1587, and ancestor of the Lords of that name. This gun is lodged with the Town Clerk of Kirkcudbright, and has only been shot for twice in the memory of any person living. The last time was in the summer of 1781, when the Corporations applied by petition to have the gun delivered to them, that they might shoot for it at a target. Their petition was granted; but no similar application has been made since 1781.

The Corporations of Dumfries, however, seem to possess privileges which are unknown to their brethren at Kirkcudbright. The **SILVER GUN** of Dumfries is at all times deposited among the archives of the Corporations. They have, moreover, a royal licence or injunction, to assemble in military array, and shoot for it once a-year. Till lately, every Deacon-Convener was allowed, if he pleased, to call out the trades for this purpose once during his administration, which generally lasts for two years; but a regulation has been made among the trades themselves, that this ceremony shall not take place oftener than once in five years. When a day is fixed, and a mandate issued for this purpose, all the Freemen of the Corporation are obliged to appear at the time and place appointed by the Convener. If any individual refuse to appear, he is subjected to a fine of *3l. 6s. 8d.* sterling; and, till payment thereof, interdicted from voting in any of the affairs of the corporations.

“Along with the royal license to assemble in military array, the corporations are privileged to shoot for the **SILVER GUN** at the King-holm, which is part of the common land belonging to the town, and laved by the dimpled waters of the Nith. The fields at the Craigs, however, as often as permission can be obtained, (for they are private property,) are always preferred, being better adapted for the purpose.”

The author of this Poem, which is in the Scottish dialect, pleasingly describes the custom of shooting for this *Siller Gun*, and enters with appropriate feeling into the manners and amusements which distinguish the Scottish character in the walks of humble life. In the first canto is described the bustle which prevails among

the inhabitants and peasantry in the neighbourhood before the arrival of this celebrated festival.

“ For weeks before this fête sae clever,
The fowk were in a perfect fever,
Scouring gun-barrels i’ the river—
At marks practizing—
Marching wi’ drums and fifes forever—
A’ sodgerizing !

And turning coats, and mending breeks,
New-seating where the sark-tail keeks ;
(Nae matter tho’ the cloot that eeks
Is black or blue ;)
And darning, with a thousand steeks,
The stockings too.”

The *muster* also, and *review*, are described with much humour :

“ And ne’er, for uniform or air,
Was sic a groupe review’d elsewhere !
The short, the tall ; fat fowk, and spare ;
Side coats, and dookit :
Wigs, queus, and clubs, and curly hair ;
Round hats, and cockit !

As to their guns—thae fell engines,
Borrow’d or begg’d, were of a’ kinds
For bloody war, or bad designs,
Or shooting cushies—
Lang fowling-pieces, carabines,
And blunder-busses !

Maist feck, tho’ oil’d to make them glimmer,
Hadna been shot for many a Simmer ;
And Fame, the story-telling limmer,
Jocosely hints,
That some o’ them had bits o’ timmer,
Instead o’ flints.

Some guns, she threeps, within her ken,
Were spik’d, to let nae priming ben ;
And, as in twenty there were ten
Worm-eaten stocks,
Sae, here and there, a rozit-end
Held on their locks !”

After the review, the different squads march to the Craigs, the scene of action, followed by the acclamations of the multitude, while

"As thro' the town their banners fly,
 Frae windows low, frae windows high,
 A' that coo'd find a nook to spy,
 Were leaning o'er;
 The streets, stair-heads, and carts, forbye,
 Were a' uproar !

These short extracts will shew something of the style and spirit of the poem.

Plot and Counterplot ; or, The Portrait of Michael Cervantes ; a Farce, in two acts. By Charles Kemble. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Appleyards. 1808.

We have already spoken of this farce. It is a bustling, lively entertainment, founded on a very novel incident, and, aided by the rich humour of the actors of *Fabio* and *Pedrillo*, irresistibly ludicrous in representation. The dialogue is neatly written ; but it is somewhat disingenuous in Mr. C. Kemble not to have acknowledged the source from whence he derived his *Plot and Counterplot*. They are evidently of foreign invention, and in justice to the original author, as well as in common fairness to the public, he should not have made it appear that the whole merit of this popular and ingenious production is imputable to himself.

The Blind Boy : a Melo-drama, in two acts. As performed at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden. 8vo. 2s. Longman & Co. 1808.

The *Blind-boy* has, likewise, a French parent, but as no writer in this country, publicly claims the offspring as his own, we have no body to accuse of *child-stealing*. The truth is, there is a miserable lack of invention in the English dramatists, and there is no concealing the fact, that every thing for the last ten years that is novel in idea, artful in plot, powerful in interest, striking in situation, grand in *spectacle*, and captivating in general effect, has been supplied or suggested by the French and German theatres. The merits of this little drama are sufficiently known. Its construction is very ingenious : the interest which commences with the piece, increases with every scene, and all the incidents conduce to the general development.

THE DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.—*Shakspeare.*

Mrs. WARREN,

(FORMELY MISS BRUNTON.)

THIS lady, who died at Alexandria in America on the 5th of July, was born in Drury Lane, Westminster, May 30, 1769, and was the eldest daughter of Mr. John Brunton. She had seen very few plays, and but a short time before her apperance in her first character, had not the least idea of ever treading upon the stage. In February, 1785, however she made her first appearance in the character of Euphrasia, (Grecian daughter) which was then performed at Bath for the benefit of her father. Previous to the play, the following address, written by Mr. Meyler, was spoken by her father.

Sweet hope! for whom his anxious parent burns,
Lo! from his tour the travel'd heir returns,
With each accomplishment that Europe knows;
With all that Learning on her son bestows;
With Roman Wit and Grecian Wisdom fraught,
His mind has ev'ry letter'd Art been taught.

Now the fond father thinks his boy of age,
To take an active part in Life's vast stage;
And Britain's Senate opens a ready door
To fill the seat his sire had fill'd before,
There, when some question of great moment springs,
He'll rise—then "hear him, hear him," loudly rings;
He speaks—th'enraptur'd listening throng admire
His voice, his argument, his genius' fire!
The fond old man, in pure exstastic joy,
Blesses the gods that gave him such a boy!
But if insipid dulness guide his tongue,
With what sharp pangs his aged heart is wrung—
Despair, and shame, and sorrow make him rue
The hour he brought him to the public view.

And now what fears! what doubts, what joys I feel!
When my first hope attempts her first appeal:
Attempts an arduous task—*Euphrasia's* woe—
Her parent's nurse—or deals the deadly blow!

Some sparks of genius—if I right presage,
You'll find in this young Novice of the Stage:
Else had not I for all this earth affords
Led her thus early on these dangerous boards.

If your applause give sanction to my aim,
And this night's effort promise future fame,

She shall proceed—but if some bar you find,
 And that my *fondness* made my *judgment* blind,
 Discern no voice, no feeling she possess,
 Nor fire that can the passions well express;
 Then, then for ever, shall she quit this scene,
 Be the plain housewife, not the Tragic Queen.

The unfavourable reports circulated by those who formed their opinions rather from external appearance than mental ability, operated in her favour:—The audience expected to see a *mawk*, but saw a CIBBER. The applause was proportionate to the surprize; every mouth emitted her praise, and she performed several parts in Bath and Bristol, a *phenomen* in the theatrical hemisphere.

She afterwards undertook, with the same success, the parts of Horatio, (Roman Father) and of Palmira, (Mahomet). Her fame now spread to the metropolis; and soon excited the attention of Mr. Harris, who was determined to visit Bath, to view in person, this new theatrical constellation. He went—he saw—he resolved. He immediately engaged Miss Brunton and her father, for three years certain, at very handsome salaries. On the 17th of October, 1785, Miss Brunton made her first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre, in the character of Horatio, before an audience uncommonly numerous, who received her with incessant exclamations of rapture and applause. Her entrance was prefaced by a prologue, written by Mr. Murphy, and spoken by Mr. Holman, which contained an elegant compliment to Mrs. Siddons. During the succeeding summer seasons, she performed at several respectable towns with increased reputation.

On her marriage with Mr. Merry the poet, she quitted the stage, but following her husband to America, she resumed her profession in that country, and soon became a prodigious favourite. Mr. Merry died suddenly in 1798. His widow married, some time after, Mr. Wignell, manager of some of the theatres there, and on his death, was induced to enter a third time into the matrimonial state with Mr. Warren. This lady's figure was rather of the under size, but she was nevertheless elegant in her person, and graceful and easy in her action and deportment. Her voice was beautifully feminine, and extremely melodious, when exercised in what is termed level speaking.—Her countenance was agreeable, and her features regular and expressive; happily so where the

situation demanded a smile. She spoke naturally, and laid her accent and emphasis with critical correctness.

PARALLEL BETWEEN CORNEILLE AND RACINE.

THE mind of Corneille was naturally vigorous. He possessed an elevated imagination; and the power of reasoning, the noblest thoughts and the genuine effusions of eloquence, are predominant in his compositions; He would have displayed them with equal energy in any other kind of writing which he might have chosen. As the dramatic art is the result of an union of diversified talents, he was the first who furnished the model of those that belong to an exalted soul, and proceed from the vigorous combination of ideas. But he was from the same cause, subject to defects. His most admired authors, and the studies of which he was fondest were analogous to the bent of his mind. It is well known that his favourite writers were Seneca, Lucan, and the Spanish poets. Like Lucan, the love of the sublime betrayed him into bombast; like Seneca, he was so attached to reasoning, that he became subtle and uninteresting; like the Spanish writers, he outraged probability, for the purpose of producing effect. But the beauties for which he was indebted to his natural powers, placed him, for thirty years, so far above his cotemporaries, that it was impossible for him to enter into a mature examination of himself, and perceive in what he was deficient. Racine, born with that lively imagination, that inflexibility of mind and heart, that tender sensibility, the most essential qualities for tragedy, which Corneille did not possess, with the finest and most delicate sentiment of harmony and elegance, and the happiest facility of elocution, the most essential qualities for all poetry, of which Corneille was also devoid, had to do with judges whom Corneille had instructed by his successes and his faults. He wrote at a time when every kind of literature was approaching to perfection, when true taste was formed; and he found in D'Espréaux, the severest and most judicious judge of his age, at once a friend and a critic. Thus nature and the circumstances of the times in which he lived, combined to make Racine a perfect writer; and he was one. The progressive display of his talents is the best proof of his observations and exertions, and of that constant study of himself so necessary to every writer who wishes to approach perfection.'

ANECDOTES OF MACKLIN.

One night, sitting at the back of the front boxes with a gentleman of his acquaintance, (before the late alterations at Covent Garden Theatre took place,) one of the under-bred box-lobby loungers of the present day stood up immediately before him, whose person being rather large, covered the sight of the Stage from him. Macklin took fire at this; but managing himself with more temper than usual, patted him gently on the shoulder with his cane, and with much seeming civility, requested of him, "that when he saw or heard any thing that was entertaining on the Stage, to let him and the gentleman with him, know of it: for you see my dear Sir," added the veteran, "that at present we must totally depend on your kindness." This had the desired effect—and the loungee walked off.

Another time sitting nearly in the same place, a Noble Lord, since dead, rather of a *suspicious character in his amours*, placed himself close by him, and entered into conversation with him. After his Lordship went away, a friend of Macklin's was rallying him on the awkwardness of his late situation. "Why yes, Sir," says he, "It was rather critical, I must confess: but what could I do? He offered me the first civilities; and you know there's no *turning one's back upon such fellows*."

Talking of the *caution* necessary to be used in conversation amongst a mixed company, Macklin observed, "Sir, I have experienced, to my cost, that a man in any situation of life, should never be off his guard—A *Scotchman* never is; he never lives a moment *extempore*, and that is one great reason of their success in life."

Macklin was very intimate with Frank Hayman, (at that time one of our first historical painters,) and happening to call upon him one morning, soon after the death of the painter's wife, with whom he lived but on indifferent terms,) he found him wrangling with the undertaker about the extravagance of the funeral expences. Macklin listened to the altercation for some time: at last going up to Hayman, with great gravity he observed, "Come, come, Frank; though the bill is a little extravagant, pay it in respect to the memory of your wife:

for, by G— I am sure she would do twice as much for you had she the same opportunity.”

A notorious *egotist* one day in a large company, indirectly praising himself for a number of good qualities which it was well known he had not, asked Macklin the reason why he should have this propensity of interfering in the good of others, when he frequently met with unsuitable returns? “I could tell you Sir,” says Macklin. “Well do, Sir; you’re a man of sense and observation, and I should be glad of your definition”—“Why then, Sir—the cause is *impudence*—nothing but stark-staring impudence.”

A gentleman at a public dinner asking him, inconsiderately, whether he remembered Mrs. Barry, the celebrated Actress, who died about the latter end of Queen Ann’s reign, he planted his countenance directly against him with great severity, and bawled out, “No, Sir—nor Harry the Eighth either—They were both dead before my time.”

An Irish dignitary of the church (not remarkable for veracity) complaining that a tradesman of his parish had called him a *liar*, Macklin asked him what reply he made him. “I told him,” said he, “that a lie was amongst the things I *dared* not commit.” “And why, Doctor,” replied Macklin, “did you give the rascal so mean an *opinion of your courage*?”

One of the band of Covent Garden Theatre, who played the French horn, was telling some anecdotes of Garrick’s generosity. Macklin, who heard him at the lower end of the table, and who always fired at the praises of Garrick, called out, “Sir, I believe you are a *trumpeter*” “Well,” said the poor man, quite confounded, “and if I am, what then?” “Nothing more, Sir, than being a trumpeter, you are a dealer in *puffs* by profession.”

CONGREVE.

THIS sprightly writer has been in general supposed to have written his Comedies without any reference to life or nature. The following transcript from a manuscript letter of Mr. Dryden to Mr. Walsh (Mr. Pope’s friend) will shew how ill this observation is founded:



For G. Kneller pinx.

Hopwood sculp.

Published by Mathews & Leigh, July 1st 1808.

"Congreve's *Double Dealer* (says he) is much censured by the greater part of the Town, and is defended only by the best judges, who, you know, are commonly the fewest; yet it gains ground daily, and has already been acted eight times. The women think he has exposed their bitchery too much, and the gentlemen are offended with him for the discovery of their follies, and the way of their intrigues under the notion of friendship to their ladies' husbands."

Dr. Johnson objects to the plots of Congreve's comedies, in some of which the play terminates with a marriage in a mask. This excellent and acute critic did not, perhaps, recollect, that till the beginning of Queen Anne's reign women used to come to the theatres in a mask. This practice was forbidden by a proclamation of that Queen, in the first year of her reign.

Mr. Congreve, after having been at the expence of the education of the young representative of his ancient and illustrious family, left nearly the whole of his fortune to Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough,

An Essay on the Difference between Wit and Humour, in a Letter to Mr. Dennis the Critic; from Mr. Congreve, is printed in the Baskerville edition of this comic writer's works. It is very short, but very well done.

SHAKSPEARE'S COMMON PLACE BOOK.

From Gilchrist's Examination of the Charges against Ben Jonson.

Mr. CHALMERS finds that Jonson's fifty-sixth epigram, "on Poetic Ape," was intended as a lampoon on Shakspeare. Thus:—

Poor *Poet-Ape*, that would be thought our chief,
 Whose works are e'en the frippery of wit,
 From brokage is become so bold a thief,
 As we, the robb'd, leave rage, and pity it.
 At first, he made low shifts, would pick, and glean;
 By the reversion of old plays, now grown
 Into a little wealth, and credit in the scene,
 He takes up all, makes each man's wit his own.
 And, told of this, he slights it. Tut! such crimes
 The sluggish gaping auditor devours;
 He marks not whose 'twas first; and after-times
 May judge it to be his, as well as ours.
 Fool, as if half-eyes will not know a fleece
 From locks of wool, or shreds from the whole piece.

With much self-complacency, Mr. Chalmers observes on these verses, "the eye must be blind indeed, if it do not see, that Shakspeare was the Poet-Ape of Ben Jonson."

If Mr. Chalmers really does perceive the resemblance, he must, I think,

Have eyes where other folks are blind,
As pigs are said to see the wind.

I have marked the passages according to the distinction used by the apologist, and we shall see how he makes the application. Where the modest Shakspeare expressed a wish to "*be thought our chief*," he has not cared to show. But, "in order to decide what we ought to believe, in these matters, as *things certain*, we must look back upon the early management of our theatres. The papers of Henslowe, the well known manager of so many companies, throw many flashes of light on this obscure subject. It is apparent, from these manuscripts, that the poets of the days of Elizabeth, and James, supplied the stage with dramas, more for profit than reputation. If we except Ben Jonson, perhaps, there were none of the dramatists, including Shakspeare, specially, who cared for literary reputation.—The managers of the theatres who paid their money for plays, considered these plays as so much their own, that they could either curtail them, or make *addycions* to them: in fact, they often paid one set of poets, to alter the dramas of another set, without considering the literary reputation of the original author."†

That none of the dramatists, excepting Jonson, cared for literary reputation, is an error abundantly proved by the multitude of plays with dedications by their authors; and the fact, stated by Mr. Chalmers, of their selling their works to the players, is a reason why all but the names of many are lost, more convincing than the alleged oscitancy of the poets.—But this is not the object of my present inquiry.

To the practice of curtailing and making additions to plays I accede, and from this very circumstance I infer, that the poet-ape of Jonson was any body but Shakspeare. Jonson could not attack Shakspeare as wishing

* Supplemental Apology, page 237, 8vo. 1799.

† Stevens's Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 444—489.

"to be his chief," before the former was introduced to the stage: and the MS. to which Mr. Chalmers refers begins in 1597. Among the alterers and repairers of decayed dramas, we find the names of Dekker, Drayton, Chettle, Anthony Munday, Heywood, and a long et cetera of poets, the memorials of whose lives have, perhaps, undeservedly perished;* but among these entries not once does the name of our beloved Shakespeare, occur. That Shakespeare wrote on the subjects already dramatized by inferior authors, is not to be denied; but that he lived "by the brokage of others' wit," or that he altered plays for his theatre, is not proved in a solitary instance; that he *ever* did, is barely possible: but that he did not, after Jonson became a retainer to the stage, seems proved by the absence of his name in the MS. of Henslowe. It cannot be too much to require of Mr. Chalmers, who has given us two sisterly octavos crying proof! proof! † something approaching to evidence of the truth of his assertions.

That the works of Shakespeare are "e'en the frippery of wit," Mr. Chalmers proves in his "Apology," by citing Marston's description of a fop ‡ in his day; who

* *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnonas
Multi: sed omnes illacrymalibus
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.*

Hor. Od. 9. lib. iv.

The horse-leech hath two daughters crying give, give.

Proverbs, xxx. 15.

‡ *Lucius, what's play'd to-day? sayth now I know
I set my lips abroad, from whence doth flow
Nought but poor Juliet and Romeo.
Say; who acts best? Drusus or Roscio?
Now I have him, that ne're of ought did speake,
But when of players he did treat.
Meth made a common place-book out of plays,
And speakes in print, at least, whate're he says
Is warranted by certain plaudites.
If e'er you heard him courting Lesbia's eyes;
Say (conscience sir), speakes he not movingly
From out some new pathetique tragedie?
He writes, he railes, he joests, he counts, what not:
And all from out his huge long-scraped stock
Of well-penn'd plays.*

Marston's Stat. 10. 1599.

(like many fops of our own) being play-mad, spoke of nothing but plays and players, whose conversation was of the newest and most popular tragedy, from which he courted his Leshia most pathetically, and from which he borrowed all his jests and raillery. In this coxcomb of antiquity Mr. Chalmers recognises the features of Shakspeare, and boasts of his discovery in the following terms: "We now perceive, that Shakspeare's table-talk turned chiefly on his profession; that he ne'er of ought did speak but when of play or players he did treat. We at length perceive, that Shakspeare had discernment enough to know the value of a common-place-book to a professed writer: he made a common-place-book out of plays: he writes, he rails, he jests, he courts, what not; and all from out his huge long-scraped stock of well-penn'd plays. This is such a delineation of our dramatist as his admirers have never seen before."—No; I'll be sworn! and as Costard says, "an I had but a penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread," for the discovery. No one before Mr. Chalmers, I am well persuaded, ever contemplated the great poet, "of imagination all compact," as the Lazarus of literature; like his own moth living on the alms-basket of words, and at a great feast of plays, as stealing the scraps: but since this discovery has been made, I am confident that the author of *The Rambler* has satirized Shakspeare under the wit Papilius, subsisting a week upon an expression, of which he who dropped it, did not know the value.—"*Go by, Jeronimo.*" If this be the consequence

In the 34th of Elizabeth's reign, John Marston was chosen reader of the Inner Temple; and among the Oxford verses on the death of that princess, there is a copy signed John Marston *ex æda Christi*.

O. G.

"It is a fact, which cannot be disputed, that Marston was, in 1599, very intimately connected with Ben Jonson, who was then at variance with Shakspeare: Marston and Jonson afterwards quarrelled; as such poets could not long be friends: Marston again parodied Shakspeare in his "*What you Wish*," 1697, wherein he says; "Look ye, I speak play scrapes." Supplemental Apology, 251, note i.

Here are five positions in the course of as many lines, some of which are utterly erroneous, and not one of which can Mr. Chalmers prove; unless he has some secret evidence, not yet before the public. I am aware of the notice of Marston in Drummond's conversation with Jonson.

of seeking the *ancient mother*; if the study of those, who wrote "*i' the olden time*," thus brighten the wit, inform the mind, and improve the judgment, let us even join chorus with Timotheus Milesius—

Οὐκ αἶδω τὰ παλαιά,
Καίνα γὰρ ἅμα κρείσσω—
Ἀπὶν Μυτὰ παλαιά.

For this degradation of Shakspeare, Mr. Chalmers received the merited chastisement of the "*British Critic*;"* but in the "*Supplemental Apology*" he returns to the charge, and thinks he proves the fact of Shakspeare's common-place collections in the following quotation:

"I will repeat what I have already said, and prove what is plainly demonstrable; viz. that Shakspeare was a diligent reader, and *copious collector*. The contemporary of Shakspeare, Webster,† who knew him perfectly, says, in the preface to the "*White Devil*," what the commentators, and critics, would do well to profit by: *Detraction is the sworn friend to ignorance*.‡ For mine own part, I have ever truly cherished my good opinion of other men's worthy labours, especially of that free and heightened style of Master Chapman: the laboured and understanding works of Master Jonson: the no less worthy compositures of the both worthily excellent Master Beaumont and Master Fletcher: and, lastly, (without wrong last to be named,) the right happie and *copious industrie* of M. Shakspeare, M. Dekker, and M. Heywood; wishing what I write may be read by their light."

Such is Webster's declaration; and if Mr. Chalmers infers Shakspeare's use of a common-place book from this passage, he deceives nobody but himself: the meaning of Webster's *copious industrie* is sufficiently explained by the company in which he has placed Shakspeare; namely, with Dekker and Heywood. The former had before 1612, according to the apologist's own arrangement, produced thirty-one dramas; Dekker, a still great-

* Vol. ix. page 512. 1797.

† To the reader of his "*Vittoria Corombona*," 4to. 1612, Webster obtained his freedom of the Merchant Taylors' Company, by servitude to Henry Clinkard, the 17th Nov. 1617, as I am informed by G. V. Neunburg, Esq. the present master of that company. O. G.

‡ We may say to Mr. Chalmers—*Medice, cura teipsum!*

er number, jointly and separately, including those entered in Henslowe's MSS. Heywood, or as Mr. Chalmers emphatically calls him, "much writing Heywood," perhaps, even more: * can Mr. Chalmers produce an example of contemporaneous *industry* equally *copious*? It is pleasant to hear Mr. Chalmers talk of "such scribblers as Dekker and Heywood!" Assuming the fact of Shakspeare's being a "copious collector of common-place scraps," the apologist confidently demands, "Now, what dramatic poet, in that age, grew to a little wealth and credit in the scene, except Shakspeare?" Not construing *wealth and credit in the scene* to mean literally *money*, I think it hardly necessary to point out to Mr. Chalmers, amidst the great constellation of wits that adorned the age in which Shakspeare flourished, and among which he shone the brightest, an instance of a poet gaining credit in the scene. If Mr. Chalmers's memory will not serve him on this occasion, why, "God comfort his capacity, I say," with goodman Dull. The open and avowed quarrel of Jonson with Dekker might have suggested the probability of its being levelled at him, and have incited inquiry into the resemblance from internal evidence; but the truth is, Mr. Chalmers had not read "The Poetaster" of Ben, or he would have found in the prologue to the satire, that Dekker was the *poet-ape* of Jonson; † and a perusal of the drama would have confirmed the fact past question. The epigram in question seems to have irritated Crispinus not a little: numberless allusions to epigrams, made by Jonson occur in the Satriomastix of the latter, and he appears to have smarted severely under the lash. To put that on "poet-ape" completely out of doubt, as far as concerns Shakspeare, it is only necessary, once for all, to observe, that Dekker stung by this epigram, that he could not conceal the pain which it inflicted; and the last speech of Crispinus in Satriomastix thus manifests the poet's throes from these unfortunate lines:

* Thomas Heywood was a writer for the stage as early as 1596; and, in an address to the reader, prefixed to "The English Traveller," 4to. 1633, he says he had written *in part*, or in the whole, no less than two hundred and twenty dramatic pieces.

† Are there no players here? no poetapes,
That come with basilisk's eyes, whose forked tongues
Are steeped in venom, as their hearts in gall?

Prologue to Jonson's Poetaster.

That fearful wreath, this honour is your due,
All poets shall be poet-apes but you.

As in all his other charges against Ben, Mr. Chalmers is merely an echo of preceding commentators, and as he evidently made a strenuous effort at originality on the present occasion, it is not without emotions of pity that I rescue the old bard from the well-intended blow of "*the leaden mace.*"

When Dekker published his "*Satiromastix*," Jonson was new to the stage, and had few claims to the applause of the theatre: when he had produced his "*Volpone*," "*The Silent Woman*," and above all, "*The Alchemist*," perhaps Dekker would not have thought him an object for scorn to point his finger at. These, with his beautiful masques, some of his smaller poems, and even the scintillations sparkling through "*Cynthia's Revels*," "*Every Man in his Humour*," and "*Every Man out of his Humour*," might have demanded a smile of favour, or at least conciliated the repulsive disposition of the *apologist*: but Mr. Chalmers has no sympathy with "*humorous poets*"—*τα ὄντα ἡμᾶς, ὅδ' ἐν πορὸς ἡμᾶς.*

My task draws to a close; and the cause is before a competent tribunal. Jonson has been accused of heavy crimes upon fictitious and imaginary foundations. How hard it is to prove a negative need not be shown: but the testimony in his favour does not rest here: we have incontrovertible evidences of their friendly attachment; to which should be added the uncommon zeal, with which Jonson cherished the literary reliques of his friend. We have seen that he composed an elegy on his death; that he inscribed his resemblance with his praise; and Mr. Malone thinks that he wrote the preface to the first collection of his works. Nor did time diminish Jonson's regard, or efface the remembrance of his companion from his mind. Many years after Shakespeare's death, Ben with warmth exclaimed, "I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasie, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped; *sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Marterius."

One circumstance in the history of Jonson's life is too illustrative of his friendly ardour to be omitted here. When in his fifty-seventh year, he undertook a journey on foot into Scotland, for the express purpose of visiting the poet of Hawthornden. Ben appears to have dwelt with fond remembrance on the occurrences of this excursion, and had formed them into a narrative, which unfortunately perished by fire; I say unfortunately; for, had it been preserved, we could then have contrasted the rough and manly generosity of Ben towards Drummond with the posthumous libel with which that testy sonneteer has disgraced himself and traduced the memory of his friend. In their conversations Drummond drew from the blunt and unreserved mind of Ben his censure of the poets his contemporaries; which he gave with candour, and which are for the most part just; not suspecting that Drummond ("the acute and amiable Drummond," as Mr. Chalmers calls him, who was any thing but acute, and here any thing but amiable*), was treasuring these overflowings of the poet's mind for the unworthy purpose of slandering the memory of Ben when he was numbered with the dead:—to his own eternal shame, and the reproach of hospitality.

These conversations are found in a worthless edition of Drummond's works, printed at Edinburgh, in folio, in 1711; and if the relation is genuine, it will leave an indelible stamp of disgrace on the reputation of the recorder. Those who remember the remarks of Dr. Johnson on the publication of the posthumous works of the demagogue Lord Bolingbroke, by Mallet, will not fail to apply them on the present occasion.

I have now little to add. If the memory of men, honourable in their generation, deserve our respect and reverence; if the writings of poets, who have bequeathed their works as legacies to posterity, have any claim

* A contemporary, who knew Drummond a little better than Mr. Chalmers, calls him "Testy Drummond;" in a defense of poesie, appended to "The most pleasurable Historie of Albino and Bellama," 8vo. 1639.

Mr. Chalmers seems frequently to speak of Jonson, Drummond, and others, to persuade us that he "knows something of them;" as he published his "Apology" to convince the late George Steevens that he "knew something about Shakspeare."

upon our regard; if truth, whoever and whatever the subject, be worth attaining; the present pages may be endured. For these purposes they are written; and it is hoped, with diffidence, that by them truth will be elucidated. No example can be instanced in literary history of a poet of Jonson's extraordinary merit so unworthily and ungratefully treated. An invidious position is asserted, without the slightest proof from historical testimony, and his writings are tortured and perverted to support the fallacious theory. Years have passed in this disgraceful warfare, and no lover of literature has hitherto stepped in, to refute the charges, and check the progress of malicious dullness. If I have undertaken the cause of the poet, it has not been without a perfect conviction of my inability to do full justice to the task; nor should I have engaged in it, but from the most decided confidence in the justice of the cause. My motive has been, to rescue a venerable bard, who has many substantial claims upon our gratitude, from charges founded on error and fostered by misrepresentation. If Jonson is unfortunate in his advocate, I shall have my reward if this imperfect essay shall excite some abler pen to undertake the office. That there are ample means of defence, I am fully persuaded from the examples adduced, the result of a few days' casual and interrupted study. It is not necessary for Jonson to perish, that Shakspeare may flourish; *his* fame is fixed on a foundation "as broad and general as the casing air;" and the commentator, or critic, injures the fame of the "gentle Shakspeare," who would raise him a phoenix from the ashes of another.

O'KEEFE'S PLAYS.

WHATEVER may be the defects of O'Keefe's pieces, they cannot be charged with either immorality, or indecency—no man has succeeded in the *broad laugh* more inoffensively—he might at times be *trivial*, but he is seldom or never *coarse*; and though many of his plays have not the seeds of longevity in them, his "Wild Oats," "Son-in-Law," "Poor Soldier," &c. possess that simplicity of humour, and moral impression, that it must be more the neglect of the times than their demerit, if they are not long found in the course of representation.

POETRY.

STANZAS.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF WARWICK CALMADY RICHARDSON, ESQ.
TO MARIANNE, ONLY DAUGHTER OF JAMES WALKER, OF
LONDON, ESQ.

LO ! where the lark on flutt'ring wings,
Darts through the morning's balmy air !
And hark ! how sweetly soft he sings,
As up he mounts the welkin fair !

Thus, soars the soul of Warwick high,
Upborne on Hope's expansive wings !
That Marianna's mounts the sky !
Transported on electric springs.

O ! may each social rapture warm,
Both Warwick and his blooming fair,
O ! may they find a constant charm,
In marriage that's without compare !

May health attend where'er they rove,
And fling her sweetest scents around ;
The pleasures of their harmless love,
With beauteous progeny be crown'd !

And when the vital light shall wane,
May each depart without a sigh ;
And that immortal bliss obtain,
Dispens'd by the Supreme on high !—

Grafton-street, July 1808.

J. G.

SONNET TO HORATIO *****

***** ! though the arm of Malice was uprear'd,
To hurl destruction on thy guiltless head ;
And though thou hast beneath oppression bled !
Still are thy maxims by the good rever'd ?
And though on thee thick-headed dulness sneer'd,
Begot by Folly and by Ignorance fed.
Still thou hast brav'd the storm, devoid of dread,
And art from Scylla and Charybdis clear'd !

Like Atlas firm thou scorn'd'st each ruffian blast,
 And stood'st immoveable amidst a sea,
 Whose waves tremendous bellow'd as they past,
 And swore eternal misery to Thee !
 So Virtue stands, amidst each grievous wrong,
 True to herself, immutable and strong !

Grafton-street, August 1, 1808.

J. G.

SONNET,

TO A. B..... OF HAMMERSMITH.

O ! that some aerial Pow'r wou'd lend its aid,
 And kindly whisper that thy passion's true ;
 That some congenial Spirit would invade
 Thy dubious heart, and every care subdue !
 O ! that the day---the prosperous day wou'd shine,
 Spreading its radiance on my hapless state ;
 Then might I near thy guardian form recline,
 And bless the star, for my auspicious fate !
 But, ah ! still bound in Melancholy's cell,
 Like thee, pale moon ! I'm doom'd alas ! to wane ;
 And as the midnight shades eve's rays dispel,
 So fly my hopes before remorseless pain !
 Yet like the sun that yields th' ensuing morn,
 Thy genuine smiles wou'd all my woes adorn !

Cannon-street, August 12, 1808.

M. P. A. Z.

TO MISS SARAH MORGAN,
 OF YATTON-COURT, HEREFORDSHIRE.

BEHOLD, my love, this flow'ret fair !
 How sweetly all its folds expand !
 O, mark ! with what a modest air,
 It courts thy kind relieving hand !
 But, soft ! I hear its lowly sighs,
 And, ah ! I view the struggling tear,
 Steal from its mildly beaming eyes,
 As radiant and as crystal clear !
 Thus Virtue oft in misery lies,
 Adorn'd with every winning charm ;
 Thus sterling Genius often sighs,
 And lingers, void of Friendship's arm !

But thou wast form'd by Heaven divine,
 To shield the weak from every storm ;
 To succour Worth with care benign,
 To lure us, and our ways reform !
 To thee there's none that pleads in vain,
 And though e'en Guilt herself attend,
 Thou'rt ever prompt to soothe her pain,
 And all her craving wants befriend !
 Let poets sing of lovers kind,
 Of sparkling eyes and peerless graces,
 Give me the gem of lib'ral mind,
 For that outshines the sweetest faces !
 But when the lib'ral mind is given,
 And blended with exterior graces ;
 Then man thinks earth a second heaven,
 And in his Fair an angel traces !
 Thus, when on thee I cast my eyes,
 Dear charming girl ! I soon discover,
 That *Yalton-court* a heaven supplies,
 And that an angel is my lover !!

August 1st, 1808.

HORATIO.

ALLA SPAGNA, ALL' ITALIA, ALL' EUROPA.

FREME l' Tiranno altero, che sol pone
 Ogni diritto nel sanguigno brando,
 Che, soggigar il Mondo desiando,
 Britannia sola al suo voler s'opponne.

Quindi pien di furore, qual Nerone,
 Mentre decreti ognor va fulminando,
 Geme l'Europa, e dice sospirando,
 " Nel tuo valor confido, invitta Albione !

L'unica speme sei di libertate,
 Col tuo Sovran magnanimo, che regna
 Con Virtù, con vigor, con dignitate.
 Deh resisti al feroce, che disegna,
 Dopo te, calpestar l'umanità ;
 Satan l'incita, e l'empio il Ciel disdegna."

Ma già pena condegna
 (Paga oramai di punir li falli altrui)

Mandagli giù da la sfera superna
La Provvidenza Eterna !
Dì generoso sdegno i figli tui,
Iberia sconsolata,
Volan qual turbo a vendicar l'onore,
Su l'empio Usurpatore,
De la lor Patria si contaminata !
Magnanimo il Britanno
Efficace soccorso a voi già manda,
Alle invitte commanda
Squadre sue di sol far guerra al Tirano.
Ne le vicende de la dubbia sorte
L'Ispan prisco valor vi sia presente,
Con fermezza, alla mente:
Per la Patria, e'l Savran bella è la morte.
Con l'orrenda *perfidia*, non ascosa,
La pace è vergognosa.
Scuoti l'indegno giogo, Italia mia,
Siegui d'Iberia 'l glorioso esempio !
Vile serva d'un empio
Sara chi Gran Regina esser dovria ?
Ma già l'Europa, di rossore tinta,
Dalla gloria rispiuta,
Risorge a cancellar da la sua fronte
Gl'errori gravi, e l'onte.
Qual Attila, flagel del germe umano,
Vinto, di rabbia insano,
Fugge 'l terror de' vili, non de' fieri
Angli, Ispani guerrieri !
Van' è 'l fuggir ! reciso è 'l teschio orrendo,
Anchor d'ira fremendo,
Qual d'Oloferne, o di Nadir atroce !
Si rasserena 'l Ciel, torna giocondo :
Ride, respira l' mondo ;
Mentre giù spinta e l'anima feroce !
All'orribile porta fa tragitto,
Dov' al barlume è scritto,
" Lasciate ogni speranza, o voi, ch' entrate,"
Scettri rapendo all'anime dannate.

Londra, Luglio, 1808.

*L. E. discendente
di un vero Sappho.*

THE LONDON THEATRES.

HAYMARKET.

JULY

28. *Iron Chest*—Plot and Counterplot.

29. [Never acted.] *THE AFRICANS*; or *War, Love, and Duty*. The overture and music composed and selected by Mr. Kelly. Farulho (the priest), Mr. Thompson; Torribal, Mr. Farley; Madi-boo, Mr. Fawcett; Selico, Mr. Young; Demba Sego Jalla (King of Kasson), Mr. Palmer, jun.; Daucari, Mr. Carles; Fetterwell, Mr. Grove; Marrowbone, Mr. Menage; Henry Augustus Mug, Mr. Liston; Berissa, Mrs. Gibbs; Darina, Mrs. St. Leger; Sutta, Mrs. Liston. The scenery by Mr. Morris, &c.. Sylvester Daggerwood—Mrs. Wiggins.

30. *Ib.*—Seeing is Believing—Cheats of Scapin.

AUGUST

1. *Ib.*—Love laughs at Locksmiths.

2. *Ib.*—Sylvester Daggerwood—Waterman.

3. *Ib.*—Mock Doctor—Spoilt Child. Little Pickle, Mrs. Belamy.

4. *Ib.*—Ways and Means.

5. *Ib.*—Ghost—Cheats of Scapin.

6. *Ib.*—Music Mad—Follies of a Day.

8. *Ib.*—Spoilt Child—Catch him who can.

9. *Ib.*—Mrs Wiggins—Tale of Mystery.

10. *Ib.*—Seeing is Believing—Hunter of the Alps.

11. *Ib.*—Mock Doctor—Katharine and Petruchio.

12. *Ib.*—Blind Boy. Edmond (1st time), Miss A. De Camp.

13. *Ib.*—Plot and Counterplot—Music Mad.

15. *Ib.*—Recruiting Serjeant—Tom Thumb.

16. [Mr. FARLEY'S Night.] *Blind Boy*—Plot and Counterplot—Valentine and Orson. Valentine, Mr. Farley; Orson, Mr. Grimaldi, (his 1st appearance on this stage); Hugo, Mr. Grove; Green Knight, Mr. Menage.

17. *Africans*—Ghost—Escapes.

18. [Mr. TAYLOR'S Night.] *Five Miles off*—Review. Looney Mactwelter, a Gentleman, (1st appearance on any stage). Imitations—Hob in the Well, (1st time for 15 years.) Hob, Mr. Taylor; Hob's Father, Mr. Noble; Betty, Mrs. Taylor; Flora, Mrs. Mathews.

19. *Africans*—Blind Boy.

20. *Revenge*—Music Mad—Village Lawyer.

22. [Mr. MATHEW'S Night.] *Young Quaker*—Blue Devils.—(Never acted) *FIRST COME FIRST SERV'D*; or, the *Biter Bit*. Characters by Messrs. Liston, Farley, Mathews, Noble, Mrs. Davenport, Miss De Camp.

The *AFRICANS*, is the production of Mr. Colman, an author whose name ranks deservedly high among the dramatic writers of the day. In the present instance he has not been eminently successful. There is a substantial interest in the story; but it is too much dilated, and the deficiency of Incident is supplied by a super-

abundance of Dialogue, the plot is from a Tale of Florian's, which, as a narrative, is beautifully simple and impressive, but in adapting it to the Stage, the author has been obliged to look to other sources for materials, and thus, "mixed with baser matter," much of the original interest, and pathos has escaped. The Comic scenes of *Mug*, whimsical as they are in the contrivance, and comic in the effect, can only be considered as so much intrusive buffoonery, suddenly interrupting the interest which the distress of the African family has excited. When their history is resumed, sympathy is again to be awakened, the interim, having dissipated all our emotions. This may be said of all serio comic pieces, but the defect, unavoidable in a Drama so constructed, has seldom been felt more powerfully than in this instance. The story will not well bear to be broken, especially by means so violent. The following, taken from the newspaper, seems to be a pretty correct sketch of the fable.

Act 1st.—Selico is about to be married to Berissa, when the Mandingoes invade Bondon. Madiboo in a shooting excursion sees a party of the enemy, but supposing them to be stragglers, he resolves not to give any alarm till the nuptials of his brother shall be celebrated. In the mean time the town is attacked, and as the priest is uniting the hands of the lovers, intelligence is brought that half the city is already in flames, and the invaders sparing neither sex nor age, are rapidly advancing to the temple. The ceremony is of course stopped—the Mandingoes destroy Tatteconda, and exterminate its inhabitants.

Act 2.—Torribal and Madiboo escape with Darina, and conceal her in a hut.—Madiboo leaves this asylum to seek provisions for his mother—he meets Selico, who relates to him that amongst the slain he found the headless and mangled bodies of Berissa and her father. Madiboo persuades him to seek sustenance for his mother, and soon after his departure, falls in with Mug, who has become secretary of state to the conqueror, and obtains from him a basket of provisions. With these, he returns to the hut, where he finds Selico, whose search has been unsuccessful. The three brothers consult on the means of providing for their mother. Selico proposes to be taken to the Mandingo camp, and sold to the English slave merchants, who have arrived to purchase prisoners. Torribal and Madiboo wish to have it decided by lots, but he overrules them, and sets off with the latter.

Act 3.—On his arrival he finds that his sale can only produce a sufficiency to support his mother for a few days, and hearing a very large reward offered for the apprehension of some unknown person who had on the preceding night procured access to the favourite captive of the King, he determines that his brother shall give him up as the delinquent. This is done, and Madiboo obtains the reward. He is for his alleged crime sentenced to be burned with the female prisoner he is supposed to have visited. The culprits are led to stakes opposite each other, and in his fellow-sufferer he discovers his Berissa. Her father now rushes in, and proves to have been her clandestine visitor. Darina also appears with Torribal and Madiboo; and the King touched with the constancy and filial affection of the lovers, pardons and gives them to each other.

The story being ready for his purpose, and so finely wrought by the Inventor that nothing was necessary to be added, Mr. Colman

has employed his chief labour upon the *Dialogue*, which is highly ornamented, and in the most vigorous stile of the author; but the labour is mis-applied, for the characters required the utmost simplicity of diction, and when a morsel of bread is all the famished mother requires, her hard hearted children feed her with nothing but cramped words, studied antitheses, and a bundle of high flown metaphors. This is a great fault in a play like the present. There are always sufficient opportunities for a writer, gifted like Mr. Colman, to shew that he is a poet; but when the object is to reach the heart, he should not travel to it by a circuitous route.

For the reasons we have stated, the effect of this Drama is not very powerful. The first Act possesses every thing that is necessary; and the Contest of affection between the three Brothers in the second, is exquisitely touching. The third Act is a *botch*. It is an Act of mere declamation prolonged till patience itself begins to cry out; and the subject, thus amply discussed, is now become so stale as to pull both on the ear and on the mind. The lovesick *Selico*, distracted for the supposed loss of his half-married wife, heart-broken on account of afflictions which overwhelm his family, and in momentary expectation of death, becomes all at once a subtle disputant, and declamatory bully; while poor *Demba Sego Jallo* very patiently supplies him from his throne with the materials of his argument. By the bye this *King of the Mandingoes*, who had been previously represented as a bloodstained usurper, and savage monster, blacker even than Bonaparte, (*blacker* he certainly is in complexion but we did not intend a pun) turns out to be a most amiable character; brave, polished, forbearing, acute, and really magnanimous. The *Denouement* is flat and common.

The comic division of the play rests entirely with *Henry Augustus Mug*, who is a sort of Trudge, more farcical, but less amusing. There are boundaries even to extravagance, and when Mr. Colman planned the introduction of a *Cockney* into Tatteconda, and made him a Secretary of state, we have no doubt he was astonished at his own temerity. That a King like *Demba Sego Jallo* should give him such an appointment does not add much to the probability. Some of the incidents in the last act have been dramatized in *Il Bon-docani*; probably from the same original.

The performers distinguished themselves greatly. The Brothers were well represented by Young, Farley, and Fawcett. The latter played admirably, and was doubtless, the great support of the piece. He displayed infinite skill, and in the affecting scenes no Tragedian could have worked upon the feelings more powerfully. Liston is *himself alone*; his humour never fails; and we have no doubt *his Mug*, if not the author's, will long be a source of theatrical attraction.

The music is by Kelly; but there is nothing striking in it. The following song, a sort of parody on the popular ballad of *Won't you come to the Bower* was sung by Liston with prodigious effect.

By trade I am a turner, and Mug it is my name,
To buy a lot of Ivory, to Africa I came;
I met a trading Blackamoor, a woolly old humbug,
He coax'd me up his laud, and made a slave of Mr. Mug.
Crying won't you, won't you, won't you, come Mr. Mug?
Won't you, won't you? &c.

My skin is lily white; and my colour here is new,
So the first man whom they sold me to, he thump'd me black and blue.

The priest, who bought me from him, in a tender-hearted tone,
Said come from that great blackguard's house, and walk into my own.
Crying won't you, won't you? &c.

Good luck! but to behold the vicissitudes of fate!

I'm his black Mandingo Majesty's white Minister of State.

For hours, in my lobby, my petitioners shall stay,
And wish me at the Devil, when I hold my levee day;

Crying won't you, won't you, won't you, won't you come Mr. Mug?
Won't you, won't you, &c*.

On the 12th of August Miss A. DECAMP performed *Edmund* in the *Blind Boy* for the first time. She is a miniature of her sister, under whose able instruction she seems to have prepared herself for the Character, and acquitted herself extremely well.

Mr. GRIMALDI played *Orson* in the grand Melodrama from Covent Garden, produced for Mr. Farley's Benefit, when the house was crowded in every part.

FIRST COME FIRST SERVED; OR, THE BITER BIT—The principal effect of this little piece arises from the whimsical adventures of two rival Fortune Hunters, admirably supported by Farley and Liston, who in their endeavours to obtain the hand of a young Lady of fortune apply without informing each other to a loquacious, and humourous Country Hair Dresser for assistance. The Hair Dresser performed by Mathews, with his usual drollery and success, promises to aid each of them, with a determination to baffle both, and the tricks and schemes which he employs are full of comic humour. By his ingenuity the young lady is saved from their clutches, and married to her lover. Mrs. Davenport in the part of an amorous old maid, devoted to the study of botany, was very happy; with a very slight alteration, to produce a little more stage effect, we think this Farce would become a favourite with the Public. It is not as some of the newspapers stated, the production of Sir James Bland Burgess, but we believe of Sir John Carr. The former gentleman we understand has a Drama in preparation at this theatre; and as we have few better poets or more elegant writers we hope it will shortly be brought forward. The new Farce was very favourably received. The author is indebted for his principal incident to a French Piece called *Le premier vener*.

COUNTRY THEATRES.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS OF THE LONDON ACTORS.—Elliston has been at Dublin, and Edinburgh; Cooke at Newcastle, and is about to proceed to Liverpool; Pope at Dublin; Jones at Manchester, Buxton, &c. Mr. and Mrs. H. Siddons at Liverpool and Glasgow; Mrs. Powell at Glasgow and Edinburgh; Mr. and Mrs. C. Kemble at Bristol, Brighton, and Lewes; Miss Smith at Dublin and Liverpool; Mrs. H. Johnston at the latter place; Munden in Ireland and at Manchester; Incedon and Johnstone in Dublin; Bellamy and Mrs. Dickons at Dublin and Belfast; Raymond, as acting manager, at Glasgow; Mrs. Litchfield is at Worthing; Kelly is with Catalani in Ireland.

* Mr. Colman received Eleven Hundred Pounds for this piece!

Mrs. Edwin, it is said, has quitted the Dublin stage, and is engaged in Scotland. The Margate Theatre is supported by Wilmot Wells (manager), De Camp, Wheatley, Lovegrove, Holliday, Ditcher, Miss Martyr, Miss Wheatley, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Ditcher, and the Miss Dennyets.

At Widdsbor the performers are Messrs. Putnam, Browne, Dalton, Sims, Mrs. Mudie, Mrs. Walley, and Mrs. Sims.

The Drury-lane Theatre is to be under the direction of Mr. T. Sheridan; Mr. Wroughton remains acting manager; and Mr. Graham will continue to give his advice and assistance with respect to the new pieces to be represented, and other theatrical arrangements.

Mr. Crisp has taken the Birmingham Theatre.

Half of the Brighton Theatre has been purchased for something more than 5000 guineas by Sir Thomas Clarges.

The Earl of Guildford has been gratifying his visitors at Wroxton with the representation of *Romeo and Juliet*. He performed *Old Capulet* himself. Mr. Kemble was the *Friar Lawrence*; Mrs. Kemble the *Nurse*. The love-sick hero and heroine of the piece were performed by Master St. Leger and his sister. The whole was conducted with the regularity of a public theatre, and afforded much entertainment to the company.

THE LATE MRS. WARREN, SISTER TO THE COUNTESS OF CRAVEN.

(From *The Baltimore North American*.)

SIR—The following Hendecasyllabic Ode, not more distinguished for the pure and graceful latinity of its style, than the delicacy and beauty of the conceptions, was addressed to the late Mrs. Warren, then Miss Brunton*, by Francis Wroughton. It speaks more than volumes could in her praise; and will be read with fond regret, by every admirer of that accomplish'd actress, who, alas! is now no more.

AD BRUNTONAM,

E GRANTA EXITURAM.

Nostri præsidium et decus theatri;
O tu, Melpomenes severioris
Certe filia! quam decere formæ
Donavit Cytherea; quam Minerva
Duxit per dubiæ vias juventæ,
Per plausus populi periculosos;—
Nec lapsam—precor, O nec in futuram
Lapsuram. Satis et Camœna dignis
Quæ te commemoret modis? Acerbos

* Died, at Alexandria, on Tuesday afternoon last, after a short but severe illness, Mrs. Ann Warren, the amiable consort of Mr. Warren, one of the managers of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Theatres.—Could the writer so command his feelings upon the present melancholy occasion; as to enable him to enter into a detail of the excellencies of Mrs. Warren's theatrical character, it would be superfluous, her celebrity having long since diffused itself over both her native, and this, her adopted, country.—

(*New York Paper*, July 6, 1808.).

Sen proferre *Monimæ* dolores,
 Frater cum vetitos (nefas!) ruabat
 In fratris thalamos, parumque caste
 Vexabat pede; sive *Julietæ*
 Luctantes odio paterno amores
 Maris: te sequantur Horror,
 Arrectusque comas Pavor. Vicissim
 In fletum populus jubetur ire,
 Et suspiria personant theatrum.

Mox divinior entitescis, altrix
 Altoris vigile et parens parentis.
 At non Græcia sola vindicavit
 Paternæ column decusque vitæ
 Natam; restat item patri Britannæ
 Et par *Euphrasie* puella, quamque
 Ad scenam pietas tulit paternam.

O Bruntona, cito exitura virgo,
 Et visu cito subtrahenda nostro!
 Breves delicæ! dolorque longus!
 Gressum siste parumper ore; teque
 Virtutusque tuas lyrâ sonandas
 Tradit Granta suis vicissim alumniis.

TRANSLATION.

Maid of unboastful charms, whom white rob'd Truth,
 Right onward guiding thro' the maze of youth,
 Forbade the Circe, Praise, to 'witch thy soul,
 And dash'd to earth th' intoxicating bowl;
 Thee meek-eyed Pity, eloquently fair,
 Clasp'd to her bosom, with a mother's care;
 And, as she lov'd thy kindred form to trace,
 The slow smile wander'd o'er her pallid face.
 For never yet did mortal voice impart
 Tones more congenial to the sadden'd heart;
 Whether to rouse the sympathetick glow,
 Thou pourest lone *Monimia's* tale of woe;
 Or happy clothest, with funereal vest,
 The bridal loves that wept in *Juliet's* breast.
 O'er our chill limbs the thrilling terrors creep,
 Th' entranc'd passions still their vigils keep;
 Whilst the deep sighs, responsive to the song,
 Sound through the silence of the trembling throng.

But purer raptures lighten'd from thy face,
 And spread o'er all thy form an holier grace;
 When from the daughter's breasts the father drew
 The life he gave, and mix'd the big tear's dew.

Nor was it thine th' heroic strain to roll,
 With mimic feelings, foreign from the soul;
 Bright in thy parent's eye we mark'd the tear;
 Methought he said, "thou art no actress here!
 A semblance of thyself, the Grecian dame,
 And Brunton and *Euphrasia* still the same!"
 O! soon to seek the city's busier scene,
 Pause then awhile, thou chaste eyed maid serene,
 Till Granta's sons, from all her sacred bow'rs,
 With grateful hand shall weave Pierian flow'rs,
 To twine a fragrant chaplet, round thy brow.
 Enchanting mistress of virtuous woe.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the press, or in preparation.

BIOGRAPHY. The Second Volume of the Rev. Mr. Wool's Memoirs of Dr. Jos. Warton. Account of the Life and Writings of the late James Bruce, Esq. of Kinnaird; by Alexander Murray, F. A. S. E. Account of the Life and Writings of the late Mr. Joseph Strutt. Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir Philip Sidney; by Thomas Zouch, D. D. F. L. S. Prebendary of Durham. Life of Abraham Newland, Esq.

TRAVELS, &c. Travels through Russia, the Territories of the Don Cossacks, Kuban Tartary, the Grand Crimea, &c. by the Rev. Dr. Edward Clarke, of Cambridge. Observations on a Series of Journeys through the States of New Holland and New York, intended to illustrate the Topography, Agriculture, Commerce, Government, Literature, Manners, Morals, and Religion, of those Countries.

NOVELS, &c. The Murderer; or, the Fall of Lecas; by J. Bounden. Romantic Tales; by M. G. Lewis, Esq. The Female Minor; by Dr. Campbell.

BOTANY. Practical Botany; being a new Illustration of the Genera of Plants; by R. J. Thornton, M. D.

POETRY. Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, who lived about the Time of Shakspeare, with Notes; by Chs. Lamb. The Shipwreck of St. Paul; a Seatonian Prize Poem; by the Rev. C. J. Hoare. Translations, Imitations, and other Poems; by the Hon. Capt. Herbert. Latin and Italian Poems of Milton, translated into English Verse; and a Fragment of a Commentary on Paradise Lost; by the late Wm. Cowper, Esq.; published for the Benefit of Mr. Cowper's Orphan Godson. Pastoral Care; a Poem.

DRAMA. Plot and Counterplot; a Farce, by Mr. Charles Kemble.

MISCELLANEOUS. Naval Records of the present War; by the Rev. J. S. Clarke; consisting of a Series of Engravings, from original Designs, by Mr. N. Pocock, illustrative of our principal Engagements at Sea, accompanied with Historical Accounts: the Engravings by Fittler, Landseer, &c. A Guide to Burleigh House, the Seat of the Marquis of Exeter, by Mr. Drakard, of Stamford, to be embellished with Engravings by Messrs. Storer and Greig, from Drawings by Mr. E. Blore. Intrigues of the Queen of Spain with the Prince of Peace and others; written by a Spanish Nobleman.



J. Northcote R.A. pinx.

Meyer sculp.

Published by Mathews & Leigh, Oct. 1. 1808.

THE
CABINET;
OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF
POLITE LITERATURE.

OCTOBER, 1808.

JAMES NORTHCOTE, ESQ. R. A.

JAMES NORTHCOTE descends from a family of high antiquity, and most respectable character, in the county of Devon. They trace their annals as far back as the Conquest, and their name and credit, if not with affluence, have been transmitted with unimpaired estimation to the present possessor. Mr. Northcote, we understand, was born at Plymouth, about the year 1746. His father, from the gradual decline of hereditary fortune, was a respectable tradesman in that town. Young Northcote, at a very early period of life, had displayed a strong propensity for the art of painting; but, as his grandfather had practised that art with indifferent success, his father discouraged all the attempts of our dawning genius, considering the height necessary for excellence, and consequent advantage, as too difficult for attainment in the situation of his family. The ardour of early enthusiasm was not, however, to be chilled by the coldness of parental caution. Mr. Northcote took all possible opportunities of improving his natural talents, and was of so studious a disposition, that it is confidently said he never wandered farther than twenty miles from the place of his birth, till he reached his twenty-fifth year.

Eager to see the metropolis, not to gratify a juvenile desire of partaking its amusements, but with an anxious curiosity to behold the treasures of art, which it was supposed to contain, and to signalize his talents on the great theatre of life, he obtained a recommendatory letter from

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the celebrated Dr. Mudge, of Plymouth, to Sir Joshua Reynolds. A letter from a man of such abilities, learning, and moral worth, as Dr. Mudge, implied no inconsiderable share of merit in the bearer; and the great artist to whom it was addressed soon found such promising talents in the young candidate for fame, as induced him to encourage him with praise and protection. Sir Joshua at length invited Mr. Northcote into his house, where he continued for about five years, deriving all possible advantage from the instructions and example of his great master, while he enlarged his conceptions, and improved his general powers, by a familiar intercourse with all the celebrated characters who resorted to that classic receptacle of literature and genius.

Mr. Northcote, however, possessed a mind that was not to be satisfied with one scene of action, however diversified, and however instructive. He glowed with impatient solicitude to behold all the achievements of genius, and all the monuments of antiquity, that were to be found in Italy; therefore, about the year 1777, he departed for the Continent, and took his way through Paris to Italy, encountering many obstacles, arising from an ignorance of the languages of the countries through which he passed. His pencil, however, spoke for him, wherever he went, with so much eloquence, that he obtained applause, distinction, and regard.

At Rome he continued three years, and improved himself by copying several of the most celebrated works in that august repository of the arts, but more by a diligent examination of the merits of the compositions to which the respective artists were indebted for the honours they attained.

Mr. Northcote, during his residence in Italy, was soon admitted a member of the Ancient Etruscan Academy at Cartona, as well as of the Imperial Academy at Florence. The same distinction he obtained in the academy Dei Forti, at Rome. He was requested to paint a portrait of himself, to be placed in the gallery at Florence, among the brightest ornaments of the charming art he professed. This portrait, we have heard, is distinguished for spirit, vigour, and classic taste.

In the year 1780, fraught with all the solid information, judgment, energy, and refinement, which could be gathered in various parts of Italy, he turned his thoughts towards his native country, ambitious of acquiring dis-

unction among those to whom he was endeared by all the laudable pride of patriotism. Still, however, desirous of availing himself of every possible means for acquiring varied excellence in his art, he passed through Flanders in his way to England, that he might see the Flemish School in its full perfection.

We should have observed, that though devoted to painting during his travels on the Continent, he soon mastered the difficulties in the languages of the countries where he resided, and became familiar with all who were admired for talents and learning. In this respect he was, doubtless, not a little assisted by his friend Prince Hoare, an elegant and enlightened scholar, who was in Italy at the same time, and who was the associate of his amusements, and the companion of his studies.

Upon his return to London, Mr. Northcote found that, in the provinces of history and portrait, the ground was pre-occupied. He, therefore, visited his native county, where the reputation which he had acquired during his absence, and more particularly during his residence in Italy, gave such celebrity to his name, that he found continual employment for his pencil in portrait painting. Having derived considerable profit from his practice in Devonshire, he thought he possessed enough to enable him to commence his career in the metropolis, to which he returned. The town was still overstocked with portrait painters, and therefore he employed himself chiefly on subjects of history and imagination. The work that first drew the attention of the public at large, and obtained the warm approbation of the best critics, was founded on the providential escape of Captain Inglefield, from the wreck of the Centaur. This work is now in the possession of the Earl of Gainsborough. It exhibited so much excellence, that, after having produced a few others of similar merit, he was soon judged worthy of being ranked among the best artists of the English School, and was therefore admitted as a member of the Royal Academy in the year 1786. The annual exhibition of every subsequent year attested the propriety of this appointment, and the Shakspeare Gallery, as well as other public repositories of art, bear the most honourable testimony to his talents and genius.

At length Mr. Northcote obtained his proper rank as a painter of portrait and history; and as a gentlemanly competency was in due time the recompence of his in-

dustry and talents, he is now able to indulge his natural disposition on such subjects as sentiment and imagination may happen to suggest. Like his great predecessor, Rubens, Mr. Northcote has often amused himself in painting lions, tigers, and other savage productions of nature, which he always represents with spirit, truth, and character.

It would require a more considerable portion of our miscellany than we can allot to one article, to specify the excellence of all the pictures which have raised the reputation of this artist to its present merited height. Nor is, indeed, such an exertion necessary, as admirable engravings, from his principal works, are in the hands of every judicious collector, as well as every pretender to critical taste.

It seems to be the general aim of Mr. Northcote, as a painter, to give to his pictures expression, and a dignified simplicity. He knows that the mind must be affected through the medium of the eye, and, therefore, though he endeavours to address the imagination and the judgment, he is careful to secure the favour of the external organ, without, however, weakening the general effect, by too ostentatious a labour of mechanical dexterity. His colouring is clear, vivid, and natural; his design correct; his outline bold; and his works have uniformly the merit of inspiring sentiment, and imparting to the mind an adequate conception of the subject.

Such is Mr. Northcote as a painter, and the testimony of a numerous train of friends places his domestic character upon a level with his professional genius. It would be improper to omit a circumstance, which indeed shews that his heart, in point of sensibility corresponds with the powers of his mind. A few years ago, as he was walking in Hyde Park, he saw a man in the Serpentine River, who had ventured too far, and who either could not swim, or had exhausted himself in the efforts of self-preservation. Mr. Northcote disencumbered himself of his clothes with the utmost rapidity, rushed immediately into the river, and had the happiness of preserving the poor man, though with such labour and difficulty as had nearly brought his own life into equal peril.

Such an incident should not pass without a due memorial, as it may spread the influence of philanthropic example, and as it proves that Mr. Northcote, as well as the character of a great artist, deserves the more honourable appellation of a GOOD MAN.

THE CHARACTER OF OUR SAVIOUR

BY MR. BELSHAM.

The character of Jesus is perfectly original. It is unlike every thing which had ever appeared in the world. There had indeed been eminent persons who had assumed the office of instructors of mankind in religion and virtue. But Jesus differed widely from them all in the nature of his doctrine, in his mode of instruction, in his habits of life and manner of conversation, in the character which he assumed, in the dignity of his conduct, in the authority of his language, in the proofs which he exhibited of a divine commission, and in the manner in which he left those proofs to make their proper impression upon the mind, without himself drawing the genuine conclusions.

He claimed to be the Messiah, the distinguished personage foretold by the prophets, and expected by the Jews. But the form which he assumed was totally different from that in which he was expected to appear; from that which an impostor would have worn; which all impostors did actually put on, and which the writer of a fictitious narrative would naturally have represented. He was expected to appear in all the splendour of a prince and a conqueror. He actually appeared under the form of a pauper and a servant.

The character which he thus assumed, so entirely new, so utterly unexpected, and in many respects so very offensive to his countrymen, he sustained with the most consummate propriety. The circumstances in which he was placed were numerous, various, and dissimilar to each other: some of them were very critical and difficult; nevertheless, upon all occasions he maintains the character of a prophet of God, of a teacher of truth and righteousness, with the most perfect consistency and dignity: in no instance does he forget his situation: upon no occasion, in no emergency, however sudden or unexpected, under no provocation, however irritating, is he surprised or betrayed to say or to do any thing unworthy of himself, or unbecoming the sublime and sacred mission with which he was charged.

To support the consistency of a fictitious character through considerable work, even though the character is

drawn from common life, is a mark of no ordinary capacity and judgment. But to adhere from beginning to end to truth of delineation in a character perfectly original, in circumstances various and new, and especially where supernatural agency is introduced, is characteristic of genius of the highest order. Attempts to represent a perfect character have failed in the hands of the greatest masters. Defects are visible in the portraits of the philosopher and of the hero, notwithstanding the masterly pencilling and the exquisite colouring of Plato and Xenophon. But the obscure and illiterate evangelists have succeeded to perfection. Not one writer only, but four. Not in describing different characters, in which they would not have been liable to have interfered with each other, but in the representation of the same unblemished and extraordinary character; to which each has contributed something which the rest have omitted, and yet all are perfectly consistent and harmonious—the unity of character is invariably preserved.

Admit that this character actually existed, allow that there was such a person as Jesus of Nazareth, and that the historians describe nothing but what they saw and heard, and to which they were daily witnesses, and the wonder ceases; all is natural and easy; the narrators were honest and competent witnesses; and Jesus was a true prophet of the Most High.

Deny these facts, and the history of the evangelists instantly swells into a prodigy of genius—a sublime fiction of the imagination, which surpasses all the most celebrated productions of human wit. The illiterate Galileans eclipse all the renowned historians, philosophers, and poets of Greece and Rome. But who will affirm, or who could believe this, of these simple, artless, unaffected writers? It is incredible, it is impossible, that these plain and unlettered men should have invented so extraordinary, so highly-finished, a romance. Their narrative therefore must be true. The prophet of Nazareth is a real person, and his divine legation is undeniable. I know not how this argument may appear to others; but to me it carries the force, almost, of mathematical demonstration. I cannot conceive of a proof which can be more satisfactory to a candid, an intelligent, and a well-informed mind.

THE EXPENCES OF A WIFE

TO BE REGULATED BY THE INCOME OF HER HUSBAND.

THIS subject, so intimately connected with the interest of a thousand families, and so important to domestic peace, has been ably discussed by Judge Hale, and the salutary doctrines of that venerable and worthy man are confirmed by the respectable opinion of Lord Kenyon, to whose memory, as an able lawyer and a good chief justice, notwithstanding his heat of temper and inveterate party propensities, I would wish to pay a tribute of applause.

Indeed some declaratory recital of the law, on this subject, was become highly necessary to check the seducing and too often irresistible attacks of the silk-mercenary on our pockets, through the medium of our affections.

Tradesmen of this class considering husbands *only as creatures who are to pay for every thing*; as passive animals, liable to every debt incurred by their wives without regard to fortune, propriety, or situation, think it fairly consistent with the spirit of traffic to tempt their fair but thoughtless customers to purchase every thing they like, and *at any price*.

But it has been clearly proved that such conduct is not only morally culpable, but contrary to the law of England, and the dictates of common sense; and it is soothing to a mind repining, perhaps irrationally repining, at the imperfection of human institutions, that, in the present instance, our courts of justice sympathise with the general feelings of mankind.

The wife of a respectable Leicestershire divine, whose name, for the sake of her family I suppress, was enticed by vanity, or the impression of bad example, to join the train and beat the rounds of dissipation, in its most fashionable abode.

A morning visit was made to one of those splendid exhibitions of female decoration, where the luxurious and the wealthy robe themselves in the trappings of superfluity, which are the proper ornaments of rank and affluence, but by which moderate fortunes are soon dissipated.

Bewitched by the equipages and dazzled by the coronets of some of her fair associates, the wife of a country clergyman, of moderate income, in a few weeks incurred a debt, amounting to more than one third of the

annual amount of the living which was to support her husband and family in the country.

The tradesman, whom I acquit of ill design, applied for payment, which was refused, and the matter, after the customary legal processes, was solemnly argued in the Court of King's Bench; the lady's friends having previously paid forty pounds into court, which was considered as more than a reasonable and adequate expenditure for a person of her condition, during so short a time.

The richness of satin, the breadth and the delicacy of lace, and the obsequious patient dexterity of a man-milliner, had no influence on the Judges, whose opinion was given in the following words, by the Chief Justice:

"This is a cause of great importance to the public, and, from the general influence its decision may produce, deserves particular consideration with the jury.

"If the plaintiff, in the present action, is permitted to recover the whole of his demand, I will venture to say, there is no man who may not be called on to answer for contracts which would ruin him.

"It is the law of England that the husband shall support his wife in a decent, becoming, proper, and, if you please, in a liberal manner; but, from certain mistakes and abuses of this law, it has become absolutely necessary that the question should be clearly understood, as it is impossible to suppose that it was designed as a license for extravagance, or to promote domestic profusion.

"This doctrine, I hope, will have some influence on tradesmen in general, who, in their eagerness for business, are too apt to invite an unlimited and indiscriminate credit, without regard to the circumstances or situation of their customers; and are often ruined, or put to great inconvenience, by the tardiness or non-payment of bills, which, with a considerate man, would never have been incurred.

"I am sorry that a respectable trader should be a loser; but when he carries his goods to market, he should carry prudence with them: if you are of the same opinion, gentlemen, you will give a verdict for the defendant; but if I have mistaken the morality or convenience of the case, you will find for the plaintiff, and give the difference between the bill and the money paid into court."

The jury agreed with the judges in favour of the clergyman.

SINGULARITY OF MANNERS.

BY THE LATE REVEREND MR. GRAVES.

There are few people of such mortified pretensions, as patiently to acquiesce under the total neglect of mankind: nay, so ambitious are most men of distinction, that they choose to be taken notice of, even for their absurdities, rather than to be entirely overlooked and lost in obscurity; and, if they despair of exciting the attention of the world, by any brilliant or useful accomplishment, they will endeavour to gain it by some ridiculous peculiarity in their dress, their equipage, or accoutrements.

Many persons may remember a little foreigner, (Des Caseaux, I think, was his name,) who appeared daily in the Mall, dressed in black, with a hat of an enormous diameter, and a long roll of paper in his hand. His picturesque appearance tempted some artists to make an etching of him, which was exhibited in every shop. I mention this gentleman, because his professed intention was, he said, "to attract the notice of the king, as he had done that of his subjects."

But we see daily instances of the same kind. One man sports a paradoxical walking-stick; another rises to fame by the shortness of his coat, or the length of his trousers, or the multiplicity of capes on his shoulders, and the like efforts of genius and invention. I remember a young divine some years ago, not otherwise eminent either for learning or ingenuity, who wore his own short hair, when every one else wore long wigs, "in imitation," as he said, "of Gregory Nazianzen."

It would be cruel to deprive these gentlemen of their slender gratification in these harmless particulars; but when we assume any thing peculiar in our appearance, in order to disguise our real character; when we affect an uncommon sanctity and solemnity of countenance to impose upon the world; we then become more than ridiculous, and are highly immoral.

A Tartuffe indeed, or a pretender to extraordinary devotion, is not a prevailing character in this age; too many are in the contrary extreme; and, like Colonel

Chartres, are guilty of every human vice—except hypocrisy. Even our young divines, though doubtless much given to fasting and prayer in private, yet “appear not to men to fast;” but anoint their hair, and exhibit their rosy faces; and, by their dress, are not to be distinguished from profane sportsmen or country squires. I do not exempt the orators of the tabernacle from this description; who, instead of the primitive locks of John Wesley, seem now to make female converts by their well-dressed hair and dapper appearance.

Yet, in every profession, there are still pretenders; who, by grimace or affected solemnity, endeavour to gain the confidence of the vulgar; and to exalt themselves above their equals in skill, and assume more importance than is their due.

However, if we must distinguish ourselves from the rest of mankind, let it be by our intrinsic virtue, our temperance, and sobriety, and a conscientious regard to every relative duty; but, as we ought “to think with the wise, and talk with the vulgar,” let us also act differently from a great part of the world in matters of importance, but conform to them in trifles. This is what Seneca so forcibly inculcates in his fifth Epistle to his friend Lucilius.

“I both approve of your conduct, and sincerely rejoice that you resolutely exert yourself; and, laying aside every other pursuit, make it your whole study to improve yourself in wisdom and virtue. And I not only exhort but earnestly entreat you to persevere in this course.

“Give me leave, however, to caution you not to imitate those pretended philosophers, who are more solicitous to attract the notice of the world than make a progress in wisdom; nor to affect any thing singular in your dress, or in your manner of life. Avoid that preposterous ambition of gaining applause by your uncouth appearance, your hair uncombed, and your beard neglected; nor be always declaiming against the use of plate, of soft beds, or any thing of that kind. The very name of a philosopher is sufficiently invidious, though managed with the greatest modesty and discretion.

“Suppose we have entered upon our Stoical plan, and begun to sequester ourselves from the conversation and customs of the vulgar; let every thing *within* be dissimilar; but let our *outward* appearance be conformable to the rest of the world. Let not our apparel be splendid or shewy, nor yet mean or sordid. Let not

our plate be embossed with gold ; but let us not imagine that the mere want of such expensive plate is a sufficient proof of our frugality. Let us endeavour to live a better life, not merely a life contrary to that of the vulgar ; otherwise, instead of conciliating the favour of those whom we wish to reform, we shall excite their aversion, and drive them from our company ; we shall also deter them from imitating us in any thing, when they are afraid that they are to imitate us in every thing.

“ The first advantages which philosophy promises are, a just sense of the common rights of mankind, humanity, and a sociable disposition ; from which advantages singularity and dissimilar manners will entirely seclude us. Let us beware lest those peculiarities, by which we hope to excite the admiration, should expose us to the ridicule and aversion of mankind.

“ Our object is to live according to nature ; but to torture our bodies, to abhor cleanliness in our persons, when attended with no trouble, or to affect a cynical filthiness in our food ; this sure is living contrary to nature. As it is a mark of luxury to hunt after delicacies, to reject the common unexpensive comforts of life is a degree of madness. Our Stoic philosophy requires us to be frugal, not to mortify ourselves ; but there is such a thing as an elegant frugality. This moderation is what I would recommend.”

AN AFRICAN'S OPINION OF DUELLING.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

IN the most brilliant period of the reign of Louis XIV. two African youths, the sons of a prince, being brought to the court of France, the King was so struck with the native dignity of their manners, that he appointed a Jesuit to instruct them in letters, and in the principles of Christianity ; when properly qualified, his Majesty gave to each a commission in the guards. The eldest, who was remarkable for his docility and candour, made a considerable progress in learning, as well as in the doctrine of the Christian religion, which he admired for the purity of its moral precepts, and the good will that it recommended to all mankind. A brutal officer, upon some trifling dispute, struck him. The youth saw that it was

the result of passion, and did not resent it. A brother officer, who witnessed the insult, took an opportunity of talking to him on his behaviour, which he did not hesitate to tell him, as a friend, was too tame, especially for a soldier. "Is there," said the young negro, "one religion for soldiers, and another for gownsmen and merchants? The good father, to whom I am indebted for my instructions, has, above all things, earnestly recommended the forgiveness and forgetfulness of injuries, assuring me that it was the very characteristic of a Christian to love even his enemy, and by no means to retaliate an offence of any kind."

"The lessons which the good father gave you," said the friend, "may fit you for a monastery, but they will not qualify you either for the court or the army: in a word," continued he, "if you do not call the Colonel to an account, you will be branded with the infamous name of a coward, and avoided by every man of honour; and, what is more, your commission will be forfeited."—"I would fain," answered the young man, "act consistently in every thing; but since you press me with that regard to my honour which you have always shewn, I will endeavour to wipe off so foul a stain, though I must confess I gloried in it before." In consequence of which he immediately sent a challenge by his friend to the aggressor, to meet him early the next morning. They met and fought; the brave African disarmed his antagonist; the next day he threw up his commission, and requested the royal permission to return to his father. At parting, he embraced his brother and his friend, with tears in his eyes, saying, he did not imagine the Christians were such unaccountable persons, and that he could not apprehend their faith was of any use to them, if it did not influence their conduct. "In my country," said he, "we think it no dishonour to act up to the principles of our religion."

THE BIBLE.

HENRY KNYGHTON, a canon of Leicester, complained heavily of Wickliff, his neighbour and contemporary*, "for having translated out of Latin into English the

* Wickliff was rector of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, and died in 1384.

“gospel, which Christ had entrusted with the clergy
 “and doctors of the church, that they might minister it
 “to the laity and weaker sort, according to the exigency of
 “times and their several occasions: so that by this
 “means the gospel jewel, or evangelical pearl, was made
 “vulgar, was thrown about and trodden under foot of
 “swine*.” The Mohammedans have been very careful
 to preserve their Koran from the profanation here com-
 plained of: “it is,” says Mr. Sale, the translator, “in
 “the greatest reverence among them. They dare not so
 “much as touch it, without being first washed or legally
 “purified: which, lest they should do inadvertently;
 “they write these words on the cover, Let none touch
 “it but who are clean. They read it with a supersti-
 “tious reverence, never holding it below their girdles:
 “they adorn it with gold and precious stones, &c. †.”
 Henry Knighton would have approved and commended
 all this, as just, decent, and in order: but what would
 Henry Knighton have said, if he had seen the Bible
 thumbed and dirtied in our schools, thrown by the boys
 at one another’s heads, and consigned perhaps at length
 to the most humiliating offices?

It should seem from Lord Bacon, that this familiarity
 with the Bible might lead by degrees to an actual priva-
 tion of all religion, yea, even a sense of God’s existence:
 for, reckoning up the sorts of atheists, he lays little
 stress upon the contemplative, sophistical, philosophical
 atheists, as they are called. “Among these,” says he,
 “atheism is rather in the lip than in the heart: these
 “will ever be talking of their opinion, as if they were
 “wavering about it, and would gladly be strengthened
 “by the consent of others. These seem to be more
 “than they are: but the great atheists indeed are hypo-
 “crites, who are ever handling holy things, without the
 “least sense or feeling of their being so: so that these
 “must needs be cauterized in the end ‡.” Now, ac-
 cording to these ideas, may not the constant official
 handling of holy things make men atheists, by making

* Lewis’s Hist. of Translations of the Bible, p. 20. 1729. 8vo.

† Sale’s Preliminary Discourse to the Koran, 4to.—The Jew
 had the same veneration for their law; not daring to touch it with
 unwashed hands, nor then neither without a cover. *Vide Millium
 de Mohammedismo ante Mohammed.* p. 366.

‡ Essays, xvi.

them gradually lose a sense of their holiness? Look at sextons, parish-clerks, singing boys, choir-men, (I need go no higher,) and see what sense or feeling they have of the holiness of the things about them.—Boys are taught to read in the Bible, because the Bible is a good book*: the school-house is often a part of the church, because the church is an holy place†. Surely our pious ancestors did not know that familiarity breeds contempt; for more effectual means could not be contrived to extinguish or prevent all sense of holiness.

There is yet another reason why boys should not be taught to read by the use of the Bible, if there be any such thing as association of ideas. The Bible, distinct from its religious importance, is certainly a very curious as well as useful book: but the Bible is usually the last book men take up, either for instruction or amusement. Why? because they have formerly been teased, and buffeted, and flogged about it; and because they hate the scenery which it naturally revives. 'Tis pity but a little knowledge of human nature had been cultivated by these good people, together with their piety and learning.

S.

SUPERSTITION AND DREAMS.

THE only certainty to man in a savage state, of one event being the natural consequence of another, is its **CONSTANTLY** following it. He afterwards carries this idea to things that **GENERALLY** succeed each other, and hence he is able to form tolerably accurate prognostics of

* The benefit or utility arising from these unions is altogether imaginary. "Wanting an English book for my scholars to translate," says a learned school-master, "which might improve them in sense and Latin at once (two things which should never be divided in teaching) I thought nothing more proper for that purpose than Bacon's Essays." As if a school-boy would attend to, or (if he would) could comprehend, the strong deep sense of Bacon: just as well might it be said, that boys should be taught in the Bible and at the church, because religion and learning should never be divided. Pref. to Bacon's Essays, translated by Willymott, 1790. 2 vols. 8vo.

† By this means the church-yard, which is also consecrated, and must certainly have some degree of holiness, as well as the church, becomes as it were a licensed play-ground for the school-boys, and at the same time a bear-garden for the parish.

the weather. But as these events, though they most commonly happen according to his foresight, are not so certain as the revolution of the seasons; and as even these differ in some things, as in the forwardness of vegetation; while in others, such as the length of the days, and the relative position of the sun, they are perfectly regular; room is open for the imagination to suggest certain dependences of one thing on another, which in reality do not exist; and these notions will be strengthened from occasional coincidence between indifferent things, and occasional failure of coincidence in things that do in general coincide, as in the prognostics of the weather, and the influence of the seasons on vegetation. And here both the savage and the untutored rustic will frequently be unable to discriminate. The southern hill covered with clouds, though it generally portends rain, will sometimes be suddenly cleared by a change of wind; and the hunter will sometimes find more game than usual when he has seen a crow perching on the elm before his cottage.

Neither let the circles of the polite and the learned laugh with too much contempt at the ignorance of the savage, since there are few persons even in such circles quite free from prejudices equally absurd. Let me ask (in the words of a man of true genius, who thinks for himself, and almost always rightly) 'You, an enlightened philosopher, whether you are above choice of seats at whist? whether you have not really believed that your chance for winning was much bettered by taking fortunate chairs, and of course obliging your adversaries to sit, not in those of the scornful, but of the losers? When you quit the game on a run of ill luck, what is it but declaring your belief that the games already played have an influence upon those that are to come *?' From the conversation of most people on the influence of the moon on the weather, one would be led to think, contrary to daily experience, that in this proverbially uncertain climate the variation of the elements was as periodically regular as that of the tides †. How common is the ob-

* Jackson's Letters, xxvii.

† An ingenious gentleman (Mr. Sullivan) has lately deposed the moon from her influence over the tides. It is merely accidental, it seems, that it happens to be high water in all longitudes when the

ervation, that a plentiful produce of berries and mast in the autumn is a sure prognostic of a hard winter, on the idea of its being the act of a benevolent Providence to preserve the birds, who subsist on such food ! But as the effect can never precede the cause, such an interference must be the immediate act of supernatural power, and as much a miracle as any recorded in the scripture.

But the surprising faculty of dreaming has, more than any other cause whatever, afforded specious grounds for superstition. The faculty itself appears like the action of the soul, when unencumbered with the grosser powers of the body. And there is sometimes a very striking coincidence between dreams and succeeding events. This must frequently happen from chance ; but still more frequently from natural causes. Our dreams are often, though certainly not always, influenced by our waking thoughts. What then is more likely than for a person deeply interested in the welfare of a friend dangerously ill, to dream of his death or his convalescence ? Even if the direct contrary to the thing dreamed of comes to pass, the mind will still see some analogy : and hence has arisen a proverbial expression with regard to dreams, which tends to confirm the doubtful in their superstition, and is besides used to alleviate the fears of those who are acted on by the powerful impression of a frightful dream, an impression oftener felt than avowed. I much question, if a man of the firmest mind were to have a very clear dream, portending evil to a person he deeply loved, especially if he knew that person was in a dangerous situation, if he would not feel his fears too strong for his philosophy, and exclaim with Horace—

‘ Ego cui timebo,

‘ Providas auspex.’

We must also take into our account, that no argument

moon crosses the meridian of the place. But the phenomena of the tides are occasioned by the periodic melting of the polar ice. I know of but one hypothesis equally convincing. I mean that of Mr. William Ramsay, mentioned in the Spectator. This profound philosopher asserted, that ‘ the absence of the sun is not the cause of night ; forasmuch as his light is so great, that it may illuminate the earth all over at once as clear as broad day ; but there are tenebrious and dark stars, by whose influence night is brought on, and which do ray out darkness and obscurity upon the earth, as the sun does light.’

of the fallibility of dreams, brought from the millions of examples of no subsequent event the least analogous attending them, will have the least weight; as these, however striking at the time, are all forgotten, while the smallest coincidence is always remembered, and frequently recorded.

I once heard a person of ability, who was anxious to prove that all dreams could be traced to the thoughts or incidents of the preceding day, account for the contrary appearance, which he could not deny, by the following ingenious though to me not satisfactory hypothesis. He contended, that as our ideas are connected, when waking, by a chain of thinking, so in sleeping they were connected by mere juxtaposition, which he thus illustrated. I see an army reviewed, and hear of a terrible fire at the same time. These ideas therefore become connected in the mind; and while they continue so, the appearance or the mention of one will generally produce the idea of the other, and the waking mind will then recollect the cause of their union: but in a dream the union will exist, though the cause of connection may escape us; and a person whose ideas have been so influenced, will dream of a fire after he has seen a review, and *vice versa*, though he should not recollect their coincidence at the time.

In the European Magazine for November 1794, there is a very ingenious explanation by an anonymous writer, of a circumstance every one must have felt—the terrible impression we receive from a dream, though on recollecting it perfectly, after being awake some time, we can find no reason why it should have had so violent an effect. He accounts for it from the undiverted direction of our mind to a single object in our sleep, which never can happen in the events of real life. He carries this rational, and I believe new hypothesis, into the impressions we receive from works of imagination, where the same effect is perceptible. I should be ashamed that any actual suffering should so completely unman me, as I have been by the fictitious distress of Mrs. Siddons in Isabella. Perhaps we may trace to this cause the disappointment we always feel in the attainment of the object of our warmest pursuits. Whatever we wish for is painted in the fairest and strongest colours; we take no attendant inconvenience into our consideration, but a thousand

occur on possession, and our purest joys are liable to be poisoned by evils that have no immediate connection with them. The triumph of a conqueror, or the raptures of a bridegroom, may be totally destroyed by a fit of the colic. For our comfort, however, the objects of our fears, as well as our hopes, diminish in a contrary ratio to the rules of perspective, and are never so much magnified as when they are at a distance.

Another great object of superstitious credit must not be omitted. I mean the re-appearance of the dead. This I believe is now totally discredited by every person who reasons; for every relation of the kind, and many there are still mentioned, will, on being scrupulously investigated, turn out to be unfounded on fact. This must stagger our faith as to every extraordinary event in history, received on human testimony only. We certainly know, if we reason at all, from a clearer conviction than any historic testimony can give, that these stories are false; and yet there is no historic fact better authenticated than some of these stories seem to be. This is strikingly confirmed by the passage of Lucretius mentioned by Addison in the Spectator*. Lucretius, though writing in defence of materialism, was so pressed, not indeed by the evidence of the real fact, as asserted by Addison, but by the universal testimony of tradition in favour of it, that, unable, or afraid to question it, he thought himself obliged to account for these appearances from natural causes; and accordingly does it by saying that the superficies of human bodies are continually flying off, and appearing to their friends either in their absence, or after their death †.

H. T. P.

THE ANTIQUITY OF DRINKING HEALTHS.

It was a custom among the Greeks, and from them derived, like many others, especially of the religious kind, among the Romans, to make libations, to pour out wine, and even to drink wine in honour of the gods. Sometimes this ceremony was introduced to their meals, but in their more solemn entertainments it was performed in

* No. cx.

† Lucretius, l. iv. v. 35.

the interval preceding the *mensæ secundæ*, which answers to our second course, or the desert.

This manner of venerating the gods often occurs in the Classics, and consequently is too well known to want any farther enlargement.

Servius and Potter, with other scholiasts and antiquarians, may enable us to harangue very copiously over the glass, on these devout effusions.

The grateful custom of drinking to the health of our benefactors, or of our acquaintance, is of a more obscure origin, though numberless instances of it are to be seen in the Grecian poets and historians, no less than in the Roman writers. Ovid, that easy and luxuriant genius, that happy proficient in all the literature his age afforded, introduces this usage in his *Metamorphoses*, as of a very ancient date among the Greeks. The Athenians, on the arrival of Theseus from killing the Minotaurus, according to him, made public rejoicings, attended with a pompous entertainment, in which they congratulate his safe arrival, and enlarge on his unparalleled exploits, which entitled him to a divine immortality.

Here then is the custom of drinking to the health and prosperity of superiors, by whom we have been benefited, or of our equals, with whom we live in reciprocal friendship, in vogue among the Grecians, so early as Theseus, in those remote ages, which are distinguished in history by the splendid appellation of the heroic ages; that is, many centuries before the commencement of the Christian æra. Neither, like us, were they wanting to pay this regard to strangers or foreigners of eminent rank and merit.

Asconius, explaining the meaning of *more Græco bibere* (drinking after the manner of the Greeks), says, that it was their custom, in their libations, first to pay their devotions to the gods, and then mention their friends in terms of esteem and affection, and wishes for their prosperity. Every time they venerated the gods, or wished health to their friends, it was in neat wine; nay, it was indispensable to this religious ceremony, for such it was accounted, to drink *merum*, that is, wine, not only undiluted with water, but without any other of the mixtures then used, as saffron, honey, &c.

Libations were esteemed more respectful than drinking to the honour of the gods, or welfare of their friends; and possibly from this distinction may be derived the omission

H b s

of drinking to the healths of illustrious personages, especially where the nobility are not so near on a level with the commonalty, as they are in our well-constituted country.

The Roman gallants used to take off as many glasses to their mistresses as there were letters in her name, according to Martial, who says,

‘ Let six cups to Nævia’s health go round,
‘ And fair Tustina’s be with seven crown’d.

LISBON,

AS IT WAS BEFORE THE FRENCH TOOK POSSESSION OF IT.

THE first object that must strike every foreigner on entering Lisbon is the badness of the police; the filth of the streets lies every where in heaps, which, in the narrow streets where the rain does not wash it away, require great skill in walking, to avoid sinking into them. In one of the most frequented streets on the river leading to the Ribera Nova, there is only a narrow path winding near the houses; and the reader may form an idea of the number of people who daily use it, the gallegos with their very heavy burthens, which a passenger cannot avoid; while the carts pass as near to the houses as possible, that the horses may not go in the deepest part of the mud; and thus all the dirt and filth is blindly splashed upon the passengers, in the worst manner conceivable. As to the night, the city was formerly lighted, but now this practice has ceased; and, as the window-shutters are shut early, there is no light to diminish the darkness of these dirty, narrow, ill-paved streets. A host of dogs without masters, and living on the public, wander about like hungry wolves; and, still worse than these, an army of banditti. Our friends often expressed their astonishment at our venturing into Portugal in these times of war; but I assured them it was by no means so bold an undertaking, as to go at midnight from Belem to Maravilhas, at the eastern extremity of the town. How can a nation, among whom are a number of enlightened men, bear such an abomination, which degrades Lisbon even below Constantinople?

The government is said annually to appropriate a considerable sum to cleansing the streets; but how this money is disposed of is best known to the intendant of the

police of Lisbon and of the whole kingdom, Dom Diogo Ignacio de Pina Manique. Nor must the reader be surprised if I should relate much evil of Dom Diogo, his unjust imprisonments, and the wretched manner in which he feeds the prisoners; but this I will relate in few words, to shew that Dom Diogo is by no means beloved, though a traveller ought to be very cautious and moderate in forming a judgment.

The amusements of the carnival are always governed by the ruling taste of every nation. Of what then should they consist in Lisbon? Both high and low delight in throwing all kinds of dirt and filth on the passengers, who in conformity to custom, and to avoid quarrels, must bear it patiently.

The high walls of the quintas in the town, the vacant and deserted grounds, invite to robbery and murder, which are still farther favoured by the badness of the police. These crimes are always perpetrated with knives, though all pointed knives are prohibited.

Murders generally arise from revenge or jealousy; robbers are generally contented with threats. The spring is the most dangerous time, and I have known every night marked with some murder. The boldness of the assassins is astonishing. On a fast-day, in a procession in honour of St. Rochus, a man was murdered in open day in the throng, at five o'clock in the afternoon. In the summer of the same year a man was robbed at noon, between the walls near the Prince of Waldeck's, who was witness to the transaction. The robbers were even so bold as to attack coaches. But the criminals almost always escaped, the compassion of the Portuguese being such, that every one assists him in his flight. They exclaim *Coutadinho!* or alas, poor man! and every thing is done to assist him. The punishment of death is entirely done away, and the culprit is sent to the Indies or Angola; a punishment which by no means gives the impression of death, though the climates of both are so unwholesome that destruction is certain.

A great part of these robbers are negroes, of whom there is a greater number here perhaps than in any other city of Europe, not excepting London. Many of them get their bread as tradespeople, not unfrequently become good and respectable citizens, and instances occur of their arriving at a high degree of skill as artisans. A larger portion are beggars, thieves, procurers, and pro-

cruesses. Every negro who has served his master seven years in Europe is free, and then not unfrequently becomes a beggar unless he has had a very good master. Great numbers of them are employed as sailors, and I do not see any reason why they are not also enlisted as soldiers; but Mr. Jungk's assertion, that one fourth of the inhabitants of Lisbon are negroes and creoles, like many other assertions of that author, is much aggravated.

There is a great number of vagabonds in Lisbon, for all idle people from the provinces come in torrents to the metropolis, and are permitted to live in the open town without impediment. Hence arise the immense number of beggars, who partly rove about, and partly remain in fixed places, crying out continually, and promising to mention this or that person to Nossa Senhora in their prayers. A physician might here meet with an uncommon number of remarkable cutaneous disorders; I have often observed a true leprosy, and endeavoured by observations of this kind to render myself insensible to the disgust they inspire. These beggars receive a great deal in charity, through a mistaken sense of piety prevalent in Catholic countries. They also often practise artifices to obtain charity. I remember an old man who fell down before us through hunger, as he afterwards said, and thus immediately obtained from my youthful companion a considerable piece of gold; while I, somewhat colder, remarked his theatrical performance, withheld my charity, examined into the affair, and found my suspicions grounded. Another class of begging is that for souls in purgatory. The religious fraternities, to whom it properly belongs to collect these alms, and to have masses performed in a certain church for that purpose, farm out this employment to certain people, who post themselves in the neighbourhood of this church to beg; for which they generally pay eight milrees annually, and by this contract frequently gain one hundred milrees a year. Every thing is done in Portugal *pelo amor de Deos e pelas almas*, (for the love of God and of the souls.) The monasteries send their fruit, usually grapes, to be sold in the streets as it were by auction, in order to perform masses for the money. They are cried about the streets as *uvas pelas almas* (grapes for the souls;) and when the price is asked, the answer is generally considerable. In the *Calzada de Estrella* sat a beggar, who always cried snuff for the souls. Snuff is a great article of necessity

for all ranks, for both sexes, for every old man, and in short for the whole nation. Nor is it difficult to obtain the partiality of any of the common class of people, if the traveller but offer him a pinch of good snuff. I saw a beggar-woman put some snuff to the nose of her child who was still in arms. On a botanical excursion near Lisbon I met a well-dressed lady, who asked for a pinch of snuff, as she had left her box; and when I told her that I never used one, she replied, with an expression of the most violent grief, *estou desesperada* (I am quite in despair). Nor can we blame Alphonso IV. for giving the English soldiers, who had fought so bravely for him at the battle of Ameixial, two pounds of tobacco each. The smoking of tobacco is, however, very uncommon; nor are even cigarros, though so customary in Spain, used by any but sailors.

The porters, water-carriers, and most of the servants, come from the Spanish province of Galicia, and are called Gallegos. These useful men leave their poor native country, emigrating partly into the other provinces of Spain, partly into Portugal, to earn money by the severest labour, and, in many provinces of Portugal, assist in the harvest. They are extremely laborious, and, though avaricious, honest. This character, however, is not entirely unspotted. Sometimes they settle in Portugal, and open small tippling and eating houses, or grocers' shops, but generally return home with the money they have gained. I have often seen pictures of Portuguese, which, instead of natives, represented Gallegos, whose dress is somewhat different. The vignette of the *New Picture of Lisbon* has the same fault.

The dress of the common people is a vest of various colours, as blue, black, dark brown, &c. over which they wear a mantle with hanging sleeves, like the Spaniards, but a three-cornered hat, and not a brown cap, which is peculiar to the Gallegos. Young ladies also wear a similar mantle, as do both men and women of considerable rank, only that they wear them of various colours, and often figured. Beneath this mantle a fashionable dress is often concealed, similar to that of London or Paris. Great coats and round hats are quite unusual among the natives. Women of the lower classes wear a handkerchief wound round their head so that a corner hangs down behind; some wear the Spanish net (*redesilla*) but never the Spanish veil. Among the rich,

who in other respects pursue European fashions, we here and there saw one with her hair tied flat behind with a ribband. The female peasants round Lisbon come to town in a red jacket and a black pointed velvet cap.

Murphy, who in his Travels in Portugal has many very just remarks, is truly ridiculous in others. He says, for instance, fruit-women wear pointed caps, though he might, however, have easily convinced himself of the contrary. Having also, perhaps, once seen some servants playing at cards while waiting for their masters, he sets this down as a general characteristic; but, with his permission, I have also once seen the same in London. On Sunday, he says, that the hair-dressers go about with their swords and chapeaux-bras; this also may have happened once, but is by no means customary. Fires seldom happen in Lisbon; but in the winter of 1798-9 they occurred very often, and a house was burnt down in which a young girl lost her life. He says much in favour of the common people, and praises the great politeness of the Portuguese; adding, that they constantly give the right hand to strangers in walking. Just the contrary: it is singular that, in direct opposition to the customs of other nations, the Portuguese through politeness give every one the *left* hand. His knowledge of the language cannot be great, for he says a Portuguese never fails to say, "I am dying with desire to see you;" which he translates, with a violation of all grammar, *morro com saudades de o ver* *.

What is said in praise of this nation by Murphy and other writers is very just; but what they say against them is not unfrequently exaggerated. They who would judge of the nation by Lisbon run the risk of committing frequent errors; for this city is a rendezvous for all the vagabonds of the whole kingdom, and a great part of the foreigners of the lower ranks are also the scum of their nations. I know that these last are sometimes very docile, and easily fall into the custom of hiring themselves as banditti; for I know certainly of serious proposals of this kind being made. But I must confess that, notwithstanding the numbers of bad people among the lower classes, and the unworthy manner in which foreigners often act toward the inhabitants, examples are

* He should have said *de ver a ver*. T.

not wanting of true and disinterested hospitality among the common people. Round Lisbon and in the villages, however, the true Portuguese character not unfrequently again appears, to which I have already borne testimony of my full approbation.

Both the higher and lower classes are very fond of a profusion of compliments, which flow in a torrent from every mouth. A common peasant meeting another takes off his hat quite low down, holds him a long while by the hand, inquires after his health and that of his family, and does not fail to add, I am at your commands, and your humble servant (*estou a seus ordens, seu criado*). This is not a remark taken from a single instance, for I have heard it extremely often from ass-drivers, and others of similar classes. The Portuguese language indeed, even in the mouths of the common people, has naturally something well-bred and elegant; nor do they ever use oaths and indecent expressions, like the English, French, and Spanish low execrations, though the lowest classes indeed sometimes mention the devil. All the Portuguese are naturally talkative, and sometimes very insipid. The rich are said to conceal a false heart beneath a profusion of polite expressions. I have nothing to say in defence of the higher classes; they are as inferior to the Spaniards as the common people excel them. The want of science and taste, which perhaps arises from the total want of works of art in this country; a government which never had wisdom or opportunity to bring into action the nobler passions of mankind; the constant and oppressive neighbourhood of the English, who justly feel their superiority; and the total decay of literature; are, I conceive, the chief causes why the Portuguese nobles are formed of worse materials than any European nobility.

The male sex are not handsome; and a tall man is rarely seen, the generality being short, fat, and square-made. Their features are also seldom regular, turned-up noses and projecting lips being so common as to suggest an idea of a mixture with negroes. The difference between the Spaniards and the Portuguese is extremely striking, the latter being fat, the former meagre, the noses of the latter turned up, those of the former arched downward, so that they only agree in their yellow complexions and black eyes. Of the fair sex, the author of the *New Picture of Lisbon*, who was a Frenchman, and his German editor at Leipzig, Tilesius, differ; the former

praising, and the latter censuring them. In fact, they have the same defects as the other sex, being of too low a stature and inclined to corpulency; but their countenances are expressive, and their manners animated and friendly; which, with very fine eyes, long and uncommonly strong hair, very white teeth, full breasts, and extremely beautiful feet, form, in my opinion, a charming assemblage, and compensate other irregularities. Although in Lisbon, as in every other great city, there is no scarcity of courtesans, and though, as their doors stand open, every one may enter, yet they are far less importunate than in London, or the Palais Royal at Paris; but the description of them in the *New Picture of Lisbon*, though in some respects true, is on the whole exaggerated. But to return to ladies of condition. Those softer graces which adorn the beauties of the north are rarely seen in Portugal; and perhaps they might as ill become the fire of Portuguese eyes as a burning climate can give them birth. Great beauties, however, may be seen in Lisbon, particularly when the slender northern shape and the white fine skin of those climates are united with the advantages of the south, producing as it were the most beautiful work of nature.

From this charming subject I am obliged to pass to the uncleanness of the Portuguese. On leaving England and entering France every species of uncleanness becomes greater and greater in proportion as we travel southward. The apartments grow constantly more dirty, the privies are more horrible, or totally disappear, and a host of vermin of all kinds swarm round the traveller in his sleep*. The removal of many of these inconveniences has been attempted in the new German and English inns at Lisbon; and in this respect that city is preferable to Madrid. It is necessary to speak of lice, because too much has already been said of them by others; as that they serve the soldiers instead of cards; that they are commonly bitten between the teeth, &c. It is certain, however, that persons of condition are not ashamed openly to kill them, or suffer others to do it.

* This was always so. See Zelleri Itenerar. Hispan. p. 280, Lisbona. They (the extractor does not say who) lodged there with an Italian, and had tolerably good fare, but bad wine, and were molested with so many fleas, that, as the author says, they were almost in despair.

It is said that the wife of a minister of state does this not unfrequently at cards in very large companies. This indeed I did not see; but at Caldas in Gerez, a place resorted to for its warm baths, I saw the sister of the bishop and of the governor of Oporto, a charming young widow of an ancient noble family, in an afternoon, before her door, laying her head in the lap of her waiting woman to be loused; and I know for certain that young ladies, when they visit each other, reciprocally perform this office by way of pastime.

THE TRADE OF BEGGING.

NOTWITHSTANDING the enormous sums collected for the poor, notwithstanding the number of hospitals supported by voluntary contribution in the city and environs of London, there is no place where the feelings of humanity receive so many shocks. Every street, every alley presents some miserable object, covered with loathsome sores, blind, mutilated, or exposed almost naked to the keen wintry blast. Speak of this to any of the parish officers, and they will tell you these are all impostors, who, Faquir-like, practise voluntary austerities on themselves, in order to excite compassion, and procure money. Sure this very plea is a disgrace to our police, who ought in that case to apprehend and punish them. Should their distress be real, it is the greatest inhumanity not to relieve them.

How frequently in winter do we see a woman, with two or three half-starved infants hanging about her, apparently dying with the rigours of the season!—If humanity will not instigate the parish officers to take cognizance of them, sound policy ought; since these very children, thus educated, serve to carry on the succession of thieves and vagabonds.

That begging is a trade, and a very beneficial one, is well known; and it is said, that the community is under the regular government of a king or superior, who appoints to every one a particular district or walk, which walks are farmed out to inferior brethren at certain daily sums. It is also reported, that beggars impose tasks on their children or servants, assigning them the harvest of particular streets, estimating each at a certain produce, for the amount of which they are bound to account, under

the penalty of a severe beating. A remarkable instance of this I learned from a person of credit, who overheard a beggar saying to a girl, whilst giving him some money, "What is this for? Han't you been all about Bedford and Bloomsbury-squares? I am sure, hussey, if Russell-street alone was well begged, it would produce double this sum."

In this community, natural defects, or bodily misfortunes, are reckoned advantages and pre-eminences. A man who has lost one leg yields the *pas* to him who wants both; and he who has neither legs nor arms is nearly at the head of his profession, very extraordinary deficiencies excepted;—an instance of which was given in a sailor, who had but one eye, one leg, and no arms. This man, asking in marriage the daughter of a celebrated blind man, was answered by her father—that he thanked him for the honour intended, which he should have accepted, had not his daughter received some overtures from a man who crawled with his hinder parts in a porridge-pot.

It seems a fixed principle in beggars, never to do a day's work on any account, and rather to run away from a job half completed, than finish it to receive the stipulated hire.

I remember an old justice, that lived in a village in the vicinity of London, who, from his knowledge of this principle, long contrived to have his fore-court and garden weeded gratis by itinerant beggars. As he had a handsome house near the road, it naturally drew the attention of the mumping fraternity. On their application for charity, he constantly asked the usual questions, "Why don't you work?" to which the usual reply was always made, "So I would, God bless your worship, if I could get employment." On this, musing a while, as if inclined by charity, he would set them to weed his court or garden, furnishing them with a hoe and wheelbarrow, and promising them a shilling when their job was completed. To work then they would go, with much seeming gratitude and alacrity. The justice stayed by them, or visited them from time to time till they had performed two thirds of their task; he then retired to a private corner or place of espial, in order to prevent their stealing his tools, and there waited for what constantly happened the moment he disappeared, which was the elopement of his workman, who, rather than complete the unfinished third of his work, chose to give up what

he had done. This method, with scarce one disappointment, the old justice long practised; till at length his fame having gone forth among the mendicant tribe, he was troubled with no more applications for charity.

AN ALLEGORY.

In a dream I thought myself in a solitary temple. I saw a kind of phantom coming towards me, but as he drew near, his form expanded and became more than human; his robe hung majestically down to his feet; six wings whiter than snow, whose extremities were edged with gold, covered a part of his body: then I saw him quit his material substance, which he had put on not to terrify me: his body was of all the colours in the rainbow. He took me by the hair, and I was sensible I was traveling in the etherial plains without any dread, with the rapidity of an arrow sent from a bow drawn by a supple and nervous arm.

A thousand glowing orbs rolled beneath me: but I could only cast a rapid glance on all those globes distinguished by the striking colours with which they were diversified.

I now suddenly perceived so beautiful, so flourishing, so fertile a country, that I conceived a strong desire to alight upon it. My wishes were instantly gratified; I felt myself gently landed on its surface, where I was surrounded by a balmy atmosphere. I found myself reposed at the dawn, on the soft verdant grass. I stretched out my arms, in token of gratitude, to my celestial guide, who pointed to a resplendent sun, towards which, swiftly rising, he disappeared in the luminous body.

I rose, and imagined myself to be transported into the garden of Eden. Every thing inspired my soul with soft tranquillity. The most profound peace covered this new globe; nature was ravishing and incorruptible here, and a delicious freshness expanded my sense to ecstasy; a sweet odour accompanied the air I breathed; my heart, which beat with an unusual power, was immersed in a sea of rapture; while pleasure, like a pure and immortal light, penetrated the inmost recesses of my soul.

The inhabitants of this happy country came to meet me; and after saluting me they took me by the hand.

Their noble countenances inspired confidence and respect; innocence and happiness were depicted in their looks; they often lifted their eyes towards heaven, and as often uttered a name which I afterwards knew to be that of the Eternal, while their cheeks were moistened with the tears of gratitude.

I experienced great emotion while I conversed with these sublime beings. They poured out their hearts with the most sincere tenderness; and the voice of reason, most majestic, and no less melting, was, at the same time, conveyed to my enraptured ear.

I soon perceived this abode was totally different from that which I had left. A divine impulse made me fly into their arms;—I bowed my knees to them; but being raised up in the most endearing manner, I was pressed to the bosoms that enclosed such excellent hearts, and I conceived a presentiment of celestial amity, of that amity which united their souls, and formed the greatest portion of their felicity.

The angel of darkness, with all his artifice, was never able to discover the entrance into this world!—Notwithstanding his ever-watchful malice, he never found out the means to spread his poison over this happy globe. Anger, envy, and pride, were there unknown; the happiness of one appeared the happiness of all! An ecstatic transport incessantly elevating their souls at the sight of the magnificent and bountiful hand that collected over their heads the most astonishing prodigies of the creation.

The lovely morning, with her humid saffron wings, distilled the pearly dew from the shrubs and flowers, and the rays of the rising sun multiplied the most enchanting colours, when I perceived a wood embellished by the opening dawn.

The youth of both sexes there sent forth hymns of adoration towards Heaven, and were filled at the same time with the grandeur and majesty of God, which rolled almost visibly over their heads; for in this world of innocence, he vouchsafed to manifest himself by means unknown to our weak understandings.

All things announced his august presenee; the serenity of the air, the dyes of the flowers, the brilliancy of the insects, a kind of universal sensibility spread over all beings, and which vivified bodies that seemed the least susceptible of it, every thing bore the appearance of

movement ; and the birds stopped in the midst of their flight, as if attentive to the affecting modulations of their voices.

But no pencil can express the ravishing countenance of the young beauties whose bosoms breathed love. Who can describe that love of which we have not any idea, that love for which we have no name, that love, the lot of pure intelligent beings, divine love, which they only can conceive and feel ? The tongue of man, incapable, must be silent ! The remembrance of this euchanting place suspends at this moment all the faculties of my soul.

The sun was rising—the pencil falls from my hand.—Oh, Thomson, never did your Muse view such a sun ! What a world, and what magnificent order ! I trod, with regret, on the flowery plants, endued, like that which we call sensitive, with a quick and lively feeling ; they bent under my foot, only to rise with more brilliancy : the fruit gently dropped, on the first touch, from the complying branch, and had scarcely gratified the palate when the delicious sensation of its juices was felt glowing in every vein : the eye, more piercing, sparkled with uncommon lustre ; the ear was more lively ; the heart, which expanded itself all over nature, seemed to possess and enjoy its fertile extent : the universal enjoyment did not disturb any individual : for union multiplied their delights, and they esteemed themselves less happy in their own fruition than in the happiness of others.

The sun did not resemble the comparative paleness and weakness which illuminates our gloomy terrestrial prison : yet the eye could bear to gaze on it, and, in a manner, plunge itself in a kind of ecstasy in its mild and pure light : it enlivened at once the sight and the understanding, and even penetrated the soul.—The bodies of those fortunate persons became, as it were, transparent : while each read in his brother's heart the sentiments of affability and tenderness with which himself was affected.

There darted from the leaves of all the shrubs that the planet enlightened a luminous matter which resembled, at a distance, all the colours of the rainbow : its orb, which was never eclipsed, was crowned with sparkling rays that the daring prism of Newton could not divide. When this planet set, six brilliant moons floated in the atmosphere : their progression, in different

orbits, each night formed a new exhibition. The multitude of stars, which seem to us as if scattered by chance, were here seen in their true point of view, and the order of the universe appeared in all its pomp and splendor.

In this happy country, when a man gave way to sleep, his body, which had none of the properties of terrestrial elements, gave no opposition to the soul, but contemplated in a vision, bordering on reality, the lucid region, the throne of the Eternal, to which it was soon to be elevated. Men awaked from a light slumber without perturbation or uneasiness: enjoying futurity by a forcible sentiment of immortality, being intoxicated with the image of an approaching felicity, exceeding that which they already enjoyed.

Grief, the fatal result of the imperfect sensibility of our rude frames, was unknown to these innocent men: a light sensation warned them of the objects that could hurt them: and nature removed them from the danger, as a tender mother would gently draw her child by the hand from a pit-fall.

I breathed more freely in this habitation of joy and concord: my existence became most valuable to me: but in proportion as the charms which surrounded me were lively, the greater was my sorrow when my ideas returned to the globe I had quitted. All the calamities of the human race united as in one point to overwhelm my heart, and I exclaimed piteously—"Alas! the world I inhabited formerly resembled yours: but peace, innocence, chaste pleasures, soon vanished.—Why was I not born among you? What a contrast! The earth that was my sorrowful abode is incessantly filled with tears and sighs: there the smaller number oppress the greater: the daemon of property infects what he touches, and what he covets. Gold is there a god, and they sacrifice on his altar love, humanity, and the most valuable virtues.

"Shudder, you that hear me! The greatest enemy man has is *man*; his chiefs are his tyrants; they make all things bend under the yoke of their pride or their caprice; the chains of oppression are in a manner extended from pole to pole: a monster who assumes the mask of glory, makes lawful whatever is most horrible, violence and murder. Since the fatal invention of an inflammable powder, no mortal can say, To-mor-

now I shall repose in peace ;—to-morrow the arm of despotism will not crush my head ;—to-morrow dreadful sorrow will not grind my bones ;—to-morrow the wailings of an useless despair, proceeding from a distressed heart, will not escape my lips, and tyranny bury me alive as in a stone coffin !

“ Oh, my brethren ! weep, weep over us ! We are not only surrounded with chains and executioners, but are moreover dependent on the seasons, the elements, and the meanest insects. All nature rebels against us ; and even if we subdue her, she makes us pay dearly for the benefits our labour forces from her. The bread we eat is earned by our tears and the sweat of our brow ; then greedy men come and plunder us, to squander it on their idle favourites.

“ Weep, weep with me, my brethren ! Hatred pursues us ; revenge sharpens its poniard in the dark ; calumny brands us, and even deprives us of the power of making our defence ; the object of friendship betrays our confidence, and forces us to curse this otherwise consolatory sentiment. We must live in the midst of all the strokes of wickedness, error, pride, and folly.”

Whilst my heart gave a free course to my complaints, I saw a band of shining seraphs descending from heaven ; on which shouts of joy were immediately sent forth from the whole race of these fortunate beings. As I gazed with astonishment, I was accosted by an old man, who said, “ Farewel, my friend ! the moment of our death draws near ; or rather that of a new life. The ministers of the God of Clemency are come to take us from this earth ; we are going to dwell in a world of still greater perfection.”—“ Why, father,” said I, “ are you, then, strangers to the agonies of death, the anguish, the pain, the dread, which accompany us in our last moments ?”

“ Yes, my child,” he replied, “ these angels of the Highest come at stated periods, and carry us all away, opening to us the road to a new world, of which we have an idea by the undoubted conviction of the unlimited bounty and magnificence of the Creator.”

A cheerful glow was immediately spread over their countenances ; their brows already seemed crowned with immortal splendor ; they sprang lightly from the earth in my sight ; I pressed the sacred hand of each for the last time, while with a smile they held out the other to the seraph, who had spread his wings to carry them to Heaven.

They ascended all at once, like a flock of beautiful swans, that taking flight raise themselves with majestic rapidity over the tops of our highest palaces. I gazed with sadness; my eye followed them in the air, until their venerable heads were lost in the silver clouds, and I remained alone on this magnificent deserted land.

I perceived I was not yet fitted to dwell in it, and wished to return to this unfortunate world of expiation: thus the animal escaped from his keeper returns, following the track of his chain, with a mild aspect, and enters his prison. Awaking, the illusion was dispelled, which it is beyond the power of my weak tongue or pen to describe in its full splendor: but this illusion I shall for ever cherish; and, supported by the foundation of hope, I will preserve it until death in the inmost recesses of my soul.

LE CHEVALIER BAYARD.

THE continence and generosity of the Chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche* have been immortalized in "the Spectator:" and what history of his time has not celebrated his courage?

Being asked, one day, what was the best legacy which a father could leave to his children, he replied, "*La vertu et la sagesse, qui ne craignent ni pluie, ni vent, ni tempeste, ni force d'homme*—Valour and virtue, which fear neither rain, nor storm, nor tempest, nor the strength of man. Valour and virtue *d toute epreuve*."

Francis the First was desirous to be created a Knight by Bayard, the evening before the battle of Marignan; Bayard made his excuses, as not being worthy of that honour. Francis insisted, and Bayard, having given him the accolade with his sword, exclaimed, "Sire, I hope the ceremony performed by me will prevail as much as if it had been performed by Roland." Then, apostrophizing his sword before he returned it into the scabbard, he said, "From this time, my good sword, you will be regarded as precious as if you were a relic."

In the war carried on by Julius the Second against the Duke of Ferrara and the French, the Duke agreed with Grendo, an Italian, to poison Julius. Bayard, hearing of this, remonstrated in the strongest terms with the Duke against this atrocious action. The Duke en-

deavoured to excuse it, by saying, that Julius had once hired some one to assassinate him. "Alas! my lord," replied Bayard, "let us never do that which we condemn as a crime in others. Give me up that scoundrel Grendo, and I will either hang him immediately, or send him to the Pope in irons."

It being once proposed to him to enter into the service of the King of England, he answered, "I have already two masters—God and my Prince; I will never serve any other."

At the siege of Meneron, which town he defended, the Comte de Nassau summoned him to surrender it: "Nay," replied he, "if I must march out of the place, it shall be over a bridge of the dead bodies of the enemy."

At the defeat of Romagnano, when Bonivet, wounded and not able to serve any longer, gave him up the command of the army, he said, "It is rather late, perhaps; but a man should serve his country at the risk of losing that life which he owes to it." Bayard, as usual, performed prodigies of valour, but was wounded by a shot from a musket, which broke some of the vertebrae of his back. He then caused himself to be helped off his horse, and to be placed at the foot of a tree; "that at least," said he, "my face be looking toward the enemy." The celebrated Constable of Bourbon coming up to him, said, "Alas, M. Bayard, how shocked and confounded I am, to see you in this situation! I have always loved and honoured you for the great valour and virtue which you have always possessed." Bayard, making an effort to recover some strength, leaned forward toward the Constable, and said, in a firm tone of voice, "For God's sake, my lord, do not have any pity for me, but rather keep it for yourself, who are fighting against your allegiance and your sovereign, while I am dying for my sovereign and my allegiance."

It was said of Bayard by the military men of his time, that he assaulted like a greyhound, defended himself like a lion, and retreated like a wolf, who always retires from his pursuers with his face toward them. His device was a porcupine, with this motto:

Vires agminis unus habet.

One man possesses the power of a whole troop.

This was given him in consequence of his having singly defended a bridge against two hundred Spaniards.

HENRY THE SECOND.

THIS Prince, though of a very easy and accommodating disposition, knew when it was proper to give a refusal. His favourite sister, married to the Duke of Savoy, was very earnest with him to render to her husband the strong fortresses of Pignerol, Tarillon, and Perouse, which may be looked upon as the keys of France toward Italy. He told the Ambassadors from Savoy, who intimated his sister's desire to him, "I am extremely fond of my sister, but I would much sooner give her my two eyes out of my head than these three fortresses."

Henry was killed at a tournament; and when Catherine of Medicis sent to his mistress, Diana de Poitiers, for the crown jewels, with which he had presented her, she returned them, and told the messenger, "Alas! I have now no master; and I wish my enemies to know, that though the Prince is dead, I am not afraid of them; and if I have the misfortune to survive my Sovereign any time, my heart will be too much affected with grief at losing him, to feel in the least degree the uneasiness and the indignities which they will endeavour to put upon me."

MARESCHAL STROZZI.

HIS son coming one day to wish him good morning, he said to him, "Young man, what have you been doing this morning?"—"Sir," replied his son, "I have been to the manege, I have played at tennis, and I have breakfasted." "Blockhead!" said the Marshal, "never satisfy the wants of the body before those of the soul. Pray let that never happen again. Before you do any thing else, feed your mind with the perusal of some good book, or pursue some study or other, and then do afterwards with your body what you please."

According to Brotier, Strozzi was continually reading the history of some of the military expeditions of antiquity; and said, that they were of equal use to him with the practice and exercise of the military art.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

Collections for the History of the Town and Soke of Grantham; containing authentic Memoirs of Sir Isaac Newton, now first published, from the original MSS. in the Possession of the Earl of Portsmouth. By Edmund Turnor, F.R.S. F.A.S. 4to. 1l. 8s. Miller.

As a topographical work this volume has many claims to praise, the ingenious author having availed himself of every authority, written, oral, and traditionary, to make it in all respects complete; but the book is chiefly valuable on account of the authentic particulars it records of the life of our illustrious countryman, Sir Isaac Newton, of whose private history and conduct so little has hitherto been known. The valuable MSS. which have afforded these *memoranda* came into the possession of the Earl of Portsmouth from his lordship's grandmother, Catherine Viscountess Lymington, daughter and sole heiress of John Conduitt, Esq. by Catherine Barton, niece of Sir Isaac Newton. This lady, educated at Sir Isaac's expense, and who lived with him near twenty years, before and after her marriage with Mr. Conduitt, was celebrated for her wit and beauty; and was much noticed for her engaging manners by the Earl of Halifax, who made her a considerable bequest at his death.

It is curious to observe from what trifling accidents the most important occurrences sometimes arise; but for the following rather ludicrous circumstance, it is not improbable that Newton might have remained a dunce all his life, and the world have lost its most enlightened philosopher.

“Sir Isaac used to relate that he was very negligent at school, and very low in it, till the boy above him gave him a kick in the belly, which put him to a great deal of pain. Not content with having thrashed his adversary, Sir Isaac could not rest till he had got before him in the school, and from that time he continued rising till he was the head-boy.”

As every thing connected with the name of this won-

derful man must be interesting, we offer no apology to our readers for extracting the following information :—

“ Sir Isaac lived in London ever since the year 1696, when he was made Warden of the Mint; nobody ever lived with him but my wife, who was with him near twenty years, before and after her marriage. He always lived in a very handsome generous manner, though without ostentation or vanity; always hospitable, and, upon proper occasions, gave splendid entertainments. He was generous and charitable without bounds; he used to say, that they who gave away nothing till they died, never gave, which, perhaps, was one reason why he did not make a will. I believe no man of his circumstances ever gave away so much during his lifetime in alms, in encouraging ingenuity and learning, and to his relations, nor upon all occasions shewed a greater contempt of his own money, or a more scrupulous frugality of that which belonged to the public, or to any society he was entrusted for. He refused pensions and additional employments that were offered him, and was highly honoured and respected in all reigns, and under all administrations, even by those he opposed; for in every station he shewed an inflexible attachment to the cause of liberty, and our present happy establishment.

“ Notwithstanding the extraordinary honours that were paid him, he had so humble an opinion of himself, that he had no relish of the applause which was so deservedly paid him; and he was so little vain and desirous of glory from any of his works, that he, as it is well known, would have let others run away with the glory of those inventions, which have done so much honour to human nature, if his friends and countrymen had not been more jealous than he of his and their glory. He was exceedingly courteous and affable, even to the lowest, and never despised any man for want of capacity, but always expressed freely his resentment against any immorality or impiety. He not only shewed a great and constant regard to religion in general, as well by an exemplary course of life as in all his writings, but was also a firm believer of revealed religion, which appears by the many papers he has left on that subject; but his notion of the Christian religion was not founded on a narrow bottom; nor his charity and morality so scanty, as to shew a coldness to those who thought otherwise than he did, in matters indifferent; much less to

admit of persecution, of which he always expressed the strongest abhorrence and detestation. He had such a meekness and sweetness of temper, that a melancholy story would often draw tears from him, and he was exceedingly shocked at any act of cruelty to man or beast; mercy to both being the topic he loved to dwell upon. An innate modesty and simplicity shewed itself in all his actions and expressions. His whole life was one continued series of labour, patience, charity, generosity, temperance, piety, goodness, and all other virtues, without a mixture of any vice whatsoever."

Of Sir Isaac's amusements while a lad, the following relation from a letter by Dr. Stukeley, now first published in a complete state, presents a minute and very interesting picture :—

" A new wind-mill was set up near Grantham, in the way to Gunnerby, which is now demolished, this country chiefly using water-mills. Our lad's imitating spirit was soon excited, and by frequently prying into the fabric of it, as they were making it, he became master enough to make a very perfect model thereof, and it was said to be as clean and curious a piece of workmanship as the original. This sometimes he would set upon the house-top, where he lodged, and, clothing it with sail-cloth, the wind would readily turn it; but what was most extraordinary in its composition was, that he put a mouse into it, which he called the miller, and that the mouse made the mill turn round when he pleased; and he would joke too upon the miller eating the corn that was put in. Some say that he tied a string to the mouse's tail, which was put into a wheel, like that of turnspit dogs, so that pulling the string made the mouse go forward by way of resistance, and this turned the mill. Others suppose there was some corn placed above the wheel; this the mouse endeavouring to get to, made it turn. Moreover Sir Isaac's water-clock is much talked of. This he made out of a box he begged of Mr. Clark's (his landlord) wife's brother. As described to me, it resembled pretty much our common clocks and clock-cases, but less; for it was not above four feet in height, and of a proportionable breadth. There was a dial-plate at top, with figures of the hours. The index was turned by a piece of wood, which either fell or rose by water dropping. This stood in the room where he lay, and he took care every morning to supply it with its proper quantity of water; and the

family upon occasion would go to see what was the hour by it. It was left in the house long after he went away to the university.

“ These fancies sometimes engrossed so much of his thoughts, that he was apt to neglect his book, and dull boys were now and then put over him in form. But this made him redouble his pains to overtake them, and such was his capacity that he could soon do it, and outstrip them when he pleased; and it was taken notice of by his master. Still nothing could induce him to lay by his mechanical experiments: but all holidays, and what time the boys had allowed to play, he spent entirely in knocking and hammering in his lodging-room, pursuing that strong bent of his inclination not only in things serious, but ludicrous too, and what would please his school-fellows, as well as himself; yet it was in order to bring them off from trifling sports, and teach them, as we may call it, to play philosophically, and in which he might willingly bear a part; and he was particularly ingenious at inverting diversions for them above the vulgar kind, as, for instance, in making paper kites, which he first introduced here. He took pains, they say, in finding out their proportions and figures, and whereabouts the strings should be fastened to the greatest advantage, and in how many places. Likewise he first made lanterns of paper crimped, which he used to go to school by, in winter mornings, with a candle, and tied them to the tails of the kites in a dark night, which at first affrighted the country people exceedingly, thinking they were comets. It is thought that he first invented this method; I cannot tell how true. They tell us too how diligent he was in observing the motion of the sun, especially in the yard of the house where he lived, against the walls and roofs, wherein he would drive pegs, to mark the hours and half-hours made by the shade*, which by degrees, from some years observations, he made very exact, and any body knew what o'clock it was by Isaac's dial, as they ordinarily called it; thus in his youngest years did that immense genius discover his sublime imagination, that since has filled, or rather comprehended, the world.

* “ Several of these dials are to be seen on the wall of the manor-house at Woolsthorpe.”

“ The lad was not only very expert with his mechanical tools, but he was equally so with his pen. For he busied himself very much in drawing, which I suppose he learnt from his own inclination, and observation of nature. By inquiry, I was informed, that one old Barley (as he was called) was his writing master, who lived where now is the Millstone alehouse, in Castle-street; but they don’t remember that he (Barley) had any knack in drawing. However, by this means Sir Isaac furnished his whole room with pictures of his own making, which probably he copied from prints, as well as from life. They mention several of the king’s heads, Dr. Donne, and likewise his Master Stokes. Under the picture of King Charles I. he wrote these verses, which I had from Mrs. Vincent by memory, who fancies he made them; if that be true, it is most probable he designed the print too, which is common to this day:—

“ A secret art my soul requires to try,
If prayers can give me what the wars deny.
Three crowns distinguish’d here in order do
Present their objects to my knowing view.
Earth’s crown, thus at my feet, I can disdain,
Which heavy is, and, at the best, but vain.
But now a crown of thorns I gladly greet;
Sharp is this crown, but not so sharp as sweet:
The crown of glory that I yonder see
Is full of bliss and of eternity.

“ These pictures he made frames to himself, and coloured them over in a workman-like manner.

“ Mrs. Vincent is a widow gentlewoman living here, aged 82. Her maiden name was Storey, sister to Dr. Storey, a physician of Buckminster, near Colsterworth. Her mother, who was a handsome woman, was second wife to Mr. Clark, the apothecary where Sir Isaac lodged; so that she lived with him in the same house all the time of his being at Grantham, which was about seven years. Her mother and Sir Isaac’s mother were intimately acquainted, which was the reason of his lodging at Mr. Clark’s. * She gave me much of the foregoing account. She says Sir Isaac was always a sober, silent, thinking lad, and was never known scarce to play with the boys abroad at their silly amusements; but would rather choose to be at home, even among the girls, and would frequently make little tables, cupboards, and other utensils for her and her playfellows, to set their babies and trinkets on. She mentions likewise a cart he

made with four wheels, wherein he would sit, and by turning a windlass about, he could make it carry him around the house where he pleased. Sir Isaac and she being thus brought up together, 'tis said that he entertained a love for her; nor does she deny it: but her portion being not considerable, and he being a fellow of a college, it was incompatible with his fortunes to marry; perhaps his studies too. 'Tis certain he always had a kindness for her, visited her whenever in the country, in both her husbands' days, and gave her forty shillings, upon a time, whenever it was of service to her. She is a little woman, but we may with ease discern that she has been very handsome.

" Mr. Clark tells me that the room where Sir Isaac lodged was his lodging room too when a lad, and that the whole wall was still full of the drawings he had made upon it with charcoal, and so remained till pulled down about sixteen years ago, as I said before. There were birds, beasts, men, ships, and mathematical schemes, and very well designed.

" We must understand all this while that his mother had left Wolsthorp, and lived with her second husband at North Witham. But upon his death, after she had three children by him, she returned to her own house, which likewise, it ought to be remembered, was rebuilt by him. She upon this was for saving expenses as much as she could, and recalled her son Isaac from school, intending to make him serviceable in managing of the farm and country business at Wolsthorp, and I doubt not but she thought it would turn more to his own account than being a scholar. Accordingly we must suppose him attending the tillage, grazing, and the like. And they tell us that he frequently came on Saturdays to Grantham market, with corn and other commodities to sell, and to carry home what necessities were proper to be bought at a market town for a family; but being young, his mother usually sent a trusty old servant along with him, to put him into the way of business. Their inn was at the Saracen's Head in Westgate, where, as soon as they had set up their horses, Isaac generally left the man to manage the marketings, and retired instantly to Mr. Clark's garret, where he used to lodge, near where lay a parcel of old books of Mr. Clark's, which he entertained himself with, whilst it was time to go home again; or else he would stop by the way between home and

Grantham, and lye under a hedge studying whilst the man went to town and did the business, and called for him in his return. No doubt the man made remonstrances of this to his mother. Likewise, when at home, if his mother ordered him into the fields, to look after the sheep, the corn, or upon any other rural employment, it went on very heavily through his manage. His chief delight was to sit under a tree, with a book in his hands, or to busy himself with his knife in cutting wood for models of somewhat or other that struck his fancy: or he would get to a stream and make mill-wheels."

Though it is impossible to raise the character of Sir Isaac Newton by any information that may be collected concerning him, yet it is always desirable to know under what circumstances great men have risen to eminence, and how far their employments in early life may have given that bias to their future pursuits which has immortalized their name, and endeared their memory to posterity.

Old Nick's Pocket-Book; or, Hints for "a ryghte pedantique ande mangleinge" Publication, to be called "My Pocket-Book."—By Himself, 12mo. 4s.—Sherwood and Co.

This is the *retort courtoise*, by a writer, who thinks Sir John Carr has been unfairly handled by *Old Nick* in his travesty of *The Stranger in Ireland*, under the title of *My Pocket-Book*, which has been so recently the subject of an action in the Court of King's Bench. "With this work (*vide Advertisement*) the author has taken the trouble to compare *The Stranger in Ireland*, page by page; and although the following result of that comparison may be quite sufficient to convince the reader of the great want of candour which is betrayed in every one of the travesty's insinuations, the greater want of truth which is discovered in every one of his quotations, and the unworthy use of ridicule which pervades his whole work; yet no one, who has not actually gone through that comparison, can judge of the far greater portion of perversions, mutilations, mis-quotations, and false attributions, which still remain behind."

To shew how easy it is to turn into ridicule that which is not ridiculous, and to rescue Sir John Carr's amusing

volume from the unmerciful claws of *Old Nick*, he Author of this Pocket-Book furnishes the following *Hints* :—

Now let me see how I can ridicule all description. "On the right was the rugged hill of Howth, with its rocky bays," says my author. On the **RIGHT**, was it? strange that it should be on the *right*! It was there as usual? more strange that it should not disappear when my author arrived there! "Its rocky bays also?" strangest of all, that it should not have tumbled down and filled up its bays! Thus, by presuming that every part of a description is related as a matter of surprise, and not of fact, I get rid of all description at once.—Shakspeare, Milton, Cowper, and the rest of our accurate descriptive poets, pondered over the preciseness and utility of every word in vain. Let me see if I can't ridicule their best descriptions. Firstly, Shakspeare's Dover Cliff:—

"The crows and choughs that wing the mid-way air
Seem scarce so gross as beetles."

Wonderful that distance should diminish to the sight!

—————"Half-way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!

Most astonishing that an useful herb should be gathered, and that it should be gathered too, of all places, in that where it was likely to be found! "*Dreadful trade!*" No; it's like writing ridiculous descriptions, nothing when you're used to it, Mr. Shakspeare.

"Methinks he seems no bigger than his head."

If Mr. Shakspeare here means, that, on account of the distance, the whole man looked no bigger than his head would have looked when it was close to him, it is a sapient reflection obscurely expressed; but if he means, that since, from the point of view the cliff afforded, the man's head was looked down upon and the rest of his body foreshortened, the wonderment of the observation is about of a piece with the author's general progress in the scene of perspective. Then follow some more important remarks deduced from the wonderful effect of

distance upon sight, a discovery which it must be supposed Mr. Shakspeare had just made; and the description concludes;

“ ———The murmuring surge,
 “ That in the unnumber’d idle pebbles chafes,
 “ Cannot be heard so high.”

How did Mr. Shakspeare know that the surge murmured, if it “could not be heard so high?” Very strange that the pebbles on a sea-shore should not have been numbered! Why is not this task included in the acts of parliament for reckoning the population of the country? “Idle pebbles,” too! oh, they ought to be made to work. 2dly, a passage from Milton’s *L’Allegro*.

“ Right against the eastern gate,
 “ Where the great sun begins his state.”

So, the sun rises in the east! nay, more, he is “great,” mark that!

“ Rob’d in flames, and amber light,
 “ The clouds in thousand liv’ries dight.”

“ Rob’d in flames and amber light?” ay, like a lady with a yellow gown, and an amber necklace! The “thousand liv’ries” may not be useless to keep up the “state” Mr. Milton talks of.

“ While the ploughman near at hand,
 “ Whistles o’er the furrow’d land,
 “ And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
 “ And the mower whets his scythe,
 “ And every shepherd tells his tale,
 “ Under the hawthorn in the dale.”

“ *While*” all this is doing? Why could not the sun wait till they were all done? So strange, too, that a ploughman should whistle, a milk-maid sing, a mower’s scythe want whetting, and a shepherd tell a tale. But only think of *all* the shepherds telling their tales under *one* hawthorn in *one* dale! What a crowd and a hubbub there must be! 3dly, a passage from Cowper’s “*Task*.”

“ Her Ouse, slow winding thro’ a level plain
 “ Of spacious meads, with cattle sprinkled o’er,
 “ Conducts the eye along his sinuous course,
 “ Delighted.”

"Ouse was here as usual;" the "level plain of spacious meads also." Strange that cattle should be found in meadows! Here a river takes the eye by its lash, and wafts it down the stream, "delighted!" Strange sport!

" ————There, fast-rooted, in their bank,
 "Stand, never overlook'd, our fav'rite elms,
 "That screen the herdsman's solitary hut."

Now change sides. To be even with the "here," "there" are Mr. Cowper's "fav'rite elms;" "fast-rooted in their bank," too! Strange that! considering that Mr. Cowper knew them to be old friends, and that they were large enough to "screen a hut."

Your author says, that "the Hill of Howth wants only a volcano to resemble Vesuvius;" it is very clear that the word *wants* here is used in the Latin sense of *caret*, and not the English one of *wishes to have*: but any fool can catch the most obvious meaning of a word; take the most remote: say, it would resemble Vesuvius, "if it could get what it *wants*."

So much for this *Battle of Books*.—Sir John Carr, in the mean time, is continuing his literary career, and we doubt not will pursue it successfully. The errors (what author is free from them?) which have been pointed out in his former volumes he will of course be anxious to avoid, and unmerited censure he ought to know how to laugh at and despise. At any rate if he again seeks a remedy from a Lord Chief Justice, we presume he will not go to *Law*. There is a Dedication to the worshipful Company of Butchers; and a caricature representing some jolly knights of the cleaver in the act of offering the freedom of the Butchers' Company to the author of "*My Pocket-Book*."

Poems. By Matilda Betham. 8vo. 4s. Hatchard.

A correct taste, smooth versification, and a general neatness of expression, are the distinguishing characteristics of these poems. They have pretensions occasionally to elegance, but discover little fancy, or any of the lofty qualities of poetry. No one, however, can get up from the perusal without a very favourable opinion of Miss Betham's good sense, and literary capabilities,

Aphorisms of Sir Philip Sidney; with Remarks by Miss Jane Porter, (Author of Thaddeus of Warsaw). 2 vols. 12mo. Longman.

These Aphorisms are well known ; but they cannot be too largely distributed, or too often perused. Miss Porter's comments are worthy of the original text. The following may serve as a specimen :—

“ 1. One look (in a clear judgment) from a fair and virtuous woman, is more acceptable than all the kindnesses so prodigally bestowed by a wanton beauty.

“ 2. It is against womanhood to be forward in their own wishes.

“ 3. There is a certain delicacy, which in yielding conquers, and, with a pitiful look, makes one find cause to crave help one's self.

“ 4. Silence ought to be without sullenness ; modesty without affectation ; and bashfulness without ignorance.

“ 5. Some women are in that degree of well-doing, to which the not knowing of evil serveth for a ground of virtue ; and they hold their inward powers in better form, with an unspotted simplicity, than many do, who rather cunningly seek to know what goodness is than willingly take to themselves the following of it. But as that sweet and simple breath of heavenly goodness is the easier to be altered, because it has not passed through the trial of worldly wickedness, nor feelingly found the evil that evil carries with it ; so these innocents, when they come to a point wherein their judgments are to be practised by knowing faultiness by its first tokens, do not know whether the pending circumstance be a thing to be avoided or embraced, and so are apt easily to fall into the snare.

“ 6. The sex of woman-kind is most particularly bound to consider, with regardful eyes, men's judgments on its deeds.”—

“ REMARK.

“ A clear reputation must be desirable to every honourable mind. Lucretia died to maintain her's ; but there the sense of reputation was stronger than that of honour ! A truly noble heart would have preferred the death that Tarquin threatened ; unsullied purity with a slandered name, before contamination with the power of accusation and revenge. Positive rectitude ought to be the first consideration ; a fair character, the second ; but

first and second they should ever be. Virtue demands that where possible they should be substance and shadow; and where it is not, we should die rather than relinquish either; unless the last, as in the case of Lucretia, must be preserved by the sacrifice of the first. For virtue is despotic; life, reputation, every earthly good, must be surrendered at her voice. The law may seem hard, but it is the guardian of what it commands; and is the only sure defence of happiness."

We need not point out the dignity, justness, and delicacy of the sentiment contained in the above excellent remark. It is of itself sufficient to recommend the volumes to general perusal.

Reasons for rejecting the presumptive Evidence of Mr. Almon, that Mr. Hugh Boyd was the Writer of Junius, with Passages selected to prove the real Author of the Letters of Junius. 2s. 8vo. Highley.

So! The author of Junius is at last discovered to be the American General Lee!! The pamphleteer might as well have told us at once that these celebrated Letters were written by the *Man in the Iron Mask*.

THE DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE——Shakspeare.

THE STORY OF SHAKSPEARE'S MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

FROM MR. DOUCE'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

THREE sources whence the plot of this play might have been extracted, have already been mentioned, viz. Whetstone's *Heptameron*, 1582, 4to. ; his *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, 4to. ; and novel 5. decad. 8. in Cinthio Giraldi. It is probable that the general outline of the story is founded on fact, as it is related, with some variety of circumstances, by several writers, and appears to have been very popular. It has therefore been thought worth while to point out the following works in which it occurs.

In Lipsii *Monita et exempla politica*, Antwerp. 1613, 4to. cap. viii. Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy, causes one of his noblemen to be put to death for offending in the manner that Angelo would have done ; but he is first compelled to marry the lady. This story has been copied from Lipsius into Wanley's *Wonders of the little World*, book iii. chap. 29. edit. 1678, folio ; and from Wanley into that favourite little chap book Burton's *Unparalleled Varieties*, p. 42. See likewise *The Spectator*, No. 491. This event was made the subject of a French play by Antoine Maréchal, called *Le Jugement équitable de Charles le Hardy*, 1646, 4to. Here the offender is called Rodolph, governor of Maestrick, and by theatrical licence turns out to be the duke's own son. Another similar story of Charles's upright judgment may be found in the third volume of Goulart's *Thresor d'Histoires admirables*, 1628, 8vo. p. 373.

Much about the time when the above events are supposed to have happened, Olivier le Dain, for his wickedness surnamed the Devil, originally the barber, and afterwards the favourite, of Louis XI. is said to have committed a similar offence, for which he was deservedly hanged. See Godefroy's edition of the *Memoirs of Philip de Comines*, Brussels, 1723, 8vo. tom. v. p. 55.

At the end of Belleforest's translation of Bandello's Novels, there are three additional, of his own invention.

The first of these relates to a captain, who, having seduced the wife of one of his soldiers, under a promise to save the life of her husband, exhibited him soon afterwards, through the window of his apartment, suspended on a gibbet. His commander, the Marshal de Brisac, after compelling him to marry the widow, adjudges him to death. The striking similitude of a part of this story to what Mr. Hume has related of Colonel Kirke will present itself to every reader, and perhaps induce some to think with Mr. Ritson (however they will differ in his mode of expressing the sentiment), that Mr. Hume's narration "is an impudent and barefaced lie." See *The Quip Modest*, p. 30. A defence also of Kirke may be seen in the *Monthly Magazine*, vol. ii. p. 544. Yet though we may be inclined to adopt this side of the question, it will only serve to diminish, in a single instance, the atrocities of that sanguinary monster.

In Lupton's *Siquila, Too good to be true*, 1580, 4to. there is a long story of a woman, who, her husband having slain his adversary in a duel, goes to the judge for the purpose of prevailing on him to remit the sentence of the law. He obtains of her, in the first place, a large sum of money, and afterwards the reluctant prostitution of her person, under a solemn promise to save her husband. The rest as in Belleforest's Novel.

In volume i. of Goulart's *Thrésor d'Histoires Admirables*, above cited, there are two stories on this subject. The first, in p. 300, is of a citizen of Como, in Italy, who in 1547 was detained prisoner by a Spanish captain on a charge of murder. The wife pleads for him as before, and obtains a promise of favour on the same terms. The husband recommends her compliance, after which the Spaniard beheads him. Complaint is made to the Duke of Ferrara, who compels the captain to marry the widow, and then orders him to be hanged. The other, in p. 304, is of a provost, named La Vouste, whose conduct resembles that of the other villain's, with this addition: He says to the woman, "I promised to restore your husband; I have not kept him, here he is." No punishment is inflicted on this fellow.

The last example to be mentioned on this occasion occurs in Cooke's *Vindication of the Professors and Profession of the Law*, 1646, 4to. p. 61. During the wars between Charles the Fifth and Francis the First, one Raynucio had been imprisoned at Milan for betraying a

sent to the French. His wife petitions the governor, Don Garcias, in his favour, who refuses to listen but on dishonourable terms, which are indignantly rejected. The husband, like *Claudio*, in *Measure for Measure*, at first commends the magnanimity of his wife, and submits to his sentence; but when the time for his execution approaches, his courage fails him, and he prevails on his wife to acquiesce in the governor's demands. A sum of ten thousand crowns is likewise extorted from the unhappy woman, and she receives in return the dead body of her husband. The Duke of Ferrara, Hercules of Este, who was general for the Emperor, is informed of the circumstance. He first persuades the governor to marry the lady, and then orders him to be beheaded.

THE PLAYHOUSE.

This profest diversion of the age flourishes with luxurious elegance, in defiance of timid moralists, and the more furious attacks of the puritan and methodist.

In the ardour of well-meant but mistaken zeal, these declaimers forget that a love of pleasure is a natural, and, if moderately indulged, a rational principle, implanted for wise purposes in the breasts of us all.

That it is unlawful to laugh, and criminal to pretend to be happy, an impious idea, which describes the Almighty and benevolent Disposer of the Universe as a tyrant, and man as the victim of a severe destiny, could only have entered an imagination clouded by despair, and impervious to the mild rays of hope and mercy.

But, if the doors of our theatres *could* be closed, I fear the divine and philanthropist would gain an ineffectual victory, by driving the promiscuous multitude of a crowded metropolis to the sties of sensuality and drunkenness, or the recesses of secret sin.

Yet the merit of Collier, and those who followed him, should not be forgotten; they attacked and drove from the stage those impious raileries and obscene allusions, injurious to correct amusement, and disgraceful to national taste, which tainted the dramas of the day, and too often sully the pages of Wycherly, Congreve, Farquhar, and Vanburgh.

It would be easy, in the present instance, from the abuse to argue against the use of amusement; but does it follow from reason, or the nature of things, or from a negligent and corrupted police, that the avenues of our theatres must, on every side, be surrounded by the noisome dens of prostitution and fraud, where women and wine are employed, by well-known desperadoes and their emissaries, as decoys to the gaming table, whilst plunder and suicide close the dismal scene?

The same argument might with equal propriety be alleged against kings, because St. James's palace, the residence of a prince exemplary for pure manners and decorous conduct, is almost elbowed by gamblers, pick-pockets and impures; and in such numbers, that if fire from heaven, as in the days of the patriarchs, should descend and destroy every house of infamy in the royal purlieus, our gracious monarch would almost have a desert around him.

It is not our intention to criticise on the drama, or moralise on its abuses, but to notice the gorgeous decorations and bulky magnificence of our new-built theatres, which, leaving regal splendour and ecclesiastic grandeur at an humble distance, rival or outstrip the vast dimensions and graceful proportions of ancient art.

The *coup d'œil* is certainly striking; but, after the stare of wonder and the exclamations of panegyric are satiated and exhausted, when the critic and dramatic amateur are seated in the brilliant magic circle, to enjoy that for which most rational men visit a theatre, they will find, with regret, that comfort, and the pleasure of distinctly hearing what is said on the stage, have been wholly sacrificed to architectural grandeur and vastness of space; a space which the woeful experience of past seasons has feelingly told the managers is never, but on the rare occasion of some temporary stimulants, adequately occupied.

Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door has repeatedly presented itself to the imagination as well as feelings of many a shivering spectator.

Mr. Sheridan might have been taught, without paying so dearly for his knowledge, and without exhibiting the degrading spectacle of a half-finished building (that unerring symptom of an empty treasury,) he might have been taught, that there is a degree of space, accurately

determined by reason and experience, beyond which the human voice, however artificially assisted or violently strained, cannot with efficacy reach.

The rapture of an immense receipt may seize the imagination or tempt the avarice of a manager, but he ought never to lose sight of the prior claims of the public to comfort and amusement, or he will, as in the case of Drury Lane Theatre, be often obliged to exhibit his gilded lattices, his stuccoes, his pilasters, his processions, his cavalcades, his laughing tragedies and crying comedies, to empty benches ; whilst the few who are so unlucky as to be entrapped by the gaudy puppet-shew will suffer mischiefs not easily remedied, from damp space unoccupied, and from freezing currents of air ; and all they have, in return, is a view of apparently dumb actors, whom they may like to see, but, with the exception of the fiddlers, cannot possibly hear.

The public would have been to the full as well amused, and much better satisfied, had the theatres prepared for their reception been less gaudy and less stupendous, without levying additional contributions on their pockets ; contributions which, in the present rage for sumptuous exhibition, they would have paid with less regret, had not the pleasure derived from the drama, and the comfort of *hearing* a good play, been proportionately diminished, if not almost wholly destroyed. C. P. B.

MACKLIN AND GARRICK.

GARRICK and MACKLIN frequently rode out together, and often baited at some of the public houses on the Richmond road. Upon these occasions, whenever they came to a turnpike, or to settle the account of the luncheon, Garrick either had changed his breeches that morning, and was without money, or else used to produce a 36s. piece, which made it difficult to change. Upon these occasions, Macklin, to use his own phrase, "stood Captain Flashman ;" that is, paid the charge. This went on for some time, when Macklin, finding that Garrick never took his turn of paying the expenses, or repaying those he had advanced for him, challenged him one day for a debt he owed him, and then pulled out a long slip of paper, in which the several disbursements were entered according to date, place, and company ;

"which, Sir," said the veteran, "amounted to between thirty and forty shillings. The little fellow at first seemed surprised, and then would have turned it into a joke: but I was serious, Sir, and he paid me the money; and after that we joggled on upon our own separate accounts."

Another time Garrick gave a dinner at his lodgings to Harry Fielding, Macklin, Havard, Mrs. Cibber, &c. &c.; and vails to servants being then much the fashion, Macklin, and most of the company, gave Garrick's man (David, a Welchman) something at parting—some a shilling, some half a crown, &c. whilst Fielding, very formally, slipped a piece of paper in his hand, with something folded in the inside. When the company were all gone, David seeming to be in high glee, Garrick asked him how much he got. "I can't tell you yet, Sir," said Davy: "here is half a crown from Mrs. Cibber, Got pless hur—here is a shilling from Mr. Macklin—here is two from Mr. Havard, &c.—and here is something more from the poet, Got pless his merry heart." By this time David had unfolded the paper, when, to his great astonishment, he saw it contain no more than *one penny*! Garrick felt nettled at this, and next day spoke to Fielding about the impropriety of jesting with a servant. "Jesting!" said Fielding, with a seeming surprise: "so far from it, that I meant to do the fellow a real piece of service; for had I given him a shilling, or half a crown, I knew you would have taken it from him; but by giving him only a *penny*, he had a chance of calling it his own."

JOHN HOME, ESQ. (LATELY DECEASED.)

THE high reputation which this gentleman acquired, in being the author of one of the most successful of modern tragedies, must render some account of such an author interesting to our readers.—John Home, Esq. was a native of Scotland: he was educated for the ministry, in the kirk of that country, and was esteemed for his literary attainments, and the propriety of his private conduct. Fond, however, of the Muse, and feeling the inspirations of poetry in his mind, he turned his attention towards dramatic composition, and produced his cele-

brated tragedy of DOUGLAS, which he presented to the manager of the Edinburgh theatre. It was received with pleasure by the manager, and with the warmest appl use by the public.

The leading members of the kirk were highly offended with the author, for employing his pen upon a subject which they deemed inconsistent with his clerical function, and they used all the arts of persuasion, and all the force of authority, to prevent him from having his tragedy brought into representation. The high opinion, however, which the literary friends of the author had conceived of the work, the desire of poetical distinction natural to the juvenile mind, and perhaps the prospect of pecuniary advantage, rendered him deaf to admonition, and regardless of danger. The consequence was, dismissal from his ecclesiastical employment, as the elders of the kirk were resolved to maintain the austere dignity of their institution, and not suffer the Muses to sport in a place devoted to religion.

The elders, of course, drew upon themselves much ridicule, for this apparent excess of rigour; but perhaps that ridicule was not properly directed against them. There is much due to old establishments, in order to preserve that popular reverence with which they are regarded, and from which the interests of morality and religion may derive considerable support. There is, indeed, no great harm in writing a play, and it seems very fastidious and unreasonable to persecute the author of a moral drama; but the very circumstance of shewing a strong and decisive reprobation of such an appropriation of talents in any person devoted to a particular ministry may tend to increase its estimation, and confirm its authority.

The loss of this situation, however, though at first it seemed to blight all the hopes of Mr. Home, in reality was not of much injury to him; he was taken under the protection of the Earl of Bute, a nobleman distinguished for his love of literature and science, and who may be considered as having himself suffered too much from persecution, in the rage of political animosity. Mr. Home, through the interest of this nobleman, obtained a pension from his present Majesty, before he ascended that throne which his virtues, as a monarch and a man, so eminently contributed to adorn and dignify.

The disgrace which Mr. Home incurred among his

clerical brethren, and the poetical distinction which he acquired, partly in consequence of that disgrace, and partly arising from the merits of his work, constitute the chief feature in his life, was afterwards devoted to the duties of a place which he held under government in Scotland, and to the cultivation of his dramatic powers. He wrote several works for the stage, incited by the success of his Douglas, but none of them have any degree of merit compared to that popular drama.

Having been patronised by Lord Bute, the late Mr. Wilkes directed his pen, occasionally, against our author, and ridiculed, with some success, a passage in the tragedy of Douglas, in which the river is said to "*impose silence with a stilly sound.*" The idea of a *sounding silence* is, indeed, ludicrous, and a contradiction in terms; but a man of learning and taste, like Mr. Wilkes, should have looked over such a petty inaccuracy in a work of so much merit. The excellence of Douglas, however, chiefly consists in the simplicity of the language, and the pathos of the story; for there is nothing powerful in the sentiment, or very striking in the characters. The catastrophe, we conceive, might have been different, without lessening the proper interest of the drama, though it would not have concluded with the *terrible graces* of tragedy. There was no reason for killing Douglas, and making his mother, in a state of distraction, rush upon suicide. Glenalvon ought to have been destroyed for his villainy, and Lord Randolph might have shared his fate, for attending to the suggestions of an artful villain; rather than boldly searching into the truth of his allegations, in order to bring the supposed adulteress and her paramour to punishment, if they should have been found to deserve it. Thus would the laws of poetical justice have been preserved, the amiable characters would have obtained the rewards they merited, and only guilt and rash suspicion would have suffered; while the progress of the drama would have afforded a sufficient exercise for the sympathies of humanity.

The rest of Mr. Home's dramatic compositions, which were represented with various success, but none with much effect, are the following tragedies:—*Agis*, the *Siege of Aquileia*, the *Fatal Discovery*, *Alonzo*, and *Alfred*.

TO STUDENTS AT LAW.

SIR MATTHEW HALE'S OPINION OF PLAYS.

WHEN a student in the Inns of Court, Sir Matthew Hale took up a resolution which he punctually observed, that he would never more see a play, having spent all his money on them at Oxford, and having experienced that it was so great an alienation of his mind from his studies, by the recurring of the speeches and actions into his thoughts, as well as the loss of time when he saw them. He had often disputes with the learned Selden, who was his great friend, and used to say he found great refreshment by it; but Sir Matthew told him he had so much knowledge of the inconvenience of them, that he would not see one for 100l. But he said he was not of Mr. Pryane's judgment, for he did not think it unlawful, but very fit for gentlemen, sometimes, but not for students.

A BENCHER.

TRAGI-COMEDIES.

DRYDEN has been said by some persons to have written his Tragi-Comedies upon his own judgment of the excellence of that neutral drama. In a manuscript letter of his, however, he says, "I am afraid you discover not your own opinion concerning my irregular way of Tragi-Comedy (or my *Doppia Favola*)."² I will never defend that practice, for I know it distracts the hearers: but I know withal that it has hitherto pleased them, for the sake of variety, and for the particular taste which they have to Low Comedy. This has been the excuse of dramatic authors, from the earliest times down to the present day.

The Drama's laws the Drama's patrons give,
And they who live to please, must please, to live.

K.

HAMLET.

"And let the kettle to the trumpets speak," &c.

M. DE BROSSES, in his Supplement to the Remains of Sallust, tom. .1. p. 377, seems to have imitated this pompous formula of the King, in the last scene of *Hamlet*: Le sénat répondoit aux trompettes par des acclamations lugubres: les chevaliers répondoient au sénat: l'armée aux chevaliers: toute la populace à l'armée.

T. M.

VOL. IV.

N 2

POETRY.

IMPROMPTU,

ON HEARING OF THE TREATY CONCLUDED BETWEEN THE FRENCH
AND BRITISH FORCES IN PORTUGAL.

"Si Natura negat, facit INDIGNATIO versum."—JUVENAL.

AND is it so? Has Well'sley fought for this?
For this has Well'sley conquer'd? Is it so,
That Britain's sons have pour'd their gen'rous blood
In Freedom's glorious cause, and crush'd the foe,—
The Gallic tyrant's vile, rapacious slaves,—
Crush'd them, alas! in vain!—crush'd them, alas!
To make them more than conquerors? To convey
Safe to the shores the predatory band,
Rich with the spoils of England's friends? Forbid,
Forbid it Heav'n! Forbid it honour, shame,
And ev'ry patriot flame that glows divine
Within the breast of Britons! Can it be?
So low is Britain fallen? Oh! forbear
The mean ungrateful thought! Tell not abroad
To Britain's foe the tale of Britain's shame,—
Lest they should triumph in her foul disgrace;
And scoffing cry,—“Where now is Britain's glory?”

16th Sept. 1808.

A BRITON.

QUATORZAIN.

WRITTEN IN RICHMOND PARK.

O'ER these lone woodlands I delight to roam,
When night bespangles the pellucid sky,
And the pale moon strikes my romantic eye
With her mild beam, beguiling me from home!
For then my thoughts, ungovernably free,
Assume a nobler energy and height,
Pause on the time when Marianne, with me,
Here sought a refuge for the sweet delight!
Yet not, alas! for bliss thus soft I steal,
Now thro' the alleys of the silent grove,
For Mem'ry bids me sadly to reveal,
The tedious story of my injur'd love!
And as I wander through each sacred shade,
I trace the semblance of the beauteous maid.

Grafton-street, June, 1808.

J. G.

CANZONET.

SWEET is the sound, in lowly dell,
Of the bard's romantic shell ;
But to me more sweet's the call
Of yonder dazzling waterfall !

Dear to me are Lesbia's eyes—
Truly dear are Friendship's sighs—
But to these are dearer far
The twinkling of yon argent star !

Mild the queen of night appears
Wand'ring thro' the southern spheres ;
But not half so mild's her beam
As yonder wood's meand'ring stream !

Far more bright are Phœbus' rays
Than the sparkling diamond's blaze ;
But the glist'ning eyes of Sarah,
Brighter are than Sol, and fairer !!!

Teach me then, O Muse ! to prize
Nought but those bewitching eyes ;
Make my Sarah's gentle calls
Sweeter than the waterfall's.

Make my lover's glittering eyes
Surpass the star in yonder skies !
Then will all her smiles appear
Than Diana's far more clear !

Heavenly Muse ! thou art to me
A source of endless ecstasy !
Yea ! thou hast a Beauty wrought,
Whose charms outstrip the force of thought !

Grafton-street, Sept. 1808.

J. G.

SONG.

SLOW, pleasant, and tranquil, my time pass'd away,
Till Delia I saw and approv'd ;
No swain was so cheerful, so blithsome, and gay,
But how chang'd since the moment I lov'd !
Now in secret I sigh, and bemoan my lost heart,
No pleasures can soften my grief ;
'Tis Delia alone can assuage all my smart,
'Tis her kindness must give me relief.

But if she rejects my fond plaint with disdain,
 And coldly regards my soft prayer,
 Of her cruelty then I will never complain,
 But end my sad days in despair.

HENRY.

WRITTEN IN RICHMOND PARK.

TO MY LYRE.

YES! once again I'll clasp my vagrant lyre,
 That long hath lain neglected and forlorn,
 And as I taste the mellow draught of morn,
 Will strike its chords and join the woodland choir:
 Here 'neath these reverend oaks will I retire
 From those who treat me with indecent scorn;
 For though perhaps to poverty I'm born,
 My bosom glows with independent fire!
 Hail! little friend! my sweetest pleasure, hail!
 For she is gone who succour'd thee with care;
 O'er every action of my life prevail,
 And smooth the rugged brow of dark despair!
 Or, should the clouds of disappointment low'r,
 Bid me look calmly on the threatening show'r!

Grafton-street, June, 1808.

J. G.

A BURLESQUE SONNET.

A SONNET!—how ridiculously vain
 Is the request in these degenerate times!
 When scarce a poet can produce two rhymes
 Without tormenting for an hour his brain!
 Or filling his dull eyes with deadliest pain,
 By searching Walker* for the various chimes!
 One could as soon arrest the sun that climbs
 The heavens, as mould a *Sonnet* in a pleasing strain!
 Well, how sublime! Why, Loft! upon my soul
 I am unequal'd in this wondrous lay!
 What wou'd that snivelling Sonneteer† now say,
 Con'd he get loose from death's terrific goal?
 Why, he would naturally yield to me,
 Without the least reserve, the victory,

Grafton-street, Sept. 1808.

J. G.

* Walker's Rhyming Dictionary.

† -Petrarch.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRURY-LANE

Opened for the season on Saturday the 17th of September, with the *Honeymoon* and *Rosina*.

20. *Hamlet*. *Ophelia*, by a young Lady (her 1st appearance on any stage). *Irishman* in *London*.

22. *Love in a Village*. Young Meadows, Mr. Gibbon; Hodge, Mr. SCRIVEN (from *Edinburgh*, his 1st appearance in *London*). *Citizen*. Old Philpot, Mr. Penley.

[Mr. J. Smith announced for Young Meadows; but, for what cause we know not, he did not perform.]

24. *Country Girl*—Ella Rosenberg.

The Company is the same as last season; and the interior has undergone no alteration, excepting that some additions have been made to the private boxes, before too numerous. The new *Ophelia* is a Mrs. Corri, wife of the musician. She has been well instructed, and has a good voice, but *prætereâ nihil*. Mr. Scriven, the *Hodge*, has been long a favourite comedian in the North, and his merits, though not extraordinary, fully entitle him to a respectable cast of characters in *London*. He was very well received.

COVENT GARDEN

Opened on the 12th of September, with *Macbeth* and *Raising the Wind*. *Lady Macbeth* by Mrs. Siddons.

14. *Woodman*—Portrait of *Cervantes*.

16. *Isabella*—Escapes.

19. *Pizarro*—Portrait of *Cervantes*.

This Company also remains as it stood last year; with the loss of Miss Smith, who winters it in *Dublin*. The dreadful Fire, of which we insert the most authentic account we can procure, put a stop to the representations for one week. On Monday the 26th the proprietors opened the Opera House, with *Douglas* and *Rosina*; these pieces requiring but few dresses, and but two or three scenes.

HAYMARKET.

AUGUST.

23. *African*—Blind Boy.

24. [Mr. and Mrs. LISTON'S NIGHT.] Pannel. Don Gusman, Mr. Noble; Don Carlos, Mr. Thompson; Don Pedro, Mr. Carles; Don Ferdinand, Mr. Palmer. jun. Lazarillo, Mr. Farley; Octavio, Mr. Treby; Muskato, Mr. Liston. Marcella, Mrs. St Leger; Aurora, Mrs. Mathews; Beatrice, Mrs. Gibbs.—Who Wins? Matthew Mole, Mr. Grove; Widow Bellair, Mrs. Taylor.—Critic.

25. *Africans*—Seeing is Believing—Plot and Counterplot.

27. *Ib.*—Mrs. Wiggins—Tom Thumb.

29. [Mr. YOUNG'S NIGHT.] *Pizarro*. (Pizarro, (for that night only) Mr. Chapman; Alonzo, Mr. Abbot, (from Bath, his 1st ap-

pearance in London). Elvira, Miss Marriott, (from Bath, her 1st appearance on this stage).—Critic.

30. Africans—Music Mad—Blind Boy.

31. Ib.—YEs OR No? (Never acted.) The Overture and Music by Mr. C. Smith. The Characters by Messrs. Grove, Liston, Farley, Palmer, jun. Noble, Mathews, Treby; Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Liston.

SEPT.

1. Blue Devils—Yes or No?

2. Ib.—Ghost—Ib.

3. [Mr. FAWCETT's Night.] Zorinski—Critic—Plot and Counterplot.

5. Africans—Blind Boy—Yes or No?

6. Ib.—Escapes—Ib.

7. Ib.—YEs OR No?—Cheats of Scapin.

8. Ib.—Tom Thumb—Yes or No?

9. [Mrs. GIBBS' Night.] Honeymoon. Duke, Mr. Young.—Plot and Counterplot—Valentine and Orson.

10. Africans—Music Mad—Yes or No?

12. Dramatist—Yes or No?—Plot and Counterplot.

13. Africans—Critic—Tom Thumb.

14. Hamlet—Cheats of Scapin.

15. Africans—Plot and Counterplot—Yes or No?

The Theatre closed on the 15th, with the usual compliment to the audience from Mr. Fawcett. The farce of YES OR NO? is a pleasant trifle, and having the advantage of some pretty music, and excellent acting, no doubt sufficiently answered the purpose both of manager and author.

DESTRUCTION OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE BY FIRE.

ON Tuesday morning (Sept. 20), at 4 o'clock, took place one of the most tremendous conflagrations which this Metropolis has witnessed for many years, and which ended in the total destruction of Covent Garden Theatre, certainly one of the most complete and splendid in Europe, together with a great number of the adjoining houses; but the circumstance which consummated the calamity is the melancholy destruction of human life which ensued, in a most fatal and shocking manner. The play and entertainment announced for representation on the previous evening were *Pizarro*, and *the Portrait of Cervantes*, which were performed with the greatest *éclat*, and produced a remarkably full house.—During the performance, nothing transpired which could indicate, in the least degree, the possibility of the melancholy catastrophe which in a very few hours afterwards took place. The representation was over by eleven o'clock, and about twelve Mr. Brandon, after going round the house, saw every thing apparently safe, and retired to rest. The watchman also went his usual rounds at two o'clock in the morning, when there was no appearance to excite suspicion. At four Mr. Brandon was called up by the watchman, when the whole house

was in flames. About this time a thick smoke, and immediately afterwards flames, were seen issuing from the large ventilator on the roof of Covent Garden Theatre. Within ten minutes, several parts of the roof were perceived to be on fire, and in half an hour the whole covering of that immense building was in flames, burning with such fury and intenseness, that, though it was then broad day light, the column of fire thrown up was perceivable even in many of the more distant environs of the metropolis. The engines of every fire-office in town, and of all the neighbouring parishes, rattling through the streets, spread an universal alarm. Every person within half a mile supposed, on looking out, the fire to be within three or four houses of him. The theatre was speedily surrounded with engines, and thousands of persons, ready to give all the assistance in their power; but the building is so closely surrounded by high and deep houses, that for some time very little or nothing could be done by all their efforts to check the progress of the flames. The roof fell in about six, and before eight o'clock, the whole interior of this magnificent building, the audience part, the stage, the different entrances, the treasury, and music-room, were consumed. Of so great a destruction, effected in so short a time, there is perhaps no former instance; but the large area of the Theatre gave air to the flames, and almost every material composing it was highly combustible.

The endeavours of the firemen were now all applied to the prevention of an increase of the calamity, the houses on the four sides of the theatre being evidently in great danger. Their height made it impossible for the engines to play over them; but the leathern pipes were carried up the stair-cases of the houses to the third floors, and being thrown down the ends were fastened to the engines below. All these exertions could not prevent the progress of the flames to the houses in Bow-street, to which side the wind inclined. Several of these are connected with the theatre, and appropriated to different parts of the establishment. Most of these are destroyed, and some others. Soon after four o'clock, when the fire was at its height, from the direction and force of the wind, there was reason to fear the destruction of the whole mass of houses reaching to Russel-street; but the wind soon fell considerably, and the fire seemed to take a different direction. It is impossible to describe the horrors of the scene at this moment. The immense volume of fire, the crashing of the beams, and the roof, the knocking up of the families in the neighbourhood in order to save themselves from the devouring element, altogether formed a scene that beggars all description. As the heavy timbers fell, the light burning matter was thrown up to an immense height and extent, and the whole atmosphere was filled with floating flakes of fire, which fell in all directions, spreading consternation, and threatening ruin to the whole neighbourhood. Pieces of scenery and ornaments were carried to a considerable distance, and a piece of carved wood, all on fire even fell near St. Clement's Church. The Apollo on the top of Drury-lane Theatre, formed a striking spectacle, as the fiery materials fell around it in a sort of shower. The conflagration continued to extend itself without the least prospect of a stop being put to its fury. The alarm was spread all over the town with the utmost rapidity—the fire engines poured in from all quar-

ters, but they could not render any effectual assistance for a considerable time, from the scarcity of water. This circumstance, though it would be a matter of great regret at a fire of less magnitude, was of little consequence; for had all the engines in London been suffered to play upon the burning pile at once, little benefit could have been derived from their exertions, so tremendous were the flames at one time. Great apprehensions were entertained for the safety of Drury-lane Theatre, as the flakes of fire were carried by the wind with force and in great quantities in that direction. A great number of people mounted the roof, ready in case of actual fire to open the large cistern of water provided there. They also stopped the windows with wet cloths, to prevent the entrance of the flames, and thus secured the theatre. All the people in the neighbourhood took a similar precaution and were employed, with their servants, in picking up the flakes of fire as they fell on the roofs, or in the yards. A great number of volunteers, of different corps, were speedily assembled, and, by their activity and exertions, were very useful in keeping open the passage to the theatre, and in preventing the inconveniences arising from a mob. These were followed by detachments from the Horse and Foot Guards, who continued on the spot during the course of the day. Several miscreants were taken into custody, who attempted to avail themselves, for the purposes of plunder, of the confusion and dismay produced by this tremendous catastrophe.

But great as this calamity is to the proprietors and other sufferers, a most dreadful occurrence is yet to be mentioned. The firemen attached to an engine belonging to the Phoenix Office, together with several others, had broke open the door of the theatre under the Piazza, and advancing forward into the passage, had directed the pipes up the stairs leading to the boxes. While thus in the act of playing upon the interior of the Theatre, a stack of chimnies, belonging to the Shakespeare Tavern, fell down, and bursting through the covering of the passage, buried them in the ruins! This dreadful event took place about a quarter before seven, and it was a considerable time before the rubbish, which now blocked up the door, could be cleared away. When it was effected, a miserable spectacle presented itself—the mangled bodies of dead and dying appearing through the rubbish, or discovered in each advance to remove it. A number of dead bodies were conveyed to the bone house of Covent Garden parish to be owned, and the bruised and scorched in whom any signs of life were perceived were sent to the hospital.

The Treasurer (Mr. Hughes), though infirm, contrived to secure all the books and papers relative to the concerns of the theatre, as well as the produce of the last night's performance. The fire is supposed to have broken out in what is called the mechanist's work-room, which was between the roof and the cieling, immediately over the pit. The cause of it is wholly unknown. All the precautions long established by the rules of the theatre had been taken, as usual. The persons who light the lamps and candles had extinguished them; the housekeeper had gone over the whole building afterwards; and the watchman of the theatre had, as we have already said, been his rounds during the night. Mr. Harris was at his country-house near Uxbridge when the event took place, and

and Mr. Harris, junior, on Tuesday morning carried to him the distressing news. Mr. Harris, when informed of the great loss he had sustained, in the total destruction of a theatre in which so much of his property was invested, and the concerns of which he had superintended for so many years, with such distinguished liberality and success, bore the information with calmness and fortitude. On his coming to town, however, and being made acquainted with the melancholy circumstances with which it was attended, he was greatly distressed.

It has not been ascertained, nor perhaps ever will be, from what cause the fire originated. It was rumoured that the Theatre had been wilfully set on fire, but there does not appear any ground for a suspicion of this nature. It was also supposed, that the wadding of the gun fired during the performance of PIZARRO, had lodged in one of the scenes, and that the fire had originated from this cause, but the wadding used for that purpose was so slight a piece of paper, that it is scarcely possible it could have caused any injury. Many other conjectures have been hazarded as to the cause of the fire, but in this, as in most other cases of a similar nature, there scarcely appears any possibility of ascertaining with the least certainty the actual cause of the conflagration.—A wall had been recently built for the purpose of preventing any danger to the Theatre, from fire breaking out in either of the Coffee-houses next to the Piazza. This wall had the effect of preventing the flames from the Theatre communicating to the Coffee-house, otherwise it is probable the whole of that side of Covent Garden and the east side of James-street, as far as Hart-street, would have been destroyed.

The loss to the proprietors will be immense. The property is supposed to have been worth 150,000*l.* and not more than a third of that sum was insured. Besides the actual loss, much of the property is of a nature that cannot be replaced. A vast collection of manuscript music by Handel, Arue, and other eminent composers; the finely-painted scenes of Lambert, Dahl, Carver, Richards; and other great masters, the admiration and study of our present artists; Handel's organ, used at the oratorios, and valued at 1000 guineas; the immense wardrobe of the theatre, more complete than any in Europe; and other losses too numerous to recount, which will occasion the utmost embarrassment to the proprietors, and prevent the performance of many dramatic pieces, the representation of which would bring vast sums into the treasury.

Arrangements are already forming for the erection of a new theatre on the old site. It will be of the most magnificent description; but we hope that, in the planning of it, some attention will be paid to the points alluded to in an article inserted in our dramatic department for this month. For their own sakes, the proprietors will guard against the probability of a second conflagration. The outlets of our present theatres are extremely inconvenient and dangerous; in the new building they should be increased, and this may be done without adding to the number of door-keepers. The theatre will no doubt be detached from all other houses; and it might be fit matter for the consideration of the proprietors whether separate buildings might not be erected for the wardrobe, the carpenter's room, painter's room, &c. &c. so that, in case of a misfortune by

fire, all would escape destruction except the apartment in which the accident might commence.

A committee is formed in Covent Garden Parish, to receive subscriptions for the relief of the unfortunate sufferers; and the proprietors of the theatre have signified their intention of appropriating a night to their benefit.

CORONER'S INQUEST.

An Inquest was held on Wednesday, Sept. 21, at two o'clock, at the house of Mr. Belshaw, the corner of James-street, in the Piazza, Covent Garden, before Anthony Gell, Esq. Coroner for Westminster, on the bodies of those unfortunate persons who lost their lives at the dreadful fire. Upwards of twenty persons have lost their lives, and a considerable number were severely wounded and bruised.

The principal witness was W. Addecot, of Little Russel-street, stage-carpenter at Covent Garden theatre. He deposed that on Monday night the play of *Pizarro* was performed. At about half after eleven o'clock, upon the final dropping of the curtain, as the audience was going away, he quitted the theatre and went home. He went to bed at nearly twelve o'clock; at four in the morning, he was awakened by Mr. Carmichael, a baker, his next-door neighbour, who informed him that the theatre was on fire. Upon going to Hart-street, he saw that the theatre was in a blaze. He then went to the pit door, where he saw the British and some other engines. Mr. Hughes's (the treasurer) door was broken open. Mr. Brandon then came and gave the witness several keys belonging to the theatre, in order to obtain the more easy access for the firemen; but in the confusion and agitation of mind which the persons connected with the theatre were then in, they were unable to fit the keys to the locks which they wished to unfasten. The doors were then forced open; but though there was a reservoir within the theatre, there was not any hose at hand which could fit the engines. Messrs. Hadley and Simkins, of Long Acre, engine makers, sent some hose, and two or three of their small engines, which played with considerable effect. The witness then went round to the Piazza door, where he saw the Phoenix fire-engine worked by about a dozen men inside of the great entrance gates. The witness advised one of the engineers to remove from that spot, as, from his local knowledge of the theatre, he could perceive the men were in imminent danger. The fire was then burning through from the boxes towards Covent Garden Market, and the room over their heads, called the Apollo Room, was also in one blaze. The witness was told to mind his own business, and accordingly quitted the place, and returned to the Bow-street side of the theatre. By this time he could perceive that the whole of the theatre was one solid body of fire. It was impossible for him to ascertain the cause; he could state, that it appeared to him to have begun about the centre of the house, towards the left side of the building. In less than half an hour after he was told by one of the firemen that the house was down, and that some of their men were killed. Upon returning again to the Piazza, he saw the workmen busily engaged in digging for the bodies; and perceived that it was the Apollo Room which had fallen in. He believed that, if it had not been for a strong party-wall which had been but lately erected, the Bed-

ford Coffee-house must certainly have fallen, and then the whole row of houses on that side of the Piazzas would have been in danger.

The houses which were burnt in Bow-street were those of Mr. Johnson, Mr. Dunn, Mr. Hill, Mr. Sloper, Mr. Hughes (the Treasurer), and Mr. M'Kinlay (book-binder). There was a watchman inside of the theatre, who had a fire and a chair, but no bed; it was his business to go round the principal parts of the theatre every hour, but it was supposed that he had fallen asleep, as it was not until after some considerable knocking at the doors that he answered. There was not at any time more gunpowder kept in the theatre than was necessary for the night; and he did not suppose it at all probable that there was any more than two pounds of powder in the theatre at the time of the accident, and that was placed in a very opposite part of the theatre to that in which the accident took place.

After the conclusion of the evidence, the Coroner observed, that in his opinion this melancholy event was purely accidental. The Jury would then consult, and pronounce their opinion on the case as it then stood, unless they should think that any further evidence was necessary. In that case, he should certainly comply with their wishes. There was one good result from this public and minute inquiry, which was, that it would be seen that there was not the slightest blame attributable to those who had the management of the theatre; and it would also be another benefit to be derived from this public explanation of all the circumstances connected with this unfortunate and most truly distressing accident, the relatives of the deceased would find some consolation in the midst of all their affliction for the loss of a relation or friend, when they found that it was proved on oath that these persons with whom they were nearly connected, though they had met with a premature or untimely fate, had been called into the presence of their Maker in the performance of a most benevolent act, and had left an honourable name behind them.

The Jury immediately agreed, *That the deceased had come by their deaths by the accidental falling in of the Apollo Room.*

THEATRICAL CONFLAGRATIONS.

DRURY-LANE was built 1662; destroyed by fire 1672; rebuilt 1674; pulled down 1791; rebuilt 1794.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE was built 1733; enlarged 1792; destroyed by fire 1808.

OPERA-HOUSE, Haymarket, opened 1704; burnt down 1789; the foundation of a new one laid 1790.

PANTHEON, Oxford-street, opened 1779; converted to an Opera-House 1784; burnt down 1792.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE, burnt down on the Duke of York's birth-night, 1794; rebuilt; and burnt down a second time, in 1803.

ROYAL CIRCUS, destroyed by fire on the Prince of Wales's birth-day, 1805.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

A musical entertainment called the *Fortune Teller*, is immediately to be produced at Drury Lane. The music by Mr. Reeve. Bannister has the principal character.

A romantic melo-drame was in readiness at Covent Garden, and, but for the dreadful calamity of the fire, would by this time have been acted. It was the production of Mr. T. Dibdin, from the same original which furnished Mr. Skeffington's *Mysterious Bride*. The music is by M. Jouve. The scenes were painted, and the decorations nearly complete.

Barrymore returns this season to the London boards; but whether those of Drury Lane or the Opera House, we have not heard. He played Glenalvon at the opening of the latter theatre.

It was in contemplation of the Covent Garden managers to raise the prices of admission to the King's Theatre, the boxes to 7s. and the pit to 4s. but the intention has wisely been dropped. The admission money is quite high enough; and the enlarging it might have produced a riot, and not improbably the destruction of another theatre. The attempt would, no doubt, have been seriously resisted by the public.

Talbot (of Dublin) has purchased from Mr. Bellamy the Belfast, Newry, and Londonderry theatres.

Holman continues to manage in Dublin. H. Johnston, we believe, resigns his post, and meditates a visit to his native city, the metropolis of Scotland.

The managers of Covent Garden were in treaty with Miss Marriott, who performed *Elvira* at the Hay-Market for Mr. Young's benefit; but the lady declined the proposal, preferring "to reign at Bath, than serve in Covent Garden." She is much improved as an actress, since her retirement from the latter theatre.

Mrs. Mudie, from the Windsor company, is said to be engaged at Drury Lane.

Captain Caulfield, who played *Hamlet*, *Ranger*, &c. at Covent Garden, a few winters ago, and afterwards acted the vile part of a seducer, and was thrown into the Bench for the crim. con. damages, died a few days ago within the rules, of a decline. It was at first stated that he had been shot in a duel with a Mr. P——.

COUNTRY THEATRES.

Theatre Royal DUBLIN.—The frequenters of the Irish Theatre have never been gratified with a more pleasing union of histrionic talent than during the present season. In comedy and opera particularly the company has been exceedingly attractive; the dry humour of Downton, and the eccentric whimsicalities of Jack Johnstone, have afforded considerable amusement. At the head of the operatical department must be placed Mrs. Dickons, who has exerted herself so unceasingly, and displayed such melodious power of voice and cultivated science, as have rendered her more popular with the Hibernians than perhaps any preceding English singer;

and this sentiment was fully exemplified at her benefit; which, though it came between the nights of Incledon and Johnstone, was extremely crowded and brilliant. In *The Soldier* tir'd Mrs. Dickens received the flattering applause of the celebrated musical composer, Sir John Stevenson, who warmly complimented her on the neatness and facility of her execution. Incledon's manly voice and unaffected style have acquired him an increase both of reputation and profit; and the chaste manner and impressive tones of Bellamy have excited universal approbation.

Theatre Royal, MANCHESTER.—The following Address was spoken by Mr. Jones at his Benefit :—

One moment more I trespass, to impart
The warm effusions of a feeling heart,
Impressed with gratitude for favours shewn
To me, when first a stripling and alone,
I ventur'd here—unknowing and unknown;
I came a stranger, and unfriended too,
But soon found friends and countenance in you.
One night, the laughing Hero of a play,
I trod these boards—scarce knowing what to say,
My head confus'd—my heart with cares oppress'd,
A trembling *Gossamer* * I stood confess'd;
But your app'ause soon banish'd all my fears,
All were forgotten 'midst your friendly cheers.
Fired with the spirit of th' enliv'ning sound,
I hoax'd and laugh'd, with glee, to all around,
And if my feeble efforts met applause,
Yours be the praise—your kindness was the cause.
Your plaudits first inspir'd my youthful mind
With love of fame; eager that fame to find
I tried my fortune in our sister isle,
Hibernia's sons received me with a smile.
For eight successive years they crown'd with favours,
Nurtur'd with kindness all my young endeavours,
Confirm'd me in those hopes you cherish'd first,
The hantling which you rais'd, they kindly nurst.
Once more return'd to my lov'd native shore,
I hasten here, in grateful thanks to pour
The off'rings of an overflowing breast,
Encouraged by your smiles, and by your presence blest.

Theatre Royal, WYMOUTH.—The theatrical campaign this season has not I fear been so productive as the known liberality of the manager (Mr. Hughes) deserves, though he has added to the strength of his corps, by retaining several veterans of established fame; the merits of an Evans and a Bengough have been long stamped current by the discriminating taste of a Bath and Bristol audience; their performances here will add fresh laurels to those already gained.

In the line of comedy, a Mr. Sandford fills many characters with great judgment and spirit, notwithstanding the disadvantage of an

* This was the part which first brought Mr. Jones into notice.

unpleasing voice, which he evidently increases by speaking in too loud a key, a fault most of our London actors and actresses commit; the voice should certainly rise or fall in strength according to the size of the theatre, and the distance of the auditors. Mr. Howard is respectable in the Lover line, but we would recommend to him a greater attention to his pronunciation. A Mrs. Beverley has appeared in *Lady Randolph*, *Juliana*, *Mrs. Glenroy*, &c. her person is good, and she appears very correct in her parts; but her face is by no means expressive; this lady we understand is almost a novice to the stage, it would be therefore unfair to make any particular comments; we would advise her by no means to step out of the line she has chosen, and on no account attempt a vocal part; she wants that ease and action which a longer acquaintance with the stage alone can give. The modest unassuming merits of the gentle Mrs. Cummins deserve the applause she always meets; ever correct and elegant in her deportment, we were particularly pleased with her *Selina*, in the *Tale of Mystery*. The advice of Shakspeare for the "Clowns to say no more than is set down for them," seems to be entirely forgotten by the performers in the comic line on the Weymouth stage; our ears are constantly wounded by attempts at witticisms which could only be tolerated by a puppet-show audience; those *ad libitums* of the actors, if I may so term it, are now crept into most of our theatres, to the disgrace of many of our first-rate comedians; of the operatic corps we cannot say much. Mrs. Hughes is a very pleasing actress, and her voice agreeable, but by no means powerful. A Mrs. Dickenson also sings in the Incledon stile. Mr. Bennet is a good actor, though by no means adequate to many characters he attempts, his person being unfit for Frederick, in *Of Age To-Morrow*, &c. Mrs. Quantrell, Miss Quantrell, Mr. Curzon, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Mr. Hughes, &c. fill up the *Dramatis Personæ* in a very respectable manner, and reflect high credit on the manager and themselves.

Theatre, WORTHING.—This theatre has been very prosperous during the summer. Mrs. Litchfield, Blanchard, and Incledon, have been successively engaged for a few nights. The manager also brought out the *Forty Thieves* in a very splendid manner, which proved extremely attractive. The Marquis Wellesley was here when the news of his brother's victory arrived. He immediately set off for London. *Rule Britannia*, and *God Save the King*, were called for by the audience, and in the latter a new verse was introduced, in allusion to the event.

When France, with haughty brow,
Bids ev'ry nation bow,
And her fame sing;
England then shews her right,
And, in the glorious fight,
WELLESLEY proclaims her might,
God save the King.

The Marchioness Wellesley was present, and could not but feel gratified at the enthusiasm of the audience on this occasion. The next night, Mrs. Litchfield's Benefit, that lady delivered the following Address at the close of the play to a house crowded with nobility and people of high fashion.

Another triumph swells our country's fame,
And adds to former heroes WELLESLEY's name!

WELLESLEY! who late on *India's* sun-burnt shore
Made the fierce rebel kneel to British pow'r;
Who since in *Zealand* forc'd th' insidious Dane
To wear, reluctantly, a victor's chain!

And now, his country's martial pride to raise,
And crown his valiant deeds with *deathless* praise,
On the choice troops of *France*, our deadliest foe,
Hath dealt the great, exterminating blow!

"Behold the sea," the Gallic leader cried,

"Look where the hostile forces line the coast—

"Advance, and soon the overwhelming tide

"Will swallow up these English" *—empty boast!

Let Frenchmen know that Britons never fly,

Fearless they rush to conquer, or to die.

See! they prepare—now raise their hanners high,

And **WELLESLEY** leads them on—to victory.

Tremble, thou tyrant! on thy guilt-stain'd throne!

Now gnash thy teeth, and vent the heart-sick groan—

Thy genius flies—the reign of blood is o'er,

And Europe lifts her head, and smiles once more.

The cheering sounds of Liberty again

Go forth, and millions catch the hallow'd strain.

The patriot bands of Spain have broke the spell,

And driven oppression to her native hell;

Lisbon no longer groans beneath the yoke,

And *Italy* but stays the retributive stroke.

Soon too may *Austria* pour her myriads forth,

And join the mighty Monarch of the North.

Oh! glorious view!—to Britons doubly dear,

Who taste and feel the joys of freedom—here—

Here in this happy isle her flag's unfurl'd,

The envy, pride, and wonder of the world.

The news of Sir Hew Dalrymple's convention had not then arrived,
so that the recital of this appropriate address was attended with
prodigious applause.

MADAME CATALANI.

A Dublin paper, of the 21st instant, says:—"We have heard, and we fear there is too much certainty in the report, that the musical world will shortly suffer a deprivation of the severest kind in the cessation of Madame Catalani from public life. Her delicate state of health is stated to be the cause, and the necessity for this sacrifice to her fame, her wealth, and to the gratification of an admiring world, is stated to be earnestly urged by the first medical authority in this city. It is hoped, for the sake of so valuable a character, that her retirement may be but temporary, and that, with established health and renewed powers (if such powers are capable of improvement), she may again gratify the world with her divine acquirements. It is grateful for us to remark, that it is stated the gentleman most tenderly interested in her happiness and welfare is the most anxious for her temporary retirement, nor can all the allurements of the immense wealth her unparalleled talents produce, influence him for a moment to trifle with that invaluable health on which all his happiness depends."

* Junot's address to his troops.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the press, or in preparation.

BIOGRAPHY. Biographical Peerage of the Empire of Great Britain. Original Anecdotes of Cromwell, by Mr. Stace.

DRAMA. Music Mad; by Mr. Hook. Juvenile Dramas; by the Author of Summer Rambles.

TRAVELS. Tour in Scotland; by Sir John Carr. Travels in the North of Europe; by Louis de Boisgelin, Knight of Malta.

HISTORY. The Chronicles of Holinshed (*reprinted*) with an Index. Annals of George III. by W. Green, A. M.

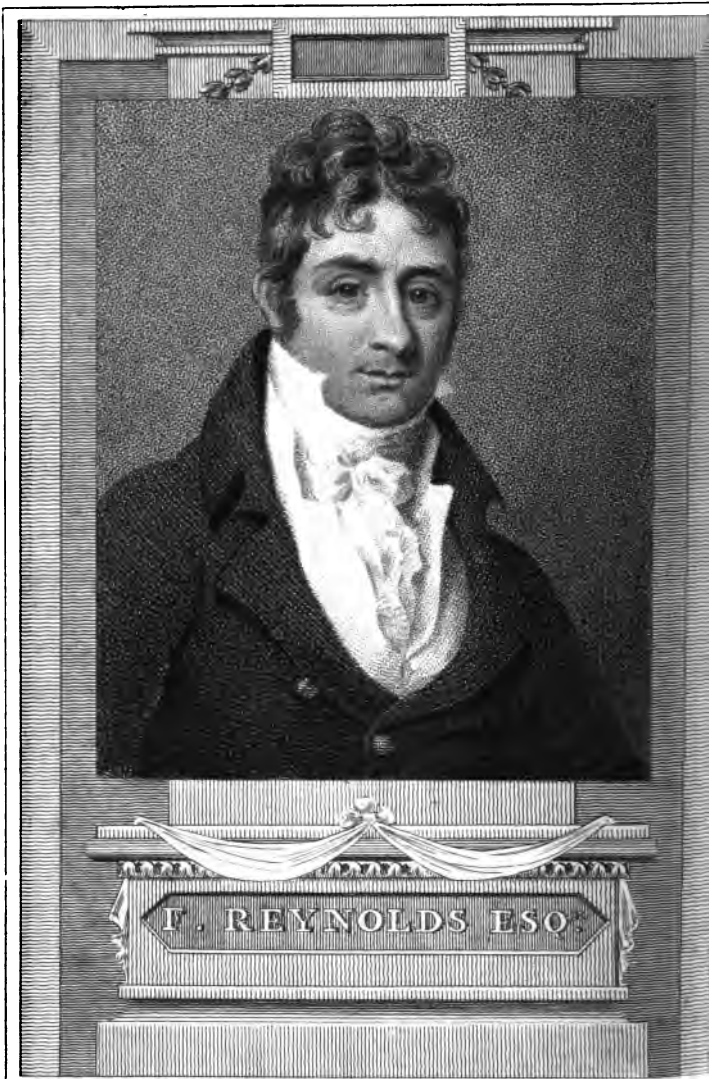
NATURAL HISTORY. Lectures on Natural History, as delivered at the Leverian Museum, and at the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, by George Shaw, M. D. F. R. S. A Translation of Pliny's Natural History, with Notes and Illustrations, a Life of the Author, and a preliminary Dissertation on the Origin and Progress of Natural History, &c. by Dr. Forbes, of Edinburgh.

NOVELS. Belisaire, by Mad. de Genlis. Theodore, or the Peruvians: from the French of Le Brun, after the manner of Paul and Virginia.

POETRY. Cumberland Ballads, by Mr. Anderson. Latin and Italian Poems of Milton, translated into English Verse, and a Fragment of a Commentary on Paradise Lost, by the late William Cowper, Esq. Translation, in English Verse, of the Remains of Hesiod; with a Dissertation on the Poetry and Mythology, the Life and Era of Hesiod; by Mr. C. A. Elton. Petrarch translated, in a Selection of his Sonnets and Odes, accompanied with Notes, and the original Italian, by the Translator of Catullus.

THEOLOGY. Attempt to prove the Truth of Christianity, in a Series of Discourses preached before the University of Oxford, in 1808, at the Bampton Lecture. By John Penrose, A. M.

MISCELLANEOUS. Letter from Sir R. Phillips to the Livery of London, on the Constitutional Duties of a Sheriff, and on the Circumstances which have attended his Execution of them. Picture of Madrid, taken on the Spot; translated from the German of C. A. Fischer. Memoirs of Mrs. Cuyler; by Mrs. Grant, Author of Letters from the Mountains. History of the Life of Christ, as related by the Four Evangelists; interweaving their several Accounts into one continued Narrative.



Emma Smith del.

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Published by Matthews and Leigh Novr 1. 1808.

THE
CABINET;
OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF
POLITE LITERATURE.

NOVEMBER, 1808.

FREDERICK REYNOLDS, ESQ.

This gentleman is the younger son of an eminent attorney, who was under sheriff to Mr. Wilkes, at the most interesting period of his history. He was also solicitor to the illustrious Lord Chatham.

Mr. Reynolds was educated at Westminster School, and being intended by his father for the Bar, was afterwards entered of the Middle Temple, where, like the majority of students there, he learnt every thing but law; and though he kept all his terms, that is, took his due proportion of roast beef and plum-pudding, he never had any serious intention of assuming the barrister's wig and gown, having already fixed his affections on the gayer amusements of the stage.

His first play, *Werter*, was brought out at Bath, and afterwards at Covent Garden, which had refused it in the first instance; and from the popularity of the subject, and the ingenuity with which it was treated, its attraction was very great. Holman and Miss Brunton, then in the height of their popularity, were the *Werter* and *Charlotte* at the latter theatre.

The profits of the piece, great as they were, went however entirely to the manager, it being then, and we believe is now, one of the despotic regulations of the theatre, that an author should receive no money for a piece adopted from another stage.

Young writers usually attach themselves to the *mournful Muse*. The success of *Werter* had gratified his literary pride, though it had not filled his pockets. He tried again, and produced *Eloisa*, another tragedy from a subject equally interesting. But here he was less fortunate. The piece went but three nights, and brought him only *eight pounds* !

This was enough for Reynolds ; he loved Melpomene well, but he loved money better. He therefore turned short round, and paid his addresses to her sister *Thalia*, who not only received his advances more favourably, but taught him *how to grow rich*. His first comedy, however, and decidedly his best, was the *Dramatist*, which still lives on the stage, and *will* live there as long as there shall be any comedian to play the eccentric and admirable character of *Vapid*. This piece found its way to the stage through Mrs. Wells, who took it for her benefit, after it had been refused by the manager ; and its merit was recognized so forcibly by the town, that it was instantly and gladly seized by Mr. Harris, who allowed the author his just emoluments, and the run of the piece was immense.

The theatre was now at his command. Other pieces followed in annual succession. All of them succeeded greatly ; and his reputation as a comic writer was fully established.

We have not the titles of his numerous plays at hand ; but they amount, we believe, to about forty. It may be said, and has indeed often been idly objected, that his comedies perish with the season which produces them. This detracts nothing from their deserts. He wrote them *for* the season. It being his design to shoot *folly as it flies*, he " caught the manners living *as they rose* ;" and with these fleeting follies, and temporary manners, the plays which satirized them, not with the strong coarse pen of the misanthrope, but the brisk playful humour of a dramatist who looked at the world to laugh at it, necessarily slipped by and were forgotten. Reynolds has done what he intended : and he has done it well, ingeniously, originally, and with infinite comic facility and address. His plan was altogether his own ; and though many have followed, and some may have a little improved upon it, *his* at last must be the principal merit.

His opera now announced for representation at the

Haymarket is of a serio-comic description, and much is expected from it. It will be produced immediately.

Mr. Reynolds married Miss Mansell, of the Covent-Garden Company, a lady of truly amiable manners, by whom he has two children. In private life no gentleman is better respected, or better deserves to be so.

THE RIGHTS OF THE BRUTE CREATION TO TENDERNESS FROM MAN.

I presume there is no *man of feeling*, that has any idea of *justice*, but would confess, upon the principles of reason and common *sense*, that if he were to be put to *unnecessary* and *unmerited* pain by another man, his tormentor would do him an act of *injustice*; and from a sense of the injustice in his *own* case, now that he is the sufferer, he must naturally infer, that if he were to put *another* man of feeling to the same unnecessary and unmerited pain which he now suffers, the injustice in himself to the other would be exactly the same as the injustice in his tormentor to him. Therefore the man of feeling and justice will not put another man to unmerited pain, because he will not do that to another, which he is unwilling should be done to himself. Nor will he take any advantage of his own superiority of *strength*, or of the accidents of *fortune*, to abuse them to the oppression of his inferior; because he knows that in the article of *feeling* all men are equal; and that the differences of strength or station are as much the gifts and appointments of God, as the differences of understanding, colour, or stature. Superiority of rank or station may give ability to communicate happiness, (and seems so intended;) but it can give no right to inflict unnecessary or unmerited pain. A *wise* man would impeach his own wisdom, and be unworthy of the blessing of a good understanding, if he were to infer from thence that he had a right to despise or make game of a *fool*, or put him to any degree of pain. The folly of the fool ought rather to excite his compassion, and demands the wise man's care and attention to one that cannot take care of himself.

It has pleased God the Father of all men to cover some men with white skins, and others with black skins: but as there is neither merit nor demerit in complexion, the

white man (notwithstanding the barbarity of custom and prejudice) can have no right, by virtue of his colour, to enslave and tyrannize over a black man; nor has a fair man any right to despise, abuse, and insult a brown man. Nor do I believe that a tall man, by virtue of his stature, has any legal right to trample a dwarf under his foot. For, whether a man is wise or foolish, white or black, fair or brown, tall or short, and, I might add, rich or poor, (for it is no more a man's choice to be poor, than it is to be a fool, or a dwarf, or black, or tawney,) such he is by God's appointment; and, abstractedly considered, is neither a subject for pride, nor an object of contempt. Now if, amongst men, the differences of their powers of the mind, and of their complexion, stature, and accidents of fortune, do not give to any one man a right to abuse or insult any other man on account of these differences; for the same reason, a man can have no natural right to abuse and torment a beast merely because a beast has not the mental powers of a man. For such as the man is, he is but as God made him; and the very same is true of the beast. Neither of them can lay claim to any intrinsic merit for being such as they are; for before they were created it was impossible that either of them could deserve; and at their creation, their shape, perfections, or defects, were invariably fixed, and their bound set which they cannot pass. And being such, neither more nor less than God made them, there is no more demerit in a beast's being a beast, than there is merit in a man's being a man; that is, there is neither merit nor demerit in either of them.

A brute is an animal no less sensible of pain than a man. He has similar nerves and organs of sensation; and his cries and groans, in case of violent impressions upon his body, though he cannot utter his complaints by speech or human voice, are as strong indications to us of his sensibility of pain; as the cries and groans of a human being, whose language we do not understand. Now as pain is what we are all averse to, our own sensibility of pain should teach us to commiserate it in others, to alleviate it if possible, but never wantonly or unmeritedly to inflict it. As the differences amongst men in the above particulars are no bars to their feelings, so neither does the difference of the shape of a brute from that of a man exempt the brute from feeling; at least,

we have no ground to suppose it. But shape or figure is as much the appointment of God, as complexion or stature. And if the difference of complexion or stature does not convey to one man a right to despise and abuse another man, the difference of shape between a man and a brute cannot give to a man any right to abuse and torment a brute. For he that made man and man to differ in complexion or stature, made man and brute to differ in shape or figure. And in this case likewise there is neither merit nor demerit; every creature, whether man or brute, bearing that shape which the supreme Wisdom judged most expedient to answer the end for which the creature was ordained.

With regard to the modification of the mass of matter of which an animal is formed, it is *accidental* as to the creature itself; I mean it was not in the power or will of the creature to choose whether it should sustain the shape of a brute, or of a man: and yet, whether it be of one shape, or of the other; or whether it be inhabited or animated by the * soul of a brute or the * soul of a man; the substance or matter of which the creature is composed would be equally susceptible of feeling. It is solely owing to the good pleasure of God that we are created men; or animals in the shape of men. For, He that † *formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life*, that he might become a *living soul*, and endued with a sense of feeling, could, if he had so pleased, by the same plastic power, have cast the very same *dust* into the mould of a *beast*; which, being animated by the life-giving breath of its Maker, would have become ‡ a *living soul* in that form; and in that form would have been as susceptible of pain, as in the form of a man. And if, in *brutal* shape, we had been endued with the same degree of reason and reflection which we now enjoy; and other beings, in *human* shape, should take upon them to torment, abuse, and barbarously ill treat us, because we were not made in their shape; the injustice and cruelty of their behaviour to us would be self-evident: and we should naturally infer, that, whether we walk upon two legs or four; whether

* It is of no consequence as to the case now before us, whether the *soul* is, as some think, only a *power*, which cannot exist without the body; or, as is generally supposed, a *spiritual substance*, that can exist, distinct and separate from the body.

† Gen. ii. 7.

‡ Gen. i. 30, in the margin.

you make some atonement for the injury which you have done unto a man; and by thy assiduity and future tenderness, thou mayest perhaps obtain *his* pardon, and palliate *thine* own offence. But what is all this to the injured *brute*? If by thy passion or malice, or sportive cruelty, thou hast broken his limbs, or deprived him of his eye-sight, how wilt thou make *him* amends? Thou canst do nothing to amuse him. He wants not thy money nor thy clothes. Thy conversation can do him no good. Thou hast obstructed his means of getting subsistence; and thou wilt hardly take upon thyself the pains and trouble of procuring it for him, (which yet by the rule of justice thou art bound to do.) Thou hast marred his little temporary happiness, which was his all to him. Thou hast maimed or blinded him for ever; and hast done him an *irreparable* injury.

LOUIS VIII. SURNAMED CŒUR DE LION.

This Prince died of the palsy, which he contracted on visiting the tomb of Thomas-à-Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, when he was advanced in years, in hopes of procuring, by the intercession of that Saint, the life of his eldest son, who was dangerously ill. Louis fondly hoped that the Saint would exert his utmost endeavours to return that kindness which he had shewn him whilst living, by giving him an asylum in his kingdom, when in that of his own Sovereign, Henry II. he had been proclaimed a rebel and a traitor.

Louis made an edict, that no courtesan should be allowed to wear a golden girdle (one of the marks of female elegance in dress of his time), under a very severe penalty. This edict gave rise to an old proverb, "*Bonne renommée vaut mieux que ceinture dorée*—A good reputation is of more value than a golden girdle."

In 1366, Charles IX. caused the tomb of this monarch, in the Abbey of Barbeau, to be opened in his presence. The body was found entire, had rings on the fingers, and a chain of gold round the neck. Charles, not a Prince of great delicacy, had them taken off, and wore them many years.

THE TRAVELLER :

AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

As soon as I perceived the first sparkling fires of day, I mounted my ass, and took the path which leads to the high road of Babylon; scarce was I there, when in raptures I exclaimed,

O how mine eyes do wander with joy o'er yon green hills! with what delicious perfumes do these flow'ry meadows embalm the air!

I am in a beautiful avenue, my ass and I may retire under the shade of its trees when it shall seem good unto us.

How serene the Heavens! how fine a day! how pure the air I breathe! well mounted as I am, I shall arrive before dusk.

Whilst I uttered these words, besotted with joy, I looked kindly down upon my ass, and gently stroking him,

From afar I see a troop of men and women mounted upon beautiful camels, with a serious and disdainful air,

All clothed in long purple robes, with belts and golden fringes, interspersed with precious stones.

Their camels soon came up with me; I was dazzled by their splendour, and humbled by their grandeur.

Alas! all my endeavours to stretch myself served only to make me appear more ridiculously vain.

Mine eyes did measure them incessantly; scarce did my head reach their ancles; I was sorely vexed from the bottom of my soul, nevertheless did I not give over following them.

Then did I wish that my ass could raise himself as high as the highest of camels, and fain would I have seen his long ears peep over their lofty heads.

I continually incited him by my cries, I press'd him with my heels and my halter; and though he quickened his pace, yet six of his steps scarce equalled one of the camels.

In short, we lost sight of them, and I all hopes of overtaking them. What difference, cried I, between their lot and mine! Why are they not in my place? or why am I not in theirs?

Wretch that I am! I sadly journey on alone upon the vilest and the slowest of animals; they, on the contrary—

happy they!—would blush to have me in their train ; so despicable am I in their eyes !

Busied in these reflections, and lost in thought, my ass, finding I no longer pressed him, slackened his pace, and, presently stooped to feed upon the thistles.

The grass was goodly ; it seemed to invite him to rest ; so he laid him down : I fell ; and like unto him who from a profound sleep awaketh in surprise, so was I on a sudden awakened from my meditations.

As soon as I got up, the voice of thousands came buzzing in my ears ; I looked around, and beheld a troop still more numerous than the former.

These were mounted as poorly as myself ; their linen tunics the same as mine ; their manners seemed familiar ; I addressed the nearest.

Do your utmost, says I, you will never be able, mounted as you are, to overtake those who are a-head of you.

Let us alone, says he, for that ; the madmen ! they risk their lives ; and for what ? to arrive a few minutes before us.

We are all going to Babylon ; an hour sooner or later, in linen tunic or purple robes, on an ass or a camel, what matters it, when once one is arrived ; nay, upon the road, so you know how to amuse yourself ?

You, for example ; what would have become of you had you been mounted on a camel ! your fall, says he, would have been fatal. I sighed, and had nothing to reply.

Then looking behind me, how great was my surprise to see men, women, and children, following us a-foot, some singing, others skipping on the tender grass ; their poor backs bowed under their burdens.

Then cried I, transported beyond myself, They go to Babylon as well as I : and is it they who rejoice ? and is it I who am sad ? when on a sudden my oppressed heart became light ; and I felt a gentle joy flow within my veins.

Ere we got in, we overtook the first party ; their camels had thrown them ; their long purple robes, their belts, and gold fringes interspersed with diamonds, were all covered with mud.

Then, ye powerful of the earth, even then it was I perceived the littleness of human grandeur ; but the just estimation I made of it did not render me insensible to the misfortunes of others.

EMPLOYMENT FOR A WIFE.

[EXTRACTED FROM A BOOK OF HUSBANDRY, PUBLISHED IN THE EARLY PART OF THE 16TH CENTURY.]

If a man had presumed to hint to the late Mrs. Woolstoncroft, that a married woman who followed these directions might be as happy in herself, and as useful a member of society, as one formed upon *her* plan, and exhibited in a certain singular and very reprehensible book, published since her death, the bare supposition would probably have produced a sneer from the heroine, and a contemptuous frown in the philosopher, who, in the memorial he has left of his deceased wife, has palpably overleaped the boundaries of decorum and good sense: perhaps the sceptic, who is for discussing and unveiling *every thing*, had in his mind the sentiment of a certain poet, and was of opinion that he was

“ Never so sure our wonder to create
As when he touch'd the bounds of all we hate.”

But the old-fashioned doctrine of domestic duties, and female occupations, must not be forgotten.

“ When first thou awakest in the morning, lift up thy heart and voice in thankfulness to God, who made thee; thus calling to mind thy Maker at thy early rising, thou shalt speed better for it the rest of the day.

“ Having arrayed thyself as becometh a decent housewife, sweep thy house and dress thy dish-board, and see that all things be set in due order within and without, that the kine be milked, the calves suckled, and the milk skimmed; then let the young children be taken up, washed right wholesomely all over them in spring water, combed and kirtled, and sit down with thy family to breakfast.

“ Corn and malt must be ordered for the mill; and, that thou have thy measure again, meet it to and from the miller, who else will not deal truly with thee; or thy malt will not be dried as it should be.

“ Thou must make butter and cheese according as the weather urgeth, and the cows fill the dishes; the swine must be served morning and evening, not forgetting the poultry; and when the time of year cometh, thou wilt take good heed how thy hens, ducks, and geese, do lay; gather up their eggs diligently, and when they wax broody, set them right cunningly, so that neither beast,

swine, nor vermin, hurt or molest them ; all whole-footed fowls, thou knowest, will sit a month ; and all cloven-footed fowls three weeks, except pea-hens, turkeys, cranes, and bustards.

“ I advise thee earnestly to remember well one thing ; when in winter time, that the days be short and the evenings long, and thou sitteth by the fire, and hast supped, consider in thy mind whether the works that thou and thy maiden do are of advantage equal to the fire and candle, the meat and the drink, that they consume ; if not, go to thy bed, sleep, and be up by time to breakfast before day-light, that thou mayest have all the day before thee entire, to thy business.

“ In the beginning of March it is time for a wife to have an eye to her garden, and to get as many good seeds and herbs as she can for the pot and the platter ; in March also is the season to sow flax and hemp ; it needeth not for me to shew how it should be sown, weeded, pulled, watered, dried, beaten, broken, tawed, hackled, spun, wounden, warped and wove, for in such matters, peradventure, thou art better instructed than me.

“ It is my business to observe, that although a woman cannot wholly and altogether get her living honestly by the distaff, yet it should always be ready for a pastime ; it stoppeth many unemployed gaps, and provideth articles both for bed and board, for which hard money must otherwise go forth from thy husband's purse ; there be spinsters, as well as wives, who make it a matter of conscience never to buy sheets, body clothes, towels, shirts, smocks, and such like.

“ It is a wife's occupation to winnow all manner of corn, and to keep a watchful eye that the day-labourers and out-dwellers bring not with them, nor carry forth nor conceal their pokes (bags), which, under a pretence of holding their bottle and scrip, only serve to lower the heap on the barn floor.

“ It is a wife's occupation to wash and to wring, or to see well after and be among them, that the soap and firewood be not made waste of ; to be brisk at harvest ; and in time of need, while the coppers are boiling the provision, to help her husband to load the waggon or the cart ; to go or ride to market, and sell her butter, cheese, eggs, chickens, geese, and pigs ; to purchase all necessary things, and to make a true reckoning and account thereof to her husband when she returns.”

To address the above homely directions indiscriminately to women of all ranks would be caricaturing advice, and converting wholesome rules into ironical ridicule.

Yet, if the majority of our young women of scanty expectations would not fix their eyes so steadily as for the most part they do on the more elevated and wealthy classes of society, whom they vainly and ruinously attempt to imitate; if in their views, their education, their habits, their dress, and their manners, they could happily be prevailed on to attend more to domestic duty, and less to trifling amusement and ornamental accomplishment; if they could be convinced that to make a pudding or a shirt, or even their own gowns, is a species of knowledge rather more useful than dancing a minuet, talking bad French, or spoiling a piano-forte; we might in that case hope to see gradually diminished that shocking and enormous mass of venal beauty, which renders our passing the streets, after a certain hour, distressing to our feelings, hazardous to the morals, and injurious to the health of the rising generation.

Women, indeed, formed on the narrow unphilosophic plan here aimed at, would probably not reach that criterion of absolute perfection and equality sought after and expected by Mrs. Woolstoncroft; they perhaps would, in some respects, come under the description of what she calls domestic drudges: surely a more desirable state than being drudges to infamy and prostitution.

Women thus educated and thus instructed, would probably revolt at living as concubines with one man, or at indulging warm wishes for another, the husband of a friend; they would not only submit to stated returns of religious worship without repugnance, but would seize with eagerness and pleasure every opportunity of pouring forth their hearts in gratitude and adoration to the Almighty Creator of the universe.

When their last hour was come, as reasonable beings, sensible of their frailties and faults, they would naturally cast an anxious eye towards that world unknown; they would neither desire nor deserve the panegyric of a modern philosopher, by quitting a scene of trial and temptation, on which eternal happiness or eternal misery depended, with cold indifference, or suppressed anxiety.

MODERN PREACHERS.

It is allowed, on all hands, that our English divines receive a more liberal education, and improve that education by frequent study, more than any others of this reverend profession in Europe. In general also, it may be observed, that a greater degree of gentility is affixed to the character of a student in England than elsewhere, by which means our clergy have an opportunity of seeing better company while young, and of sooner wearing off those prejudices which they are apt to imbibe even in the best-regulated universities, and which may be justly termed the vulgar errors of the literary republic.

Yet with all these advantages it is very obvious, that the clergy are no where so little thought of, by the populace, as here; and though our divines are foremost, with respect to abilities, yet they are found last in the effects of their ministry; the vulgar, in general, appearing no way impressed with a sense of religious duty. I am not for complaining of the depravity of the times, or for endeavouring to paint a prospect more gloomy than in nature; but certain it is, no person who has travelled will contradict me when I aver, that the lower orders of mankind in other countries testify on every occasion the profoundest awe of religion, while in England they are scarcely awakened into a sense of its duties, even in circumstances of the greatest distress.

This dissolute and fearless conduct foreigners are apt to attribute to climate and constitution; may not the vulgar, being pretty much neglected in our exhortations from the pulpit, be a conspiring cause? Our divines seldom stoop to their mean capacities; and they, who want instruction most, find least in our religious assemblies.

Whatever may become of the higher orders of mankind, who are generally possessed of collateral motives to virtue, the vulgar should be particularly regarded, whose behaviour in civil life is totally hinged upon their hopes and fears. Those who constitute the basis of the great fabric of society, should be particularly regarded; for in policy, as in architecture, ruin is most fatal when it begins from the bottom.

Men of real sense and understanding prefer a prudent mediocrity to a precarious popularity; and, fearing to overdo their duty, leave it half undone. Their discourses from the pulpit are generally dry, methodical, and unaf-

fecting; delivered with the most insipid calmness, inso-much, that should the peaceful preacher lift his head over the cushion, which alone he seems to address, he might discover his audience, instead of being awakened into remorse, actually sleeping over his methodical and laboured composition.

This method of preaching is, however, by some called an address to reason, and not to the passions; this is styled the making of converts from conviction; but such are indifferently acquainted with human nature, who are not sensible that men seldom reason about their debaucheries till they are committed; reason is but a weak antagonist when headlong passion dictates; in all such cases we should arm one passion against another; it is with the human mind as in nature, from the mixture of two opposites the result is most frequent neutral tranquillity. Those who attempt to reason us out of our follies begin at the wrong end, since the attempt naturally presupposes us capable of reason: but to be made capable of this is one great point of the cure.

There are but few talents requisite to become a popular preacher, for the people are easily pleased if they perceive any endeavours in the orator to please them; the meanest qualifications will work this effect, if the preacher sincerely sets about it. Perhaps little, very little more is required, than sincerity and assurance; and a becoming sincerity is always certain of producing a becoming assurance. *Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi*, is so trite a quotation, that it almost demands an apology to repeat it; yet, though all allow the justice of the remark, how few do we find put it in practice; our orators, with the most faulty bashfulness, seem impressed rather with an awe of their audience than with a just respect for the truths they are about to deliver; they of all professions seem the most bashful, who have the greatest right to glory in their commission.

The French preachers generally assume all that dignity which becomes men who are ambassadors from Christ; the English divines, like erroneous envoys, seem more solicitous not to offend the court to which they are sent, than to drive home the interests of their employer. The Bishop of Massillon, in the first sermon he ever preached, found the whole audience, upon his getting into the pulpit, in a disposition no way favourable to his intentions; their nods, whispers, or drowsy behaviour, shewed him that there was no great profit to be expected from his sowing in a

soil so improper : however, he soon changed the disposition of his audience by his manner of beginning : " If," says he, " a cause, the most important that could be conceived were to be tried at the bar before qualified judges ; if this cause interested ourselves in particular ; if the eyes of the whole kingdom were fixed upon the event ; if the most eminent counsel were employed on both sides ; and if we had heard from our infancy of this yet undetermined trial would you not all sit with due attention ; and warm expectation to the pleadings on each side ? Would not all your hopes and fears be hinged upon the final decision ? And yet, let me tell you, you have this moment a cause of much greater importance before you ; a cause where not one nation but all the world are spectators, tried not before a fallible tribunal, but the awful throne of Heaven, where not your temporal and transitory interests are the subject of debate, but your eternal happiness or misery ; where the cause is still undetermined : but, perhaps, the very moment I am speaking may fix the irrecoverable decree that shall last for ever ; and yet, notwithstanding all this, you can hardly sit with patience to hear the tidings of your own salvation ; I plead the cause of Heaven, and yet I am scarcely attended to, &c." The style, the abruptness of a beginning like this, in the closet would appear absurd, but in the pulpit it is attended with the most lasting impressions ; that style, which in the closet might justly be called flimsy, seems the true mode of eloquence here. I never read a fine composition, under the title of a sermon, that I do not think the author has miscalled his piece, for the talents to be used in writing well entirely differ from those of speaking well. The qualifications for speaking, as has been already observed, are easily acquired ; they are accomplishments which may be taken up by every candidate who will be at the pains of stooping. Impressed with a sense of the truths he is about to deliver, a preacher disregards the applause or the contempt of his audience, and he insensibly assumes a just and manly sincerity. With this talent alone we see what crowds are drawn around enthusiasts, even destitute of common sense ; what numbers converted to Christianity. Folly may sometimes set an example for wisdom to practise, and our regular divines may borrow instruction from even Methodists, who go their circuits, and preach prizes among the populace.

It will be perhaps objected, that by confining the ex-

efficiencies of a preacher to proper assurance, earnestness, and openness of style, I make the qualifications too trifling for estimation: there will be something called oratory brought up on this occasion; action, attitude, grace, elocution, may be repeated as absolutely necessary to complete the character; but let us not be deceived, common sense is seldom swayed by fine tones, musical periods, just attitude, or the display of a white handkerchief; oratorical behaviour, except in very able hands indeed, generally sinks into awkward and paltry affectation.

It must be observed, however, that these rules are culminated only for him who would instruct the vulgar, who stand in most need of instruction; to address philosophers, and to obtain the character of a polite preacher among the polite, a much more useless, though more sought-for character, requires a different method of proceeding. All I shall observe on this head is, to entreat the polemic divine, in his controversy with the Deists, to act rather offensively than to defend; to push home the grounds of his belief, and the impracticability of theirs, rather than to spend time in solving the objections of every opponent. It is ten to one, says a writer on the Art of War, but that the assailant who attacks the enemy in his trenches is always victorious.

Yet, upon the whole, our clergy might employ themselves more to the benefit of society, by declining all controversy, than by exhibiting even the profoundest skill in polemic disputes; their contests with each other often turn on speculative trifles, and their disputes with the Deists are almost at an end, since they can have no more than victory; and that they are already possessed of, as their antagonists have been driven into a confession of the necessity of revelation, or an open avowal of atheism. To continue the dispute longer would only endanger it; the sceptic is ever expert at puzzling a debate which he finds himself unable to continue, "and, like an Olympic boxer, generally fights best when undermost."

WEALTH AND RANK.

THERE is no instance in which the words and actions of mankind are more at variance, than in the affected contempt of riches and distinction. We all eagerly

court wealth and honours, though we generally see the possessors of them differ from the rest of mankind only by the insipidity of their enjoyments. Even those who arrive unexpectedly at them are in the same predicament after the first novelty is past : and during the short period it lasts, they commonly shew their sense of it by exercising that insolent and supercilious behaviour to their former equals, which is the usual distinguishing character of the *NOVUS HOMO*.

Riches, and rank, however, are certainly advantages in themselves, when enjoyed with moderation, and not substituted in the place of more solid advantages. The enjoyment of all the conveniences and elegancies of life, in the highest degree, if not abused by folly and intemperance, is a real good, in spite of all the empty declamations of affected stoicism. Surely to be received every where with respect and attention instead of neglect ; to have every look courted, and every word listened to ; and above all, to be able to relieve poverty and distress by actions of benevolence, instead of empty wishes, must appear solid blessings in the eye of the most rigid philosophy. Yet the man who misapplies these blessings ; who over-rates their value, or depends on them in circumstances where they cannot avail him, will often meet disgust and disappointment where he expects pleasure and esteem. He who is above conciliating the favour of mankind by good humour and affability, because he is a Lord, will find knaves who will flatter him to his face, and abuse him behind his back, and fools who will submit to his insolence, for the degrading honour of being seen in his company ; but he will never find a real friend, or even an independent companion. And he who will not put on his own shoes and stockings because he keeps a valet, or is not able to girt his horse because he is always attended by a groom, is a complete slave. Neither is this species of slavery confined to the indolent only ; it may be found among persons engaged in the most active pursuits. I have known an officer in camp as unable to get up in the morning without assistance as a sucking babe, or a turtle turned on its back ; and I have seen a foxhunter, who, if the girth of his saddle got loose, was completely unhorsed for the day, if he could not find a servant or a countryman to help him.

But the most degrading reliance on wealth and rank is in the service of love. The man who only bribes his mis-

tress to his arms by the dignity of title, or the splendour of equipage, sacrifices every thing that is dear to a man of sensibility and spirit. The certainty that he is solely indebted to the disinterested love of his mistress for the possession of her, is an advantage that fully compensates to the man of small fortune his deficiency in more showy attainments. A Duke may perhaps be assured of the fidelity and affection of his wife, but he never can know if he was the object of the undisguised passion of his bride.

H. J. P.

LIBELS*.

CONCERNING libels and libellers, much hath been said, and much hath been done. Indeed too much, as I am free to think; and I have often wished, that the public personages of the realm would not be quite so tender-fibred and irritable with regard to what is said or written about them.

The famous reformer, Calvin, told Francis I. that "there would be no such thing as innocence, either in words or deeds, if a simple accusation was sufficient to destroy it:" *nullam neque in dictis, neque in factis, innocentiam fore, si accusasse sufficiat* †. Now, if this be really so, as I verily believe it is: if censorious criticism, detraction, and calumny, must more especially accompany men engaged in the turbid sphere of active life: and if nothing can secure from these but imbecility, insignificance, indolence, or obscurity,—of all which I am most firmly persuaded,—what is satire and abuse? no criterion, surely, of innocence or guilt: nothing, or it may be nothing, but the fermentations and ebullitions of human prejudices and human passions ‡.—Besides,

* Lord Bacon calls *libels* "the females of sedition;" as if the scolding, or *tongue-part*, of the conflict, were performed by them. *Hist. of Henry VII.*

† In *Dedicat. Institut.*

‡ What is scandal? It is, as thus very justly defined, *Sermo sine ullo certo auctore dispersus, cui malignitas; initium dedit, incrementum credulitas; quod nulli non, etiam innocentissimo, possit accidere*: that is, "a vague and scandalous report, from no certain author, invented by malice, and nurtured by credulity; and which" (contrary to the proverb of *no smoke without fire* "may be propagated of the most innocent man alive." Quintilian, V. 3.

the prosecution, or (which they will always call it) the persecution, of libellers can never produce any other effect but to give weight and consequence to both the libel and the libeller: that of Tacitus being universally true, *punitis ingentis gliscit auctoritas*. Nay, there is no occasion for *ingenuity*, if that idea be included here, to give a lustre to the prosecution; since nothing is more frequent than that writers of neither sense, nor wit, nor learning, nor honesty, become, by being prosecuted, possessed of them all.

Philosophers have from time to time held out to poor sufferers in this way (I mean, to those who have wept under the smart of satire) certain *medicamina mentis*, certain specifics to render the mind callous and insensible to this sort of correction; and one of them, I think, prescribes the following *recipe*: "Whenever you labour under defamation, or whenever any thing false is reported to your discredit, consider that it is not you, but some imaginary personage, to whom the imputed infamy belongs." But this seems nothing near so efficacious as the virulence and malignity of the case may require. For if Robert, mistaking in the dark, should fall upon the shoulders of Richard with a cudgel, would the impressions be less forcible, or the sensations less lively, because Richard might not be the person for whom the favour was intended? There is more good sense, if not so much subtlety, in the saying of Augustus; who, when urged by his son-in-law to pursue this race of scribblers, replied, "Don't indulge a spirit of resentment against these our adversaries; it is quite sufficient that we are not in a situation to be hurt by any one:" *satis est, mi Tiberi, si hoc habemus, ne quis nobis malè facere possit*.

But neither does this entirely please me: for, first, this Emperor derived his boasted security from usurpation and tyranny; and then he afterwards became himself a severe prosecutor of libellous productions†. The example of Timoleon is more perfect in its kind. This wise and virtuous man, being wrongfully accused in an assembly of the people, instead of resenting or even taking it ill, thanked the immortal gods for granting what he had so often prayed for; which was, that "the Syracu-

* Buxton, in Aug. 51.

† *Primus Augustus cognitionem de famosis libellis, specie legis Mestatis, tractavit.* Tacit, Ann. I.

ans might have the liberty of speaking what, and of whom, they would, with impunity *. This example is, I say, more perfect; but then, alas! it is too perfect for the age we live in: it is above the strength of men, as men are now—οἷος οὐκ ἔσθ' ἄνθρωπος. I choose, therefore, upon the whole, to recommend the behaviour of the Emperor Constantine; who, being importuned to punish some seditious persons for disfiguring his statues by throwing stones at them, did nothing more than calmly stroke his face, and tell his friends with a smile, that he *did not perceive himself to be hurt* †. This cold contempt of what men say or think seems to have been the specific of our celebrated Dr. Swift against impressions from the malignity of scandal, as set forth in a poem he has left us; which, being short and edifying, may as well be here subjoined.

ON CENSURE, IN 1727.

Ye wise, instruct me to endure
An evil, which admits no cure:
Or how this evil can be borne,
Which breeds at once both hate and scorn.
Bare innocence is no support,
When you are tried in Scandal's court.
Stand high in honour, wealth, and wit:
All others who inferior sit
Conceive themselves in conscience bound
To join and drag you to the ground.
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of those, who want the power to rise.
The world, a willing stander-by,
Inclines to aid a specious lye:
"Alas! they would not do you wrong,
"But all appearances are strong."

Yet, whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people say?
For let mankind discharge their tongues
In venom, till they burst their lungs,
Their utmost malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ache:
Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
Or put one feature out of place:
Nor will you find your fortune sink
By what they speak or what they think:
Nor can ten hundred thousand lies
Make you less virtuous, learned, or wise.

The most effectual way to baulk
Their malice is---to let them talk.

* *Nepos in Timol.*† *Chrysostom. Hom. 20.*

ARABIAN GRATITUDE AND GENEROSITY.

ALI-IBN-ABBAS, favourite of the Caliph Mamoun*, and lieutenant of the police in the reign of this prince* relates, in these terms, a story that happened to himself "I was one evening with the caliph, when a man, bound hand and foot, was brought in. Mamoun ordered me to keep a watchful eye over the prisoner, and to bring him the next day. The caliph seemed greatly irritated; and the fear of exposing myself to his resentment induced me to confine the prisoner in my haram, as the most secure place in my house.

"I asked him what country he was of. He said, Damascus; and that his habitation was in the quarter of the great mosque. May Heaven, cried, I shower down the choicest of its blessings upon the city of Damascus, and particularly upon the quarter where you resided! He was solicitous to know the motive that so much interested me for that district. It is, said I, that I owe my life to a man that lived there.

"These words excited his curiosity, and he conjured me to gratify it. It is many years since, continued I, that the caliph, dissatisfied with the viceroy of Damascus, deposed him. I accompanied the person whom the prince had appointed his successor; and at the instant we were taking possession of the governor's palace, a quarrel broke out between the new and the old go-

* Mamoun, son of the Caliph Aroun Alrachid. His name is famous all over the east; and he is reckoned the greatest prince of the Abbassidies family. He reigned twenty-eight years and eight months. He was a great warrior, of a sweet disposition, and liberal to excess; but what most immortalised him was his love of learning. He was himself deeply versed in every science, but more especially in philosophy and astronomy. This is the prince that caused the most valuable books to be translated from the Greeks, their first masters. The Mahometan doctors have reproached him with introducing philosophy, and the other speculative sciences, into Mahometanism; for the Arabians of his days were not accustomed to read any other books but what related to their own religion. This prince shewed equal favour to every man of knowledge, let his religion be what it would. The question about the creation, or eternity, of the Alcoran, was started in his time, and occasioned much effusion of blood. He, with the smallest number of doctors, held it to be created. But the other doctors insisted, that the Alcoran, being the word proceeding from God, was eternal like himself: this sentiment is embraced by the present Mahometans, who consider all that deny that doctrine as infidels.

vernor ; the latter had posted soldiers who assaulted us : I escaped out of a window, and, finding myself pursued by other assassins, took shelter in your quarter. I observed a palace open, and seeing the master at the door, supplicated him to save my life. He immediately conducted me into the apartment of his women, where I continued a month in peace and plenty.

“ My host came one day to inform me, that a caravan was setting out for Bagdad ; and that, if I wished to return to my own home, I could not avail myself of a more favourable opportunity. Shame held my tongue ; and I had not courage to confess my poverty : I had no money, and for want of that should be forced to follow the caravan on foot. But how great was my surprise, when, on the day of departure, a very fine horse was brought me, a mule loaded with all sorts of provisions, and a black slave to attend me on the road ! My generous host presented me at the same time a purse of gold, and conducted me himself to the caravan, where he recommended me to several of the travellers, who were his friends. These are the kindnesses I received in your city, and that render it so dear to me ; all my concern is, that I have not hitherto been able to discover my generous benefactor. I should die content, could I find an opportunity of testifying my gratitude.

“ Your wishes are accomplished, cried my prisoner, in a transport. I am he that received you in my palace. Do you not remember me ? The time that had elapsed since that event, and the grief into which he was sunk, had greatly altered his face ; but, on a more close examination of his features, I easily recollected him ; and some circumstances he brought to my mind left me not the least room to doubt but that the prisoner, who was then in danger of losing his life, was the very person who had so generously saved mine. I embraced him with tears in my eyes, took off his chains, and asked him by what fatality he had incurred the caliph's displeasure. Some contemptible enemies, he replied, have found means to asperse me unjustly to Mamoun : I was hurried away from Damascus, and cruelly denied even the consolation of embracing my wife and children : I know not what fate attends me ; but as I have reason to apprehend my death is determined, I request you to acquaint them with my misfortunes.

“ No, said I to him, you shall not die ; I dare give

you this assurance: you shall be restored to your family; be at liberty from this moment. I presently provided some pieces of the richest gold stuffs of Bagdad, and begged him to present them to his wife: depart immediately, added I, presenting him with a purse of a thousand sequins: haste to rejoin those precious pledges of your affection which you left at Damascus; let the caliph's indignation fall on me; I dread it not, if I am happy enough to preserve you.

“What a proposal do you make me! answered my prisoner; and can you think me capable of accepting it? What! shall I, to avoid death, sacrifice that same life now which I formerly saved? Endeavour to convince the caliph of my innocence: this is the only proof I will admit of your gratitude: if you cannot undeceive him, I will go myself and offer him my head: let him dispose of my life at his pleasure, provided yours be safe. I again intreated him to escape, but he continued inflexible.

“I did not fail to present myself the next morning before Mamoun. The prince was dressed in a crimson coloured mantle, the symbol of his anger. As soon as he saw me, he inquired where my prisoner was; and at the same instant ordered the executioner to attend. My lord, says I, throwing myself at his feet, something very extraordinary has happened with regard to the person you yesterday committed to my custody. Will your majesty permit me to explain it? These words threw him into a passion. I swear, cried he, by the soul of my ancestors, that thy head shall pay for the prisoner, if thou hast suffered him to escape. Both my life and his are at your majesty's disposal: vouchsafe to hear me. Speak, said he. I then related to the prince in what manner that man had saved my life at Damascus; that, desirous to discharge the obligation I lay under to him, I had offered him his liberty; but that he had refused it, from the fear of exposing me to death. My lord, added I, he is not guilty; a man of such generous sentiments cannot be so. Some base detractors have calumniated him to you; and he is become the unfortunate victim of their hatred and envy. The caliph appeared affected, and, having naturally a greatness of soul, could not help admiring the conduct of my friend. I pardon him, said Mamoun, on thy account: go, carry him this good news, and bring him to me. I threw myself at the prince's feet, kissed them, and made my acknowledgments in

the strongest terms my gratitude could suggest : I then conducted my prisoner into the caliph's presence. The monarch ordered him to be clothed with a robe of honour, presented him with ten horses, ten mules, and ten camels, out of his own stables ; to all which favours he added a purse of ten thousand sequins for the expenses of his journey, and gave him a letter of recommendation to the governor of Damascus."

CHARACTER OF THE TURKS AND GREEKS.

BY MR. SEMPLE.

If two stout Greeks be fighting in the street, a Turk comes between them, pushes each a different way ; and adds kicks and blows, should they still linger near each other. They look upon the life of an infidel as of little more value than that of a brute ; and indeed do not seem to estimate their own at a very high rate. They have some traits of the true military character ; are fond of horses and arms ; and detest the sea. They delight in the pomp, and noise, and glitter of war, and they can blind themselves for a short time in the hour of battle to its dangers ; but its incessant fatigues soon dishearten them ; and although they insult the Christians at Constantinople and Smyrna, they have learnt to tremble before them on the banks of the Danube, and the borders of the Euxine. This, then, betrays the whole secret of their haughtiness. It is founded on the conquests of their remote ancestors, not on their own tried strength.

In a word, deluded by the semblance of war, and really enervated by long habits of peace, and by religion, the rewards of which are entirely sensual, the Turk is willing to have a foretaste in this world of the cooling shades, the pure running streams, the soft slumbers, and the Houris of Paradise. Tents adorned with fringes, horses gaily caparisoned, and splendid arms, serve only to wake him gently from these luxurious dreams, that he may fall to slumber again with a better relish, and dream that he is a soldier. So much of war as consists in that, he does not dislike. But long and tedious marches, painful wounds, above all, the profound study and science of war, are wholly unsuited to his temper, at once impetuous and indolent. Where it is possible by a single violent exertion to obtain his end, the Turk may succeed ; but,

disappointed in that first effort, he retires, like the tyger who has missed his spring, and requires a long interval of repose to recruit his scattered ferocity.

The radical and incurable defects of the Turkish character proceed in my opinion from their religion. All attempts of a legislature to define exactly, not merely what is vice and what is virtue, but also the daily and hourly duties of the man and the citizen, may form a peculiar and separate people, a nation of Jews or of Turks; but, once formed, that nation remains for ever incapable of improvement. Such is the defect of the Koran. Its simple precepts, its strict prohibitions, were well calculated to bind together the wandering tribes of the desert, but become too minute in some instances, and too desultory in others, when considered as the sole code of laws for an immense empire. Swathing-clothes may strengthen the child, but, if not timely removed, effectually prevent its becoming a man. Mohammed fixed at once the moral limits of his people. He sketched no faint outline; but, on the contrary, marked it with so strong a hand, that the line of distinction is for ever drawn, not merely between the Turk and the Christian, but between the Turk and the philosopher. It is impossible to be a true Mussulman and a lover and cultivator of those arts and sciences which adorn and exalt mankind. The Koran must be laid aside before the sources of real knowledge can be opened; the Englishman, the Gaul, the German, and the Russian, may each preserve the characteristic manners and customs of his country, and be a Christian; but the Jew or the Turk must be absolutely the same in all climates.

It is impossible to survey the present condition of the Greeks without pity, or their character without some contempt. Like their ancestors, they are still fond of throwing the disc or quoit; like them, the olive still forms a material article of their food. But the pleasing delusion can be carried no further. On longer and closer intimacy, we find the modern Greek smooth but deceitful; boasting but cowardly; vain yet abject, and cringing under the most insulting tyranny; light and capricious without invention; talkative without information; and equally bigoted with the Spaniard or Italian, but without the same real warmth of devotion to excuse it.

“ There is no doubt but that the glories of his ancestors serve, by the contrast, to render his vices more pro-

mainent. Had we not been early taught to admire Grecian courage, wisdom, and talents, we might look upon the meanness of the present race with less emotion. But who can think, without regret, that the descendants of the conquerors of Marathon are cowards and slaves; that for so many centuries not a single poet has arisen in the country of Homer; and that the place of Plato and the philosophers is supplied by ignorant priests; and of their scholars, by a still more ignorant people? The Greeks of this day present, in their moral character, the same spectacle as that of a man to whom Heaven has granted the doubtful blessing of very long life. But, however debased in a moral point of view, the Greeks still retain much of what we may suppose to have been their former physical character. Few amongst them are deformed or ugly; but, on the contrary, those from the Morea and the western islands of the Archipelago are in general remarkably stout, with broad shoulders and thick necks; whilst those of the other islands, and from Constantinople, Smyrna, and the coasts of Asia, supply by the elegance what is deficient in the strength of their make. Their physiognomies are expressive, but still less so than those of the Turks; and the women, when young, are generally beautiful and sprightly, but their beauty is of short duration. They are fond of wearing flowers on their head; and a robe sitting close to the body, and flowing loose behind, form the Asiatic part of dress, the remainder being very similar to that used by women in England or France. The men dress in short jackets and vests, with loose trousers, which come just below the knee; and the common people, like the Turks, have their legs bare, with only a pair of slippers on the feet. They seldom shave the upper lip; which, with their bushy hair, and a little red cap on the crown of their heads, serves often to give them a wild look, but never a dignified or martial air.

Even Turkish oppression, however, cannot entirely destroy the natural cheerfulness of their dispositions, inspired by the fine climate under which they live. They are fond of songs and dancing; and there are few, even of their smallest vessels, which have not on board at least one musician, furnished with a small violin or rebeck, and sometimes the Spanish guitar. Upon these, when becalmed amongst the islands, or sailing with light breezes along the coast of Greece, they play wild, and often not

unpleasing, airs ; when a favourite tune is touched, the mariners join their voices in concert. The first part of the English tune of ' God save the King ' is very popular with the Greeks at Smyrna ; but the second is either beyond their abilities, or not suited to their taste. It is said, indeed, that they seldom retain the second part of any European tune."

LOVE IN MANY MASKS.

It is difficult, in every period of life, to inspire a real passion : but it is easy to make most women conceive a momentary one : many things contribute to this : a fine figure ; the appearance of strength and vigour ; the graces ; wit, or the reputation of it ; complaisance ; and, often, a decided tone, and light manners ; ambitious ideas ; and, finally, interested views. With so many resources, it is almost impossible that every one should not find means to gratify his inclinations during his youth ; but, in a riper age, it is necessary to fix the affections. If we will not renounce every species of gallantry, it is necessary to accustom ourselves early to the sweet habitude of living with one whom we love and esteem ; without which, we fall into the most gloomy apathy, or insupportable agitation. The habitude of which I speak is more agreeable and solid when founded upon the permanent affections of the mind ; but this is not so absolutely necessary as not to be dispensed with. It is certain that the cares of a woman are always more agreeable to an old man than those of a relation or friend of his own sex ; it seems to be the wish and intention of nature that the two sexes should live and die together.

We become insensible of a settled habitude ; and, as we do not perceive that a mistress grows old, and becomes less handsome, we do not observe that her way of thinking becomes our own, and our reason subjected to hers, though sometimes less enlightened. We insensibly sacrifice our fortune to her ; and this is a necessary consequence of the resignation we have made of our reason.

Men sometimes pass over the infidelities of women, because they are not perfectly convinced of them, and that a blind confidence is a necessary consequence of their seduction : but if, unfortunately, they come to the knowledge of them, it is impossible for a man, sincerely

attached to a woman, not to be susceptible of jealousy. This jealousy takes a tinge of the character of the person who is affected with it. The mild man becomes afflicted, falls ill, and dies, if a repentance, which he is always disposed to believe sincere, does not console him : the choleric man breaks out into rage ; and, in the first moments, it is not known how far this may carry him ; but men of this disposition are soonest appeased, and most frequently to be deceived.

Pecuniary interest should never be the basis of an amorous connection ; it renders it shameful, or at least suspicious : money, says Montaigne, being the source of concubinage. But when a tender union is well formed, interest, like sentiment, becomes common ; every thing is mutual ; and there is but one fortune for two sincere lovers. If they be equally honest, and incapable of making a bad use of it, this is just and natural ; but frequently the complaisance of one makes him or her partake too much of the misfortunes and errors of the other.

Love should never have any thing to do with affairs : it ought to live on pleasures only : but how is it possible to resist the solicitations of a beloved object, who, though she ought not to participate in affairs which she has not prudence or courage enough to manage, yet having always, for a pretext, her interest in your reputation, welfare, and happiness, how is it possible to resist an amiable woman, who attacks with such weapons ?

Some ladies have a real, others a borrowed reputation ; that of the first is pure and unspotted, founded on the principles of religion, consequently the only genuine one ; it belongs to women really attached to their duty, and who have never failed in the least point of it, whether they have had the good fortune to love their husbands, who have returned their affection ; or whether, by an effort of virtue, they have been faithful to a man whom they have not loved nor were beloved by. There is another reputation, unknown to religion, which delicate morality, although purely human, does not admit, but which the world, more indulgent, will sometimes accept as good ; that founded upon the good choice of lovers, or, rather, of a lover, for multiplicity is always indecent. We are so disposed to think that each loves his likeness, that we judge of the character of men and women by those of their own sex with whom they have formed an intimacy ; but

infinitely more by the persons for whom they conceive a serious attachment. Many a man of wit has established the reputation of his mistress, without composing madrigals for her, but by making known the passion with which she had inspired him; many a woman of merit has created or established the reputation of him whom she has adopted her chevalier. After all, it is more dangerous to solicit than to decline this kind of reputation: it happens more frequently that a man loses himself by making a bad choice, than he adds to his fame by making a good one.

If the public are indulgent to the attachments of simple individuals, they are much more so to those of kings, and people in place, when they think them real, and do not suspect in them either ambition, intrigue, or motives of interest. All France approved of the love of Charles VII. for Agnes Sorel, because she had the courage to say to this prince, that, unless he recovered his kingdom, he was not worthy of her affection. The Parisians applauded the love of Henry IV. for *La Belle Gabrielle*, and sung with pleasure the songs this monarch made for her; because, knowing her to be handsome, and of a good disposition, they imagined she would inspire the King with sentiments of benevolence.

Never did a woman love a man more sincerely than Madame de la Valliere loved Lewis XIV. She never quitted him but for God alone; and, swelled with vanity as that monarch was, he could not complain of this rivalry; so much the less, as the Supreme Being had but the remains of the heart of his mistress, and perhaps never possessed it entirely.

I have heard an anecdote of Madame de la Valliere, which I do not remember to have seen in print. This lady was so modest, and had so little ambition, that she had never told the king she had a brother, much less had she ever asked any favour for him. He was still young, and had made his first campaign among the cadets of the king's household. Lewis XIV. reviewing his troops, saw his mistress smile in a friendly manner at a young man, who, on his part, bowed to her with an air of familiarity. In the evening, the King asked, in a severe and irritated tone of voice, who this young man was. Madame de la Valliere was at first confused, but afterwards told his Majesty it was her brother. The King, having assured

himself of it, conferred distinguished favours upon the young gentleman, who was father of the first Duke de la Valliere.

The King's intrigue with Madame de Montespan was not of a nature to be approved of so much as that he had with Madame de la Valliere; yet the nation did not complain, because it was thought the love of this lady procured the public magnificent feasts and elegant amusements. The following verses were a good deal sung at that time:

Ah ! quelle est charmante
Notre aimable cour ;
Sous le meme tente
On voit tour a tour.

La gloire et l'amour,
Conquete brillante
Et fete gallante
Marquent chaque jour.

On the contrary, the public were a good deal disgusted with the amours of the King and Madame de Maintenon, although more decent, and that a secret marriage had rendered them legitimate. It was observed that a love, conceived when both parties were in years, afforded a ridiculous spectacle: moreover, Madame de Maintenon meddled with the affairs of government; and it was when she most interfered with them that things fell into decline, and that Lewis XIV. began to experience misfortunes, which were all laid to her charge.

When the Duke of Orleans, who was Regent, fell in love with Mademoiselle de Sery, he was not censured on account of it. The Duchess of Orleans, natural daughter to the King, was rather beautiful, but she was not amiable; Mademoiselle de Sery, on the contrary, was very much so. She had a son, and it was predicted of him that he would one day become Duke of Dunois. But he did not fulfil what was expected of him; yet he had wit, and was, in many respects, amiable.

In process of time the Regent fell into such an irregularity of conduct, that the public were shocked at it. It was necessary for him to have many other brilliant and estimable qualities to be pardoned so great a defect; but people were so much disposed to indulgence for him, that his affection for Madame de Parabere was approved of, because it was supposed she really loved him, and that he loved her, although he was frequently unfaithful to her.

Exterior decency is generally admired, and princes and

men of distinction ought to do nothing to disgust the public; but, right or wrong, it is but too true, that in the end the public assumes the authority of censuring, without delicacy, every fault: woe to them who are the first objects of gross scandal; they become the victims of its rage: the public judges, and punishes them for it; or at least hoots at, hisses, and despises them; but, when the number of the guilty increase to a certain degree, it is found, that although hisses are sufficient to condemn bad pieces, they are not rods enough for those men who deserve to be lashed; they then become tolerated; nothing more is said, and, what is worse than all, a resolution is sometimes taken to imitate them. It must be acknowledged that the temptation to sin is very great, when we are sure to do it with impunity; and that people are made easy upon this head, when they are sheltered from reproach and ridicule.

BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN.

THE great Turenne lies in the abbey of Saint Denis; without any monumental inscription, owing, as it is said, to the jealousy of a monarch, by no means wanting, in other respects, in magnanimity. Bertrand du Guesclin, a hero of earlier times, reposes in the same chapel, in a monument unworthy of the sacred deposit. This warrior, the pride of chivalry, and the glory of France, appears, by the diminutive figure on his tomb, to have been little-fitted for the arduous enterprises of war; yet cotemporary historians represent him of an athletic and manly size. The last scene of Guesclin's glorious career is singularly remarkable.

The governor of Rendon, to which he had laid siege, had capitulated; and engaged to give up the place, in case no succour arrived within a certain number of days: Du Guesclin fell ill before this time, and died on the day preceding the expiration of the truce. On the morrow, the governor was summoned to surrender: he kept his word; but as it was to Du Guesclin himself he had given it, he came out attended by the chief officers of the garrison, and going directly to Guesclin's tent, he placed the keys of the town upon the coffin of the breathless hero.

THE DEATH OF ARGYLE.

FROM FOX'S HISTORY OF JAMES THE SECOND.

* Before he left the Castle he had his dinner at the usual hour, at which he discoursed not only calmly, but even cheerfully, with Mr. Charteris and others. After dinner he retired, as was his custom, to his bed-chamber, where, it is recorded, that he slept quietly for about a quarter of an hour. While he was in bed, one of the members of the council came and intimated to the attendants a desire to speak with him : upon being told that the Earl was asleep, and had left orders not to be disturbed, the manager disbelieved the account, which he considered as a device to avoid further questionings. To satisfy him, the door of the bed-chamber was half opened, and he then beheld, enjoying a sweet and tranquil slumber, the man who, by the doom of him and his fellows, was to die within the space of two short hours ! Struck with the sight, he hurried out of the room, quitted the Castle with the utmost precipitation, and hid himself in the lodgings of an acquaintance who lived near, where he flung himself upon the first bed that presented itself, and had every appearance of a man suffering the most excruciating torture. His friend, who had been apprised by the servant of the state he was in, and who naturally concluded that he was ill, offered him some wine. He refused, saying, ‘ No, no, that will not help me ; I have been in at Argyle, and saw him sleeping as pleasantly as ever man did, within an hour of eternity. But as for me——.’ The name of the person to whom this anecdote relates is not mentioned, and the truth of it may therefore be fairly considered as liable to that degree of doubt with which men of judgment receive every species of traditional history. Woodrow, however, whose veracity is above suspicion, says he had it from the most unquestionable authority. It is not in itself unlikely, and who is there that would not wish it true ? What a satisfactory spectacle to a philosophical mind, to see the oppressor, in the zenith of his power, envying his victim ! What an acknowledgment of the superiority of virtue ! what an affecting and forcible testimony of the value of that peace of mind which innocence alone can confer ! We know not who this man was ; but when we reflect,

that the guilt which agonised him was probably incurred for the sake of some vain title, or, at least, of some increase of wealth, which he did not want, and possibly knew not how to enjoy, our disgust is turned into something like compassion for that very foolish class of men, whom the world calls wise in their generation.

‘ On the scaffold he embraced his friends, gave some tokens of remembrance to his son-in-law, Lord Maitland, for his daughter and grand-children, stripped himself of part of his apparel, of which he likewise made presents, and laid his head upon the block. Having uttered a short prayer, he gave the signal to the executioner, which was instantly obeyed, and his head severed from his body. Such were the last hours, and such the final close, of this great man’s life. May the like happy serenity in such dreadful circumstances, and a death equally glorious, be the lot of all whom tyranny, of whatever denomination or description, shall, in any age, or in any country, call to expiate their virtues on the scaffold !’

PHILIP II. KING OF SPAIN.

Count Egmont advised this Prince to break with France, in order to prevent the troubles that were beginning to rise in Flanders. He answered, “ I had rather lose all Flanders, than so scandalously violate the agreement I have made with my brother the Most Christian King, and so young as he is too.”

On his death-bed he gave his successor this advice :— “ Keep your dominions (if possible) in perpetual peace : give them good ministers, rewarding the good and punishing the bad.”

He often dissembled those injuries done to him which he either could not or would not revenge ; observing, that it was a great part of prudence occasionally to pretend not to be well informed of certain things.

At his first coming to the crown, he ordered his judges, in all doubtful cases between him and any of his subjects, to be always sure to decide against the sovereign.

On receiving the news of the destruction of the celebrated Spanish armada, he merely said, “ I sent my fleet

to fight the English, not the winds: the will of God be done!"

Philip was present at an *Auto da Fé*, where several persons were to be burnt for heresy. One of them, Don John de Cesa, as he was passing by him, exclaimed, "Sire, how can you permit so many unfortunate persons to suffer! How can you be witness of so horrid a sight without shuddering!" Philip replied coolly, "If my son, Sir, were suspected of heresy, I should give him up myself to the Inquisition. My detestation of you and of your companions is so great, that I would act myself as your executioner, if no other executioner could be found."

Soon after he had imprisoned his son Don Carlos, he wrote to Pius V. to inform him of it, and to tell him, that Don Carlos, from his earliest youth, had so vicious a ferocity of disposition, that it had even disdained all his paternal instructions.

COUNT OLIVAREZ.

When this minister was once reproached by his sovereign, Philip the Fourth, for not having done for him what Cardinal Richelieu had done for his master Louis XIII. and for having lost him one kingdom, that of Portugal, whilst Richelieu had extended the dominions of Louis; he replied, "The Cardinal, Sire, had no scruples." Olivarez, in one thing, at least, imitated the Cardinal. He caused himself to be styled the Count Duke, because Richelieu had taken the title of the Cardinal Duke. Olivarez seems to have made some wise regulations for his country. He freed from the charge of public offices, for four years, all newly-married men, and exempted from taxation all those persons who had six male children. To increase the population of his country, however, he had recourse to one very dangerous and shameful expedient; he permitted marriages between young people without the consent of their parents. On being displaced from the post of prime minister, he retired to his estate at Loches, where, according to Vittorio Siri, he died entirely of chagrin and disappointment.

LOPE DR VEGA.

It is said, in the history of the life of this writer, that no less than 1800 comedies, the production of his pen, have been actually represented on the Spanish stage. His *Autos Sacramentales* (a kind of sacred drama, exceed 400; besides which there is a collection of his poems of various kinds in 21 vols. 4to.

It is also said, that there was no public success on which he did not compose a panegyric; no marriage of distinction without an epithalamium of his writing, nor child whose nativity he did not celebrate; not a prince died on whom he did not write an elegy; there was no saint for whom he did not produce a hymn; no public holiday that he did not distinguish, no literary dispute at which he did not assist either as secretary or president. He said of himself, that he wrote five sheets per day, which, reckoning by the time he lived, has been calculated to amount to 133,225 sheets. He sometimes composed a comedy in two days, which it would have been difficult for another man to have even copied in the same time. At Toledo he once wrote five comedies in fifteen days, reading them as he proceeded in a private house to Joseph de Valdevieso.

Juan Perez de Montalvan relates, that a comedy being wanted for the carnival at Madrid, Lope and he united to compose one as fast as they could. Lope took the first act and Montalvan the second, which they wrote in two days; and the third act they divided, taking eight sheets each. Montalvan seeing that the other wrote faster than he could, says he rose at two in the morning, and having finished his part at eleven, he went to seek Lope, whom he found in the garden looking at an orange-tree that was frozen; and on inquiring what progress he had made in the verses, Lope replied, "At five I began to write, and finished the comedy an hour ago; since which I have breakfasted, written 150 other verses, and watered the garden, and am now pretty well tired." He then read to Montalvan the eight sheets and the 150 verses.

REVIEW OF BOOKS,

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

The History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade. By T. Clarkson, M. A. 8vo. 2 Vols. 1808.

The abolition of this infamous traffic, disgraceful to humanity and detestable in the sight of Heaven, was greatly promoted, and, we may add, would not have been effected at all, (certainly not so soon) but for the laborious inquiries and unceasing exertions of Mr. Clarkson. His history of the progress of this great work of benevolence, until its completion under the ministry of the illustrious Charles Fox, will be perused by every man of sensibility with the highest delight; not unmixed with astonishment at the unwearied zeal which, notwithstanding obstacles apparently insurmountable, and the determined opposition of men possessing the highest rank in society and interest in the cabinet, ultimately succeeded in rescuing many millions of our fellow-creatures from the horrors of perpetual slavery. They who are apt to think lightly of public institutions, and academic exercises, will perhaps change their sentiments, when they learn that Mr. Clarkson's attention to this subject was first excited from the information he collected in order to compose a theme for the Bachelor's prize, in 1787, of which this was the subject "*anne liceat invitos in servitutem dare?*" Some manuscript papers of a friend, who had been concerned in the trade, and *Anthony Benezet's Historical Account of Guinea*, were consulted by him on this occasion, and, according to his own account, his mind was powerfully affected by the facts he thus became acquainted with.

'Furnished in this manner, I began my work; but no person can tell the severe trial which the writing of it proved to me. I had expected pleasure from the invention of the arguments, from the arrangement of them; from the putting of them together, and from the thought in the interim that I was engaged in an innocent contest for literary honour. But all my pleasure was damped by the facts which were now continually before me. It was but one gloomy subject from morning till night. In the day-time I was uneasy: in the night I had little rest: I sometimes never closed my eye-lids for grief. It became

now not so much a trial for academical reputation, as for the production of a work which might be useful to injured Africa; and keeping this idea in my mind, even after the perusal of Benezet, I always slept with a candle in my room, that I might rise out of bed, and put down such thoughts as might occur to me in the night, if I judged them valuable, conceiving that no arguments of any moment should be lost in so great a cause. Having at length finished this painful task, I sent my essay to the vice-chancellor, and soon afterwards found myself honoured, as before, with the first prize.

‘As it is usual to read these essays in the senate-house soon after the prize is adjudged, I was called to Cambridge for this purpose. I went and performed my office. On returning, however, to London, the subject of it almost wholly engrossed my thoughts. I became at times very seriously affected while upon the road. I stopped my horse occasionally, and dismounted and walked. I frequently tried to persuade myself, in these intervals, that the contents of my essay could not be true. The more, however, I reflected upon them, or rather upon the authorities on which they were founded, the more I gave them credit. Coming in sight of Wadesmill, in Hertfordshire, I sat down disconsolate on the turf, by the road-side, and held my horse. Here a thought came into my mind, that, if the contents of the essay were true, it was time some person should see these calamities to their end. Agitated in this manner, I reached home. This was in the summer of 1785.

‘In the course of the autumn of the same year, I experienced similar impressions. I walked frequently into the woods, that I might think on the subject in solitude, and find relief to my mind there. But there the question still recurred, ‘Are these things true?’ Still the answer followed as instantaneously, ‘They are.’—Still the result accompanied it, ‘Then surely some person should interfere.’ I then began to envy those who had seats in parliament, and who had great riches, and widely-extended connexions, which would enable them to take up this cause. Finding scarcely any one at that time who thought of it, I was turned frequently to myself. But here many difficulties arose. It struck me, among others, that a young man of only twenty-four years of age could not have that solid judgment, that knowledge of men, manners, and things, which were requisite to qualify him to undertake a task of such magnitude and importance.—

And with whom was I to unite? I believed, also, that it looked so much like one of the feigned labours of Hercules, that my understanding would be suspected if I proposed it. On ruminating, however, on the subject, I found one thing at least practicable, and that this also was in my power. I could translate my Latin dissertation;—I could enlarge it usefully;—I could see how the public received it, or how far they were likely to favour any serious measures, which should have a tendency to produce the abolition of the slave trade. Upon this then I determined; and in the middle of the month of November, 1785, I began my work.'

Our scanty limits forbid our following the author through the various toils and difficulties he encountered in his endeavours to promote the grand object which occupied all his thoughts. He had interviews with Fox, Pitt, and Wilberforce, and associated himself with other humane characters, declining no labour, however great, fearing no danger, however imminent, but eagerly embracing every opportunity that seemed to promise the least success to the noble cause in which he was engaged. It was necessary to procure witnesses, whose testimony, as to the kidnapping of Africans, could not be impeached; and it was particularly important to ascertain whether the slaves brought from the villages on the rivers of Calabar and Bonny were not so obtained; since it had been asserted by the anti-abolitionists, that the natives had never suffered a white man in their canoes. Mr. Clarkson was told by a friend, that he had been once in company with a man who had visited these places; but that he knew nothing more of this person than that he belonged to some ship of war in ordinary. Hopeless as appeared the attempt to find out this individual, Mr. Clarkson yet undertook to discover him. His acquaintance with Sir Charles Middleton, then comptroller of the navy, procured him permission to board every ship in ordinary, in the different ports of the kingdom. Furnished in this manner Mr. C. began his journey. He boarded all the ships of war lying in ordinary at Deptford, and examined the different persons in each. From Deptford he proceeded to Woolwich, where he did the same. Thence he hastened to Chatham, and then, down the Medway, to Sheerness. He had now boarded above a hundred and sixty vessels of war. He had found out two good and willing evidences among them; but he could

gain no intelligence of him who was the object of his search.

From Chatham he made the best of his way to Portsmouth-harbour. A very formidable task presented itself here ; but the master's boats were ready for him, and he continued his pursuit. On boarding the *Pegase*, on the second day, he discovered a very respectable person in the gunner of that ship. His name was George Millar. He had been on board the *Canterbury* slave-ship at the dreadful massacre at Calabar. He was the only disinterested evidence living, of whom Mr. C. had yet heard. He expressed his willingness to give his testimony, if his presence should be thought necessary in London. Mr. C. then continued his pursuit for the remainder of the day. On the next day he resumed and finished it for this quarter. He had now examined the different persons in more than a hundred vessels in this harbour ; but he had not discovered the person he went to seek.

Matters now began to look rather disheartening, as far as this grand object was concerned. There was but one other port left, and this was between two and three hundred miles distant. He determined, however, to go to Plymouth. He had already been more successful in this tour, with respect to obtaining general evidence, than in any other of the same length ; and the probability was, that as he should continue to move among the same kind of people, his success would be in a similar proportion, according to the number visited. These were great encouragements to him to proceed. At length he arrived at the place of his last hope. On his first day's expedition he boarded forty vessels, but found no one in these who had been on the coast of Africa in the slave trade. One or two had been there in King's ships ; but they had never been on shore. Things were now drawing near to a close ; and notwithstanding his success, as to general evidence, in this journey, his heart began to beat. He was restless and uneasy during the night. The next morning he felt agitated again between the alternate pressure of hope and fear ; and in this state he entered his boat. The fifty-seventh vessel he boarded was the *Melampus* frigate. One person belonging to it, on examining him in the captain's cabin, said he had been two voyages to Africa ; and Mr. C. had not long discoursed with him, before he found, to his inexpressible joy, that he was the man. He found, too, that he unravelled the

question in dispute precisely as inferences had determined it. He had been two expeditions up the river Calabar in the canoes of the natives. In the first of these, they came within a certain distance of a village: they then concealed themselves under the bushes, which hung over the water from the banks. In this position they remained during the daylight; but at night they went up to it armed, and seized all the inhabitants, who had not time to make their escape. They obtained forty-five persons in this manner. In the second, they were out eight or nine days, when they made a similar attempt, and with nearly similar success. They seized men, women, and children, as they could find them in the huts. They then bound their arms, and drove them before them to the canoes. The name of the person thus discovered on board the *Melampus* was Isaac Parker. On inquiring into his character from the master of the division, Mr. C. found it highly respectable. He found also afterwards that he had sailed with Captain Cook, with great credit to himself, round the world.

He returned now in triumph. He had been out only three weeks, and he had found out this extraordinary person, and five respectable witnesses besides. These, added to the three discovered in the last journey, and to those provided before, made the abolitionists more formidable than at any former period; so that the delay of their opponents, which they had looked upon as so great an evil, proved in the end truly serviceable to the cause.

The fate of these several motions in the House of Commons, in consequence of the partial encouragement the measure met with from the ministry, though supported by Mr. Pitt's eloquence, at length disheartened the committee for the abolition, who, says Mr. G. were reduced to this—
 “either they must exert themselves without hope, or they must wait till some change should take place in their favour. As far as I myself was concerned, all exertion was then over. The nervous system was almost shattered to pieces. Both my memory and my hearing failed me; sudden dizzinesses seized my head; a confused singing in the ears followed me wherever I went. On going to bed the very stairs seemed to dance up and down under me, so that, misplacing my foot, I sometimes fell. Talking too, if it continued but for half an hour, exhausted me so, that profuse perspirations followed; and the same effect was produced even by an active exertion of the mind

for the like time. These disorders had been brought on by degrees, in consequence of the severe labours necessarily attached to the promotion of the cause. For seven years I had a correspondence to maintain with 400 persons with my own hand. I had some book or other annually to write on behalf of the cause. In this period, I had travelled more than thirty-five thousand miles in search of evidence, and a great part of these journeys in the night. All this time my mind had been on the stretch. It had been bent, too, to this one subject; for I had not even leisure to attend to my own concerns. The various instances of barbarity, which had come successively to my knowledge within this period, had vexed, harassed, and afflicted it. The wound, which these had produced, was rendered still deeper by those cruel disappointments before related, which arose from the reiterated refusal of persons to give their testimony, after I had travelled hundreds of miles in quest of them. But the severest stroke was that inflicted by the persecution, begun and pursued by persons interested in the continuance of the trade, of such witnesses as had been examined against them, and whom, on account of their dependent situation in life, it was most easy to oppress. As I had been the means of bringing them forward on these occasions, they naturally came to me, when thus persecuted, as the author of their miseries and their ruin. From their supplications and wants it would have been ungenerous and ungrateful to have fled. These different circumstances, by acting together, had at length brought me into the situation just mentioned; and I was therefore obliged, though very reluctantly, to be borne out of the field, where I had placed the great honour and glory of my life."

Mr. Clarkson retired into the country, and by degrees his health was restored; and now, having lived to witness the long-desired ABOLITION, he waits only, like old Simeon, to *depart in peace*, and receive the reward reserved for so good and faithful a servant.

Lives of British Statesmen. By John Macdiarmid, Esq. Author of an Inquiry into the System of National Defence in Great Britain, and of an Inquiry into the Principles of Subordination. 4to. 2l. 2s. Longman, 1807.

The indefatigable compiler of these memoirs lived only to complete the biography of Sir Thomas More, Lord Burleigh, Lord Strafford, and Hyde, Earl of Ch-

reason. Though, in point of composition, there is not much to admire in what he has done, he has collected so many curious and interesting facts concerning these eminent statesmen, that it is to be lamented he had not proceeded further.

Mr. M. has thus explained his plan, and the motives for his adopting it.

“Of the men who have guided the councils of our country, and attained distinguished political eminence, we are desirous to learn many particulars, which would be misplaced in the general annals of a nation. The skilful historian may seize the prominent features of their character, and describe the most important of their public transactions: but numerous anecdotes, both of their public and private life, however interesting, he must leave unrecorded, while a whole people demand his attention. We are solicitous to know the steps by which they ascended to power, the arts by which they retained their stations, the incidents by which they terminated their exalted career. We are pleased to observe them in the more private intercourse of life; to follow them into their families and closets: and to discover how the men, who govern empires, conduct themselves amidst the cares and duties which are common to the humble and exalted.

“Nor is our curiosity alone interested by such information. To those who prepare to tread the same paths, and to gratify their ambition in the discharge of public functions, the progress and transactions of their illustrious predecessors must be the volume in which they are to read the most important lessons. But it is not the statesman by profession who is alone called upon to observe the results of political experience. In this country, where public opinion is possessed of so much sway, the voice even of private individuals may have some influence on the national councils.

“The moral lessons afforded by the career of statesmen demand not less attention. Every one is interested to learn, from such eminent examples, that the lustre of the highest station is derived from the same virtues which embellish private life; and that happiness is most attainable, as well as most secure, when our condition excites not the jealous passions of mankind.

“Such are the views which have guided the author in delineating the Lives of British Statesmen. He has been anxious to derive his information from the most authentic

sources; and to exhibit virtues and defects equally without exaggeration or diminution. He has avoided many opportunities of discussion, where the result did not seem of importance to his immediate objects; but he has occasionally attempted, in the illustration of his subject, to throw light upon some obscure or disputed parts of history. He has endeavoured to select the lives contained in this volume from periods sufficiently distinct to prevent a repetition of the same political transactions; yet sufficiently connected to form a chain of history, without considerable interruptions."

As a specimen of the author's style, we shall transcribe the most interesting passages in the volume, the account of Lord Strafford's execution.

"The day of Strafford's execution threw a brighter lustre over his name than his most memorable transactions. As he quitted the Tower, he looked up to the windows of Laud's apartments, and seeing the aged prelate, who had come to take a last leave of his friend, entreated his prayers and his blessing. The archbishop, lifting up his hands, gave a fervent benediction; and, overcome with the scene, fell motionless on the ground, "Farewell, my lord," cried Strafford, "God protect your innocence." As he passed along to Tower-hill, on which the scaffold was erected, the populace, who eagerly thronged to the spectacle, beheld his noble deportment with admiration. His tall and stately figure, the grave dignified symmetry of his features, corresponded with the general impression of his character: and the mildness, which had taken place of the usual severity of his forehead, expressed repentance enlivened by hope, and fortitude tempered by resignation. In the multitudes around him, he saw nothing to damp his courage, or disturb his composure; the same men who had so lately demanded his death, with turbulent exclamations, now gazed in profound silence on the intrepid victim. He looked upon them with complacency; and, frequently taking off his hat, bowed to them on either hand. In his address to the people from the scaffold, he assured them that he submitted to his sentence with perfect resignation; that, freely, and from his heart, he forgave all the world. 'I speak,' said he, 'in the presence of Almighty God, before whom I stand; there is not a displeasing thought that riseth in me to any man.' He declared that, however his actions might have been misinterpreted, his intentions had always been upright; that he loved parliaments, that he

was devoted to the constitution and to the church of England: that he ever considered the interests of the king and people as inseparably united; and that, living or dying, the prosperity of his country was his fondest wish. But he expressed his fears that it augured ill for the people's happiness to write the commencement of a reformation in letters of blood. Turning to the friends who attended him on the scaffold, he took a solemn leave; and charged his brother with his blessing and final adieu to his wife and children. 'And now,' said he, 'I have nigh done. One stroke will make my wife a widow, my dear children fatherless, deprive my poor servants of their beloved master, and separate me from my affectionate brother and all my friends. But let God be to you, and to them, all in all.' While he disrobed himself, he declared 'that he looked on the approach of death without any apprehension; and that he now laid his head on the block with the same tranquillity as he had laid it on his pillow.' He stretched out his hands as a signal to the executioner; and, at one blow, his head was severed from his body."

It is to be hoped that some equally diligent inquirer will be found to undertake a continuation of this useful work.

The Trial of Major Campbell, for the Murder of Captain Boyd, in a Duel, on the 23d of June, 1807; with the Evidence in full, the Charge of the Judge, and Details of Major Campbell's last Moments, Execution, &c. &c. 8vo.—Symonds, 1808.

Judges and Juries have been usually lenient on the trial of persons who have killed their antagonists in a duel. However moralists may declaim against the custom, it is considered in some instances to be almost unavoidable, and therefore judicial condemnation has seldom been passed upon the offender. The frivolous quarrels, however, which have, of late, led to so many fatal results, needed the interposition of the strong arm of the law; and unfortunately for Major Campbell, though we think happily for civil society, the present case was of such a nature as to forbid any mitigation of the general law against murder. Differing in opinion as to some point of military regulation with a Captain in the same regiment, while at mess, he went home to his family, drank tea, and then, sending for his victim, insisted on his fighting him in a small room, the corners of which were only seven paces asunder, with-

and giving him time to make any family preparation, without witnesses, or previous examination of weapons. These facts appear from the evidence of Lieutenant Macpherson.

" On the evening of the 23d, going up stairs about nine o'clock, he heard, as he thought, Major Campbell say, ' On the word of a dying man, was every thing fair?' He got up before Captain Boyd replied; he said, ' Campbell, you have harried me—you're a bad man.' Witness was in coloured clothes, and Major Campbell did not know him, but said again, ' Boyd, before this stranger and Lieutenant Hall, was every thing fair?' Captain Boyd replied, ' Oh no, Campbell, you know I wanted you to wait and have friends.' Major Campbell then said, ' Good God, will you mention before these gentlemen, was not every thing fair? did not you say you were ready?' Captain Boyd answered, ' Yes;' but in a moment after said, ' Campbell, you're a bad man,' Captain Boyd was helped into the next room, and Major Campbell followed, much agitated, and repeatedly said to Captain Boyd, that he (Boyd) was the happiest man of the two: ' I am (said Major Campbell) an unfortunate man, but I hope not a bad man.' Major Campbell asked Captain Boyd if he forgave him: he stretched out his hand, and said, ' I forgive you—I feel for you, and I am sure you do for me.'

The prisoner was justly found guilty; and though strong family interest was made to save his life, and both the Grand Jury who found the bill, and the Jury upon whose verdict he was condemned, petitioned in his favour, his execution took place on the 24th of August last,

" His deportment, during the whole of the melancholy interval between his condemnation and the day of his execution, was manly but penitent; such as became a Christian towards his approaching dissolution. When he was informed that all efforts to procure a pardon had failed, he was only anxious for the immediate execution of the sentence. He had repeatedly implored that he might be shot; but as this was not suitable to the forms of the common law, his entreaties were of course without success.

" He was led out for execution on Wednesday the 24th of August, just as the clock struck twelve. He was attended by Dr. Bowie, and in the whole of his deportment a pious resignation and a penitent habit of mind were manifested.

" A vast crowd had collected around the scene of the

calastrophe; he surveyed them a moment, then turned his head towards Heaven with a look of prayer.

"As soon as he made his appearance, the whole of the attending guards, and such of the soldiery as were spectators, took off their caps; upon which the Major saluted them in turn. This spectacle was truly distressing, and tears and shrieks burst from several parts of the crowd.

"When the executioner approached to fix the cord, Major Campbell again looked up to Heaven. There was now the most profound silence. The executioner seemed paralyzed whilst performing the last act of his duty.—There was scarcely a dry eye out of so many thousands assembled. The crowd seemed thunder-struck when the unfortunate gentleman was at length turned off. Every aspect wore the traces of grief. Perhaps no case has ever occurred, in which the sympathy of the people was more strong. The soldiery, in particular, were most strongly affected. Many a hard visage was softened by the descending tear.

"After hanging the usual time, the body was put into a hearse in waiting. This melancholy vehicle left the town immediately, to convey the last remains of the unfortunate gentleman to the family depository at Ayr, in Scotland.

"This catastrophe is rendered still more piteous by the unhappy circumstance, that Mrs. Campbell, who, after incredible fatigues and exertions had reached England, and procured her petition to be delivered into the hands of his Majesty, had indulged her hopes to the last, and left London exactly at such a period of time, as to arrive in Ayr on the same day on which her husband's corpse would necessarily have reached that place."

The Dramatic and Poetical Works of the late Lieutenant-General John Burgoyne, to which are prefixed Memoirs of the Author. 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. Scatcherd. 1808.

Of General Burgoyne's dramatic works the *Heiress* is the most considerable, which, supported by fashion, was attractive for a few seasons; but the patronage of fashion being generally as short-lived as it is injudicious, the *Heiress* is now almost forgotten. Burgoyne, however, was a sensible writer, and there are many who entertain the opinion that he was a better Poet than General, and that his wit was at least as sharp as his sword.

Poetical Tales, founded on Facts. By M. Savory. 4s. 12mo. Darton and Harvey. 1808.

This author pleads youth and inexperience; these may be admitted as excuses for *writing* bad verses, but not for *publishing* them. In the present case, however, there is little need of apology. The young poet who produces stanzas like the following may proceed without any dread of criticism, and much may be expected from him hereafter.

" On yon tall rock's projecting side,
See where the stripling bends his way,
To hang with rapture o'er the tide,
And tune a sweetly rustic lay.

" Say, what in sportive youth can move
To dwell on nature's varied hue?
What bids his bosom glow with love
And bathes his azure eye in dew?

" What bids him hail the matin strain,
As morn's first blush illumines the vale;
And wake at midnight hour again,
To listen to the nightingale?

" O Genius! 'twas thy strong control,
As o'er his cradle, from on high,
Thou wav'd thy magnet o'er his soul,
And on his lips breath'd harmony.

" Thy magic touch bade fancy rove,
As mind its early charms displayed;
Bade Shakspeare ev'ry passion move,
And Homer on his pillow laid.

" Thou gav'st that fine perceptive sense,
Which throws o'er ev'ry scene its charm;
To joy, will brighter joy dispense,
To grief, more exquisite alarm.

" Ah! dang'rous gift, where bliss appears
But as the morn's first vivid ray,
And grief her mournful aspect rears
Through the long, ling'ring, weary day!

" Yet Siren Genius! still to thee
Thy captive pours the grateful strain,
To thee he bends the willing knee,
With all thy joys, with all thy pain.

" Would Alwin that pure sense forego,
In tranquil apathy to rove?

" Ah! no," he cries, "with all thy woe,
O stay and charm me with thy love!"

The germs of true poetry may be discovered in this slight specimen.

THE DRAMA.

 ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE—*Shakspeare.*

EXCULPATION OF RICHARD III.

FROM THE CHARGES BROUGHT AGAINST HIM BY DIFFERENT HISTORIANS, AND FOLLOWED BY SHAKSPEARE.

It seems then to me to appear, that Fabian, and the authors of the Chronicle of Croyland, who were contemporaries with Richard, charge him directly with none of the crimes since imputed to him, and disculpate him of others. That John Rous, the third contemporary, could know the facts he alledges but by hearsay, confounds the dates of them, dedicates his work to Henry the Seventh, and is an author to whom no credit is due, from the lies and fables with which his work is stuffed. That we have no authors who lived near the time, but Lancastrian authors, who wrote to flatter Henry the Seventh, or who spread the tales which he invented. That the murder of Prince Edward, son of Henry the Sixth, was committed by King Edward's servants, and is imputed to Richard by no contemporary. That Henry the Sixth was found dead in the Tower; that it was not known how he came by his death; and that it was against Richard's interest to murder him. That the Duke of Clarence was defended by Richard; that the parliament petitioned for his execution; that no author of the time is so absurd as to charge Richard with being the executioner; and that King Edward took the deed wholly on himself. That Richard's stay at York, on his brother's death, had no appearance of a design to make himself king. That the ambition of the queen, who attempted to usurp the government, contrary to the then established custom of the realm, gave the first provocation to Richard and the princes of the blood to assert their rights; and that Richard was solicited by the Duke of Buckingham to vindicate those rights. That the preparation of an armed force under Earl Rivers, the seizure of the tower and treasure, and the equipment of a fleet, by the Marquis Dorset, gave occasion to the princes to imprison the relations of the queen; and that, though they were put to death without trial, (the only cruelty which is proved on

Richard,) it was consonant to the manners of that barbarous and turbulent age, and not till after the queen's party had taken up arms. That the execution of Lord Hastings, who had first engaged with Richard against the queen, and whom Sir Thomas More confesses Richard was *loth to lose*, can be accounted for by nothing but absolute necessity, and the law of self-defence. That Richard's assumption of the protectorate was in every respect agreeable to the laws and usage; was probably bestowed on him by the universal consent of the council and peers, and was a strong indication that he had then no thought of questioning the right of his nephew. That the tale of Richard aspersing the chastity of his own mother is incredible; it appearing that he lived with her in perfect harmony, and lodged with her in her palace at that very time. That it is as little credible that Richard gained the crown by a sermon of Dr. Shaw, and a speech of the Duke of Buckingham, if the people only laughed at those orators. That there had been a precontract or marriage between Edward the Fourth and Lady Eleanor Talbot*; and that Richard's claim to the crown was founded on the illegitimacy of Edward's children. That a convention of the nobility, clergy, and people, invited him to accept the crown on that title. That the ensuing parliament ratified the act of the convention, and confirmed the bastardy of Edward's children. That nothing can be more improbable than Richard's having taken no measures before he left London to have his nephews murdered, if he had had any such intention. That the story of Sir James Tirrel, as related by Sir Thomas More, is a notorious falsehood; Sir James Tirrel being at that time master of the horse, in which capacity he had walked at Richard's coronation. That Tirrel's jealousy of Sir Richard Ratcliffe is another palpable falsehood; Tirrel being already preferred, and Ratcliffe absent. That all that relates to Sir Robert Brakenbury is no less false: Brakenbury either being too good a man to die for a tyrant or murderer, or too bad a man to have refused being his accomplice. That Sir Thomas More and Lord Bacon both confess that many doubted whether the two princes were murdered in Richard's days or not; and it certainly never was proved that they were murdered by Richard's order. That Sir Thomas

* Or Butler, by marriage.

More relied on nameless and uncertain authority: that it appears by dates and facts that his authorities were bad and false; that if Sir James Tirrel and Dighton had really committed the murder and confessed it, and if Perkin Warbeck had made a voluntary, clear, and probable confession of his imposture, there could have remained no doubt of the murder. That Green, the nameless page, and Will Slaughter, having never been questioned about the murder, there is no reason to believe what is related of them in the supposed tragedy. That Sir James Tirrel not being attainted on the death of Richard, but having, on the contrary, been employed in great services by Henry the Seventh, it is not probable that he was one of the murderers. That Lord Bacon owning that Tirrel's confession did not please the king so well as Dighton's; that Tirrel's imprisonment and execution some years afterwards for a new treason, of which we have no evidence, and which appears to have been mere suspicion, destroy all probability of his guilt in the supposed murder of the children. That the impunity of Dighton, if really guilty, was scandalous; and can only be accounted for on the supposition of his being a false witness to serve Henry's cause against Perkin Warbeck. That the silence of the two archbishops, and Henry's not daring to specify the murder of the princes in the act of attainder against Richard, wears all the appearance of their not having been murdered. That Richard's tenderness and kindness to the Earl of Warwick, proceeding so far as to proclaim him his successor, betrays no symptom of that cruel nature which would not stick at assassinating any competitor. That it is indubitable that Richard's first idea was to keep the crown but till Edward the Fifth should attain the age of twenty-four. That with this view he did not create his own son Prince of Wales till after he had proved the bastardy of his brother's children. That there is no proof that those children were murdered. That Richard made, or intended to make, his nephew, Edward the Fifth, walk at his coronation. That there is strong presumption, from the parliament-roll and from the Chronicle of Croyland, that both princes were living some time after Sir Thomas More fixes the date of their deaths. That when his own son was dead, Richard was so far from intending to get rid of his wife, that he proclaimed his nephews, first the Earl of Warwick, and then the Earl of Lincoln, his heirs

apparent. That there is not the least probability of his having poisoned his wife, who died of a languishing distemper: that no proof was ever pretended to be given of it; that a bare supposition of such a crime, without proofs or very strong presumptions, is scarce ever to be credited. That he seems to have had no intention of marrying his niece, but to have amused her with the hopes of that match, to prevent her marrying Richmond. That Buck would not have dared to quote her letter as extant in the Earl of Arundel's library, if it had not been there: that others of Buck's assertions having been corroborated by subsequent discoveries, leave no doubt of his veracity on this; and that letter disculpates Richard from poisoning his wife; and only shews the impatience of his niece to be queen. That it is probable the queen dowager knew her second son was living, and connived at the appearance of Lambert Simnel, to feel the temper of the nation. That Henry VII. certainly thought that she and the Earl of Lincoln were privy to the existence of Richard Duke of York, and that Henry lived in terror of his appearance. That the different conduct of Henry, with regard to Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck, implies how different an opinion he had of them; that, in the first case, he used the most natural and most rational methods to prove him an impostor; whereas his whole behaviour in Perkin's case was mysterious, and betrayed his belief or doubt that Warbeck was the true Duke of York. That it was morally impossible for the Duchess of Burgundy, at the distance of twenty-seven years, to instruct a Flemish lad so perfectly in all that had passed in the court of England, that he would not have been detected in a few hours. That she could not inform him; nor could he know, what had passed in the tower, unless he was the true Duke of York. That if he was not the true Duke of York, Henry had nothing to do but to confront him with Tirrel and Dighton, and the imposture must have been discovered. That Perkin, never being confronted with the queen-dowager, and the princesses her daughters, proves that Henry did not dare to trust to their acknowledging him. That if he was not the true Duke of York, he might have been detected by not knowing the queens and princesses, if shewn to him, without his being told who they were. That it is not pretended that Perkin ever failed in language, accent, or circumstances; and that his likeness to Edward the Fourth is al-

lowed. That there are gross and manifest blunders in his pretended confession. That Henry was so afraid of not ascertaining a good account of the purity of his English accent, that he makes him learn English twice over. That Lord Bacon did not dare to adhere to this ridiculous account; but forges another, though, in reality, not much more credible. That a number of Henry's best friends, as the Lord Chamberlain, who placed the crown on his head, knights of the garter, and men of the fairest characters, being persuaded that Perkin was the true Duke of York, and dying for that belief, without recanting, makes it very rash to deny that he was so. That the proclamation in Rymer's *Fœdera* against Jane Shore, for plotting with the Marquis Dorset, not with Lord Hastings, destroys all the credit of Sir Thomas More, as to what relates to the latter peer.

In short, that Henry's character, as we have received it from his own apologists, is so much worse and more hateful than Richard's, that we may well believe Henry invented and propagated by far the greater part of the slanders against Richard: that Henry, not Richard, probably put to death the true Duke of York, as he did the Earl of Warwick; and that we are not certain whether Edward the Fifth was murdered; nor, if he was, by whose order he was murdered.

After all that has been said, it is scarce necessary to add a word on the supposed discovery that was made of the skeletons of the two young princes, in the reign of Charles the Second. Two skeletons found in that dark abyss of so many secret transactions, with no marks to ascertain the time, or the age of their interment, can certainly verify nothing. We must believe both princes died there, before we can believe that their bones were found there: and upon what that belief can be founded, or how we shall cease to doubt whether Perkin Warbeck was not one of those children, I am at a loss to guess.

As little is it requisite to argue on the grants made by Richard the Third to his supposed accomplices in that murder, because the argument will serve either way. It was very natural that they, who had tasted most of Richard's bounty, should be suspected as the instruments of his crimes. But till it can be proved that those crimes were committed, it is in vain to bring evidence to show who assisted him in perpetrating them. Indeed one knows not what to think of the death of Edward the Fifth: one can neither entirely acquit Richard of it, nor condemn

him ; because there are no proofs on either side ; and though a court of justice would, from that defect of evidence, absolve him ; opinion may fluctuate backwards and forwards, and at last remain in suspense.

For the younger brother, the balance seems to incline greatly on the side of Perkin Warbeck, as the true Duke of York ; and if one was saved, one knows not how nor why to believe that Richard destroyed only the elder.

We must leave this whole story dark, though not near so dark as we found it ; and it is perhaps as wise to be uncertain on one portion of our history, as to believe so much as is believed in all histories, though very probably as falsely delivered to us as the period which we have here been examining.

O'KEEFE'S "PATRICK IN PRUSSIA."

THE principal incident in this laughable little Opera was suggested by the following Anecdote of the great King of Prussia :—

The King used to dress in so plain a manner, that, when he travelled about his states, such of his subjects as did not know him treated him with no other respect than they would an ordinary man. Once, as he was riding about Berlin, without attendants, and very plainly clad, he perceived a young woman digging in the fields, of a gigantic stature, being near seven feet high. It is well known that the King had a particular predilection for tall men ; and as his greatest passion lay that way, he spared no expense to procure them from all parts of Europe, for forming, as he did, his regiment of giants and grenadiers out of them. At sight of this tall woman, he imagined that a couple of the kind must produce very large children. He dismounted, and, coming up to the peasant, entered into conversation with her, and was overjoyed to hear that she was but nineteen years old, still a virgin, and that her father was a shoemaker. Hereupon he sat down, and wrote the following note to the Colonel of his guards :

' You are to marry the bearer of this note with the tallest of my grenadiers. Take care that the ceremony be performed immediately, and in your presence. You must be responsible to me for the execution of this order. 'Tis absolute ; and the least delay will make you criminal in my sight.'

The King gave this letter to the young woman, without informing her of its contents, and ordered her to deliver

it punctually according to the directions, and not to fail, as it was on an affair of great consequence; he afterwards made her a handsome present, and continued his route.

The young woman, who had not the least imagination that it was the King that spoke to her, believing it was indifferent whether the letter was delivered by another, so it came safe to hand, made a bargain with an old woman, whom she charged with the commission, laying an express injunction on her to say that she had it from a man of such a garb and mien. The old woman faithfully executed her message. The Colonel, surprised at the contents of the letter, could not reconcile them with the age and figure of the bearer; yet, the order being peremptory, he thought he could not without danger recede from obeying, and fancied that his master wanted to punish the soldier for some misdemeanor by matching him in so disagreeable a manner. In short the marriage was celebrated before him; to the great regret of the grenadier; whilst the old woman, exulting with joy, assumed an air of the highest satisfaction.

Some time after, the King, on his return to Berlin, was eager to see the couple he had ordered to be married. When presented to him, he fell into a very desperate passion. The Colonel in vain endeavoured to justify himself, and the King was implacable till the old woman confessed the truth, finishing her tale by raising her eyes to Heaven, and thanking Providence for conferring on her a benefit the more signal and acceptable to her as unexpected.

HUMOUROUS EPILOGUES AFTER TRAGEDIES.

THE custom of introducing humorous epilogue, farce, and buffoonery, after the mind has been agitated, softened, or sublimed by tragic scenes, has been often objected to.

It hath been said in its favour, that five long acts is a portion of time sufficiently long to keep the attention fixed on melancholy objects; that human life has enough of real, without calling in the aid of artificial distress; that it is cruel to send home an audience with all the affecting impressions of a deep tragedy on their minds.

In reply, it has been observed, that it is degrading and untrue to describe the human species as incapable of receiving gratification only from comic scenes; that *there is a luxury in woe*, independent of its purifying the base and suppressing the more ignoble passions.

The supporters of this opinion have also added, that

there is a species of depravity in endeavouring by ludicrous mummery to efface the salutary effects of pathetic, virtuous, and vigorous sentiments; that it is sporting with the sympathies of our nature, repugnant to correct taste and counteracting moral utility.

This violation of the law of gentle and gradual contrasts, has been felt and complained of by most frequenters of a modern theatre, and well-authenticated instances have been produced of guilty men retiring from a well-written and well-acted play to repentance and melioration.

An epilogue has been composed by Mr. Sheridan, in support of these opinions, superior in pathos, poetry, and practical deduction, to any I ever read: it was originally spoken by Mrs. Yates, after the performance of *Semiramis*, a tragedy translated from the French.

Dishevell'd still, like Asia's bleeding queen,
Shall I with jests deride the tragic scene?
No, beauteous mourners! from whose downcast eyes
The muse has drawn her noblest sacrifice;
Whose gentle bosoms, pity's altars, bear
The crystal incense of each falling tear!
There lives the poet's praise; no critic art
Can match the comment of a feeling heart!

When general plaudits speak the fable o'er,
Which mute attention had approv'd before;
Tho' ruder spirits love th' accusom'd jest,
Which chases sorrow from the vulgar breast;
Still hearts refin'd their sadden'd tints retain—
The sigh gives pleasure, and the jest is pain:
Scarcely have they smiles to honour grace or wit,
Tho' Roscius spoke the verse himself had writ.

Thus, through the time when vernal fruits receive
The grateful show'rs that hang on April's eve;
Tho' ev'ry coarser stem of forest birth
Throws with the morning beam it's dew to earth,
Ne'er does the gentle rose revive so soon,
But, bath'd in nature's tears, it drops till noon.

O could the Muse one simple moral teach,
From scenes like these, which all who hear might reach;
Thou child of sympathy, whoe'er thou art,
Who with Assyria's queen hast wept thy part;
Go search where keener woes demand relief,
Go, while thy heart yet beats with fancy'd grief;
Thy breast, still conscious of the recent sigh,
The graceful tear still ling'ring on the eye;
Go, and on real misery bestow
The blest effusion of fictitious woe.
So shall our Muse, supreme of all the nine;
Deserve indeed the title of Divine,
Virtue shall own her favour'd from above,
And Pity greet her with a sister's love.

SPRANGER BARRY.

Barry was in his person above five feet eleven inches high, finely formed, and possessing a countenance in which manliness and sweetness of feature were so happily blended, as formed one of the best imitations of the *Apollo Belvidere*. With this fine commanding figure, he was so much in the free and easy management of his limbs, as never to look encumbered, or present an ungraceful attitude, in all his various movements on the stage. Even his *exits* and his *entrances* had peculiar graces, from their characteristic ease and simplicity *. In short, when he appeared in the scene, grouped with other actors of ordinary size, he appeared as much above them in his various qualifications as in the proud superiority of his figure.

"So when a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,

"All eyes are idly bent on him who follows next."

To this figure he added a voice so peculiarly musical, as, very early in life, obtained him the character of "The Silver-toned Barry;" which, in all his love scenes, (lighted up by the smiles of such a countenance,) was persuasion itself. Indeed, so strongly did he communicate his feelings on these occasions, that, whoever observed the expressive countenances of most of the female parts of his audience, each seemed to say, in the language of *Desdemona*, "*Would that Heaven had made me such a man!*" Yet, with all this softness, it was capable of the fullest extent of rage, which he often most powerfully exemplified, in several passages of *Alexander*, *Orestes*, *Othello*, &c. &c.

We are aware of Churchill's criticism in the *Rosciad* standing against us, where he says, "his voice comes forth like *Echo* from her shell." But however *party* might have cried up this writer as a Poet and a Satirist of the first order, Goldsmith had the sense and manliness to tell them,

* What must have greatly assisted Barry, in the grace and ease of treading the stage, was his skill in dancing and fencing; the first of which he was early in life very fond of; and on his coming to England again instructed in, under the care of the celebrated Denoyer, dancing-master to Frederick Prince of Wales's family. This was done at the Prince's request, after he had seen him play *Lord Townly*, in the *Provok'd Husband*.

“ what they called satires were but tawdry lampoons, whose turbulence aped the quality of force, whose phrenzy that of fire*.” Beside, Churchill had a stronger motive than prejudice or whim: the great hero of his poem was Garrick; and as Barry was his most formidable rival, he had little scruple to sacrifice him on this occasion.

But, to leave the criticisms of this literary Drawcansir to that oblivion to which they seem to be rapidly hastening, let us examine the merits of Barry in some of those characters in which he was universally allowed to excel; and, on this scale, we must give the preference to *Othello*. This was the first character he ever appeared in—the first his inclinations prompted him to attempt—and the first, without question, that exhibited his genius in the full force and variety of its powers.

In the outset of *Othello*, when he speaks but a few short sentences, there appears a calmness and dignity in his nature, as evidently shew “ the noble qualities of the Moor.” These sentences we have often heard spoken (and by actors too who have had considerable reputation) as if they had been almost totally overlooked; reserving themselves for the more shining passages with which this tragedy so much abounds: but Barry knew the value of these introductory traits of character, and in his very first speech, “ *'Tis better as it is,*” bespoke such a pre-eminence of judgment, such a dignified and manly forbearance of temper, as roused the attention of his audience, and led them to expect the fullest gratification of their wishes.

His speech to the senate was a piece of oratory worthy the attention of the critic and the senator. In the recital of his “ feats of broils and battles,” the courage of the soldier was seen in all the charms of gallantry and heroism; but when he came to those tender ejaculations of Desdemona,

“ In faith 'twas strange—'twas passing strange!
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful!”

his voice was so melodiously harmonized to the expression, that the sigh of pity communicated itself to the whole house, and all were advocates for the sufferings of the fair heroine.

In the second act, when he meets Desdemona at Cy-

* See Goldsmith's *Dedication to the Traveller*.

prus, after being separated in a storm, his rushing into her arms, and repeating that fine speech,

———" Oh ! my soul's joy !
If after every tempest come such calms," &c.

was the voice of love itself ; describing that passion in so ecstatic a manner as seemingly justified his fears

" That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate."

Through the whole of the third act, where Iago is working him to jealousy, his breaks of *love* and *rage* were master-pieces of nature, and communicated its first sympathies ; but in his conference with Desdemona, in the fourth act, where he describes the agonizing state of his mind, and then, looking tenderly on her, exclaims,

" But there, where I had garnered up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life,"

the extremes of love and misery were so powerfully painted in his face, and so impressively given in his tones, that the audience seemed to lose the *energies of their hands*, and could only thank him *with their tears*.

We have to lament, that in many of the last acts of some of our best dramatic writers, there wants that degree of finish and grouping equal to the rest. Shakspeare sometimes has this want in common with others ; but in this play he has lost none of his force and propriety of character—here all continue to speak the language of their conformation, and lose none of their original importance. Barry was an actor that, in this particular, kept pace with the great poet he represented—he supported Othello throughout with unabating splendour—his ravings over the dead body of his *innocent* Desdemona, his reconciliation with Cassio, and his dying soliloquy, were all in the full play of varied excellence, and forced from the severest critic the most unqualified applause.

That this our opinion is not exaggerated, we refer to that of Colley Cibber, an unquestionable good judge of his art, and who, with all his partialities to Betterton, yet gave Barry the preference in Othello. In short, it was from first to last a gem of the noblest kind, which can be no otherwise defined than leaving every one at liberty to attach as much excellence to it as he can conceive, and then suppose Barry to have reached that point of perfection.

His other favourite characters were, Jaffier, Orestes, Castalio, Phocias, Varannes, Essex, Alexander, Romeo, &c. &c. In all characters of this stamp, where the lover or hero was to be exhibited, Barry was *unique*; inasmuch, that when Mrs. Cibber (whose reputation for love and plaintive tenderness was well known) played with Garrick, she generally represented his *daughter* or *sister*—with Barry she was always his *mistress*.

He likewise excelled in many parts of genteel comedy; such as Lord Townly, Young Beville, &c. &c. The Bastard, in King John, was another fine character of his, which Garrick attempted in vain—having neither sufficiency of figure, or heroic jocularly. To that may be added Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, in Macklin's farce of *Love-a-la-Mode*; a part in which he gave such specimens of the gallant simplicity and integrity of the *Irish Gentleman*, as were sufficient to establish an independent reputation.

Though his Hamlet, Richard, Lear, Macbeth, &c. were *star-height* above what we see now, he lost by a comparison with Garrick; here the latter shewed the *master* in an uncommon degree; as he did in all the quick animated parts of tragedy. In the sprightly light kind of gentlemen, Garrick had likewise the advantage; and in the whole range of low comedy he blended such a knowledge of his art with the simplicity of nature as made all the minutiae of the picture complete. Thus his *Abel Drugger* was as perfect in design and colouring as the *mi eries* and *distresses of Royal Lear*.

In talking of these actors, it is impossible for the *amateurs* of the stage not to regret their loss with some degree of sensibility—not only as men who contributed to the entertainment and refinement of their youth, but whose deaths seem to threaten a decay of the profession itself.—There are periods when the arts and sciences seem to mourn in sullen silence the departure of those original geniusses, who, for years, improved, exalted, and refined them; and like widows, whose hearts were sincerely pledged to their first lords, will not sacrifice on the altar of affection to *secondary wooers*. Painting and statuary suffered such a loss in the deaths of *Titian*, *Raphael*, and *Michael Angelo*, that more than two centuries have not been able to supply it; and how long the *present stage* may want the aid of such powerful supporters as *Garrick* and *Barry*, the experience of near thirty years holds out but very little hopes of encouragement.

SENEX.

POETRY.

THE BATTLE OF BAYLEN.

BY WILLIAM CAREY, ESQ.

Roll, Andugar *—roll thy flood,
 Dy'd of old with Moorish blood!
 Swell thy tide!
 Flow with pride!
 Flow for ever famed in story.
 Lo! again thy banks are spread
 With our foes:—the vanquish'd dead
 Weltering lie all pale and gory.
 Umbla † saw in strange affright,
 By the moon's uncertain light,
 In thy stream
 Helmets gleam.
 Baylen heard the tempest rattle.
 Horse to horse, and man to man,
 Ere the dawn the charge began,
 To the brazen roar of battle.
 As the wint'ry torrent sweeps
 Down *Morena's* ‡ ravag'd steeps,
 Rush'd the foe,
 To overthrow,
 Spain, the bulwarks of thy glory:
 As old *Calpe* || braves the flood,
 Our unshaken phalanx stood;
 Brothers, sons, and fathers hoary.
Allentejo, with the shock,
 Felt her vine-clad summits rock.
 Gueva's vale,
 Hill and dale,
 Trembled with the mighty motion.
 Guadalquiver's current fled
 Swiftly from her troubled bed,
 Foaming like the angry ocean.

* Andugar, a winding river which passes through the city of the same name, and near to Baylen.

† Umbla, a commanding eminence near the scene of action.

‡ The mountains called the Sierra Morena.

|| Calpe, the Rock of Gibraltar.

Falchion, pike, and bayonet,
Smote, and pierc'd, and clashing met.

On the plain,
Strew'd with slain,
Charg'd with Fate's avenging power,
Through the fleeting shades of night,
Flash'd the vollied blaze of light;
Fell, like hail, the deadly shower.

O'er groves, and fields, and mountains blue,
On rosy pinions morn'ing flew.

Broad and bright
Stream'd the light,
The golden face of day unveiling:
In darkness still the conflict lay;
The dismal war-field's grim array,
A sullen cloud of smoke concealing.

Their whirlwind rage five times we stood,
And stemm'd the whelming battle-flood.

Still amain,
O'er the plain,
Roll'd the hostile peals of thunder:
Afar the wild bull cow'ring fled;
And man and steed recoil'd in dread;
Earth shook, and rifted rocks asunder.

Long and bloody was the strife.
Trumpet, drum, and shrilling life,
Groans and cries
Pierc'd the skies;
Death's loud organ swell'd the chorus.
Raging like a stream of fire,
Burst our old Iberian ire,
Fast consuming all before us.

Weep, ye hapless maids of Gaul!
Weep your absent lover's fall!
In despair
Bend your hair!

Weep beside your willowy fountains !
 Wan, beneath the frowning sky,
 Gash'd with wounds, they vanquish'd lie,
 On our Andalusian mountains.

The wolf at midnight laps their blood :
 Their limbs shall glut the eagle's brood.
 Tyrant ! haste
 To the feast.

Erect thy crest : be bloodier, bolder !
 Behold thy conquest ! claim thy spoil !
 Thy heroes *shall possess our soil :*
 Yes—*there they shall unburied moulder.*

MR. CONDUCTOR,

In looking over the "Remains" of the amiable Henry Kirke White, I discovered, at p. 141 of the second volume, a Fragment, which, from the construction of the first stanza and part of the second, I am forcibly induced to believe, was intended for a Sonnet. I have, therefore, *presumed* to complete it, adding to the first part, the word *devious*. Every other alteration, or rather every addition, is marked in *Italics*. I trust my temerity will not derogate from the beauties of the original. Your most obedient Servant,

October 8, 1808

——*

SONNET.

I.

Ah ! who can say, however fair his view,
 Thro' what sad scenes his devious path may lie !
 Ah ! who can give to others' woes his sigh,
 Secure his own will never need it too !
 Let thoughtless youth its seeming joys pursue,
 Soon will they learn to scan, with thoughtful eye,
 The illusive past, and dark futurity ;
 Soon will they know *stern disappointment's true !*

II.

*Let them continue in the pleasant road,
 Where Fortune seems so redolently fair ;
 Too soon they'll find it leads to the abode
 Of Sorrow, Pain, Uncertainty, and Care !
 Then, tracing well the future and the past,
 They may reflect ! and turn to Heaven at last !*

8th October, 1808.

——*

QUATORZAIN.

INSCRIBED TO MISS SARAH MORGAN, OF YATTON-COURT,
HEREFORDSHIRE.

I hate the pompous architectural pile;
The massive columns and the fine-wrought gate ;
I hate the courtesan's delusive smile,
And all the gorgeous trappings of the great :
But dear to me is the sequester'd spot
Where Zephyr gambols in the sunny glare ;
Where rears its head the unassuming cot,
For native Innocence sojourneth there !
Far more delightful is th' " unvarnish'd tale"
Than the smooth jargon of the squeamish throng :
And far more sweet is Philomela's wail
Than Catalani's meretricious song :
But trebly dear must ev'ry pleasure prove
When Friendship listens to the plaints of Love !
Grafton-street, 3d Oct. 1808. HORATIO.

SONNET.

From the bland concave of a sky serene,
Mild shone the pensive regent of the night ;
And as I wander'd o'er the mountains green,
Thy features, Sarah ! glanc'd before my sight !

Below me roll'd the rivulet along,
While gentle Zephyrs on its margin lay ;
All round was mute, save little Ariel's song,
That died in " mingled melodies" away !

" Now is the Season—said I to my soul—
" For noble, serious, philosophic ken ;
" Now Fancy, loosen'd from the world's controul,
" Can leave the dreary solitudes of men,
" To seek those spheres, where, lost in sweet surprise,
" Thy Spirit, Blackshaw ! strikes her ravish'd eyes !" HORATIO.
Grafton-street, 23d Sept. 1808.

PROLOGUE

TO THE NEW TRADITIONARY PLAY, ENTITLED
 "THE MYSTERIOUS BRIDE,"

As performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane.

WRITTEN BY LUNLEY ST. GEORGE SKEFFINGTON, ESQ.

BROKEN BY MR. PUTNAM.

WITH anxious mind, with agitated breast,
 By ev'ry terror forcibly impress'd,
 Our Bard to-night, exalted in his views,
 Resigns the comic for the serious muse;
 Beneath her banner variously displays
 Passion's mere spark extended to a blaze;
 While moral ardour kindles into birth
 The firm in honour, and the pure in worth!
 Here Virtue hails, contending claims above,
 The tear of Pity on the cheek of Love!

Our Bard no longer treads on Fairy land,
 Where Fancy, like a despot, holds command;
 No longer now endeavours to excite
 Ideal grief, and fabulous delight;
 Still less attempts, with vigour, to transmit
 Wit strong as genius, genius bright as wit;
 While learning rears, with animated haste,
 Reviving elegance, and rescued taste.
 He simply offers, unadorn'd by art,
 One touch of Nature on a gen'rous heart*.
 Though pageantry, though magic, he forsake,
 Though "*Sleeping Beauties*" here no longer wake,
 Yet shall it still decidedly appear,
 That Love, when noble, never slumbers here.

Hearts like your own with clemency can feel;
 To hearts so gifted now we make appeal;
 Each party then shall equal pleasure share,
 He that solicits mercy, You that spare.

* This is an allusion to the character of *Miseco*.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRURY-LANE

SEPTEMBER.

27. *Mysterious Bride* (4th time). *Three and the Deuce*. Justice Touchit, Mr. Penley; Peregrine Single, Mr. Elliston; Pertinax Single, Mr. Elliston; Percival Single, Mr. Elliston; Humphrey Gritsk, Mr. Mathews; Frank, Mr. De Camp. Emily, Miss Boyce; Phoebe, Mrs. Mathews; Taffine, Mrs. Bland.

29. *Wonder*. *Isabella* (1st time), Miss Boyce; *Flora* (1st time) Miss Mellon. (Never Acted) *THE FORTUNE TELLER*. The Overture and Music by Mr. Reeve. The Characters by Messrs. Bannister, Wewitzer, Mathews, Gibbon, Smith, Powell, Penley; Mrs. Mountain, Mrs. Bland.

OCTOBER.

1. *Rule a Wife*. Leon, (1st time) Mr. Elliston.—*Weathercock*.

4. *Rivals*. Captain Absolute, Faulkland, and Mrs. Malaprop, (1st time) by Mr. Elliston, Mr. Siddons, and Mrs. Sparks. *Lydia Languish*, Mrs. Orger, (from Edinburgh; her 1st appearance on this stage).—*No Song No Supper*.

6. *The World*.—*Deserter*. Henry, (1st time) Mr. I. Smith; Louisa, Mrs. Coffi (her 2d appearance on any stage).

8. *Rule a Wife*.—*Ella Rosenberg*.

10. *Romeo and Juliet*. Romeo, Mr. Elliston; Mercutio, Mr. Bannister.—*Three and the Deuce*.

11. *All in the Wrong*.—*Caractacus*.

13. *Rivals*.—*Caractacus*.

15. *Inconstant*.—*Three and the Deuce*.

17. *Busy Body*.—(Not acted for 5 years.) *Blue Beard*. Abomeliqne, Mr. Raymond; Ibrahim, Mr. Mathews; Selim, Mr. I. Smith; Shacabac, Mr. Bannister, Hassan, Mr. Penley; Fatima, Mrs. Mountain; Irene, Miss Lyon; Beda, Mrs. Bland.

18. *West-Indian*.—*Blue Beard*.

20. *Beggar's Opera*. Macheath, Mr. Johnstone; Lucy, (1st time) Mrs. Bland.—*Blue Beard*.

22. *The Stranger*. Stranger, Steinfott, and Peter, (1st time) Messrs. Elliston, Holland, and Mathews; Mrs. Haller, Mrs. Mudie, (from Windsor; her first appearance on this stage); Countess, (1st time) Miss Boyce.—*Ib*.

24. *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*.—*Ib*.

25. *Constant Couple*. Colonel Standard, Mr. Putnam; Angelica, Miss Ray.—*Ib*.

26. *Inconstant*.—*Ib*.

Sept. 27. *The Mysterious Bride* was roughly treated this evening, and Mr. Russell, who advanced to speak the Epilogue, could not prevail on the audience to listen to him; although the play was acted three or four times last season, on benefit nights, with vast applause: such is the caprice of public opinion! The *Three and the Deuce*, which followed it, is another instance of it. It has been twice damned; on its original representation at the Haymarket, and afterwards on its revival at Drury-Lane; and now it is received with reiterated shouts of applause. What may have effected this change we know not, unless it be the acting of Elliston, which is, in truth, exquisite.

29. *The Fortune Teller*. The following are the Dramatic Persons :

Lordly,	-	-	Mr. Wewitzer.
Joe,	-	-	Mr. Bannister.
Blackthorn,	-	-	Mr. Maddocks.
Edward,	-	-	Mr. Gibbon.
Francis,	-	-	Mr. Powell.
Trigger,	-	-	Mr. Mathews.
Charles,	-	-	Mr. G. Smith.
Lady Worthland,	-	-	Mrs. Mountain.
Margery,	-	-	Mrs. Bland.

SKETCH OF THE FABLE.

Lady Worthland, becoming heiress of a large estate on the death of her uncle, and having heard, by her father's steward, *James*, of the ill conduct of *Lordly*, superintendant of the manor, towards the tenantry, resolves in disguise to pass some time on the estate before she publicly claims it. Under the character of a poor relative of *Francis*, she is placed in the family of *Blackthorn*, an honest farmer; an attachment takes place between her and *Edward Blackthorn*, son of the farmer, a youth of polished manners. She endeavours to conquer her passion and reject his suit. In consequence of which he enlists in the army. The Lady relenting, determines to visit the camp, which is formed near her domains, under the feigned character of a *Fortune Teller*, in hopes to prove the sincerity of her lover.—In this she succeeds, and contrives to have a commission conveyed to him; this occasions his visiting his father's cottage.

Lordly, a wealthy, proud, and overbearing man, wishes to procure the lady's hand for his son *Joe*, an illiterate booby, who disregards his father's mandates, being more inclined to vulgar sports and the company of clowns—*Lordly* unwarrantably dismisses *Blackthorn* from his farm, pretending it is the order of *Lady Worthland*, who now appears in her real character—*Edward*, as his father's representative, waits on the lady to express their submission to her will—an explanation takes place—*Lordly* is disappointed, and the lady presents her hand to *Edward*.

It is to be lamented that such charming music as Mr. Reeve has composed for this piece should have found so bad a vehicle: but we hope it will still delight the public ear through a more amusing and fortunate channel. The managers, who kept back the Opera for two or three seasons, no doubt predicted the poor *Fortune Teller's* fate. The piece was dismissed from the boards on the first performance.

OCTOBER

4. Mrs. Orger has a pretty person, of which she is not unconscious; but her theatrical talents are below mediocrity. We are yet willing to believe that she may appear to better advantage in some other character. Captain Absolute has not had so good a representative since Palmer.

6. Mr. I. Smith, who performed a few nights last season, again came forward as *Henry*, in the *Deserter*, and was most favourably received. Mrs. Corri's *Louisa* cannot so safely be commended.

22. Mrs. Mudie will repeat the character of Mrs. Haller. She may be in fuller possession of her powers on a second performance; and, as we wish to judge as favourably of her as possible, our remarks shall, for the present, be suspended.

KING'S THEATRE (COVENT GARDEN COMPANY).

SEPTEMBER.

26. Douglas. Glenalvon, Mr. Barrymore.—Rosina. Rosina, (1st time) Miss Bolton.

28. Beggar's Opera—Portrait of Cervantes.

30. Grecian Daughter—Poor Soldier.

OCTOBER.

3. Macbeth—Portrait of Cervantes.

5. Hamlet—Quaker. Steady, Mr. Bellamy.

7. Stranger—NEVER ACTED; A New Romantic Melo-drama, in two acts, called The Forest of Hermanstadt; or, Princess and No Princess. The Overture and Music by Mr Jouve; the action of the Melo-drama under the direction of Mr. Farley. The characters by Messrs. Thompson, Brunton, Farley, Blanchard, Liston, Chapman, Jefferies, King, W. Murray; Mrs. H. Johnston, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Davenport. The dances by Master Oscar Byrne, (his 1st appearance these two years) and the Misses Adams.

10. Macbeth—Ib.

12. Hamlet—Ib.

13. Man of the World. Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, Mr. Cooke—Ib.

14. Stranger—Ib.

17. Macbeth—Ib.

19. Merchant of Venice. Portia (1st time) Miss Norton.

20. Gamester—Who Wins?

21. John Bull—Portrait of Cervantes.

24. Richard III.—Poor Soldier.

25. Mourning Bride—Flitch of Bacon.

26. Man of the World—We Fly by Night.

The managers of Covent Garden lost no time in securing this theatre for their performances, and on the 26th of September it opened with *Douglas* and *Rosina*. The house was completely filled, with the exception of the private boxes, which can only be opened by consent of individual proprietors. Previous to the tragedy, Mr. Kemble came forward, and was of course received with a burst of applause from every part of the theatre. His address was to the following effect:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

"I am so oppressed by my feelings and gratitude for the reception I have just received, that I must trust to you to give me credit for what I ought to say on this occasion. My presenting myself before you was to entreat your indulgence for any deficiency of scenery and decorations there may be in the performances we may bring forward for the amusement of the public; be assured that this indulgence shall be claimed as seldom as possible; and that every exertion will be made by the managers to produce entertainment worthy your patronage." He begged leave to assure the audience, that all the persons concerned in Covent-Garden theatre were now in active employ; and that no pains or expense would be spared by the proprietors to erect another theatre, worthy the patronage of a British public; which he hoped would be ready for their reception in September next.

26. Mr. Barrymore, in the absence of Mr. Cooke, lent his assistance in *Glenalvon*, and was warmly welcomed by the audience. We were in hopes that he had been engaged for the season. Such an actor is much wanted in this company.

Oct. 7. The FOREST OF HERMANSTADT is taken by Mr. T. Dib-

sin from a French piece, the same which Mr. Skeffington had consulted for the fable of his *Mysterious Bride*. [See a former *Cabinet*.] In the leading incident there is some portion of novelty, and the situation of the Princess in the ruined castle is sufficiently interesting, but the plot is more meagre than we find it in the generality of French pieces of this kind. Mr. Dibdin has, however, made the most of it, and very judiciously adapted the subject to our stage. The music is by Jouve, and the action of the Melo-drama arranged by Mr. Farley. Both are excellent. Oscar Byrne delighted the audience by his elegance and activity. He is already one of our first dancers.

13. Cooke's appearance was greeted with the usual enthusiastic salutation. He seems in excellent health, and never played better.

19. Miss Norton's *Portia* was far from successful. It wanted importance, and her speech on mercy left no impression. Strange that Mr. Cooke is allowed no support in any of his plays! Look, for instance, at the cast of *Richard III*.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The new theatre in Covent Garden will be erected with all possible expedition, by Robert Smirke, junior, Esquire, architect, on the site of the late theatre, and that of the houses adjoining. To defray the expense in part, 50,000*l.* is to be raised by subscription in 500*l.* shares, under the patronage of his Majesty each subscriber to receive, clear of the property tax, and all other charges and outgoings whatsoever, an annuity of 25*l.* to commence from the opening, and to continue for 85 years (being the remaining term of the lease, and of all the premises,) with the addition of an annual transferable free admission to any part of the theatre before the curtain (private boxes excepted, for which the subscribers will be secured by the patent, and the new theatre, with the scenery, machinery, and all other property therein contained. The subscription we understand is already nearly full.

Mr. Bannister was unable to perform on the night of the revival of *Blue Beard*, on account of the death of his mother.

Mr. Cooke has lately married Miss Lamb, of Edinburgh, a very respectable and accomplished lady.

Mr. Kelly retires from the stage, but is engaged by the Drury Lane managers as composer, and regulator of the chaises, &c.

Mr. Young appears in Reynolds's new opera at the King's Theatre, which is partly founded on Madame Cottin's *Exiles of Siberia*. Mazzinghi furnishes the music.

Mr. Kemble, it is stated, has been remunerated for his losses from the late fire, by several noble presents from the nobility.

COUNTRY THEATRES

Theatre Royal, BRIGHTON.—This theatre will shortly close for the season; and we fear, notwithstanding the liberal and increasing exertions of the managers, it will not be found to have been a profitable one. Since the opening of the winter season, there has been a constant succession of novelty—Bannister, Elston, Emery, Munden, Ingleton, Johnstone, Dowton, and all the principal actors of both houses, have by turns been engaged. *The Way to Keep Him* was performed on the 15th of October, for the benefit of Mr. Field, one of our managers, with the following attractive cast:

Lovegrove, Mr. C. Kemble; Sir Bashful Constant, Mr. Menden; Sir Brilliant Fashion, Mr. Brunton; and the Widow Belmour, Mrs. C. Kemble. A Pantomime followed, in which Bologna, Junior, and Grimaldi, the best Harlequin and Clown of the present day, introduced several of their favourite scenes. The house was fully attended.

Theatres Royal BATH and BRISTOL.—The houses have hitherto been indifferent, particularly at Bristol, although Mr. Young has been brought forward in most of his principal characters. The company is nearly the same as last season. A promising young actor of the name of Vining, is engaged.

Theatre, SHREWSBURY, has been lately very attractive. The *Heir at Law*, with the *Weathercock*, were performed in the race week by desire of Lord Clive and T. Eyton, jun. Esq. Stewards of the Races. Part of the pit was railed in with the boxes, and although the rain was extremely heavy at the commencement, the house could not in any way contain the number of company that offered. The character of Dick Dowless was well represented by Mr. Dwyer, and Mr. Crisp was particularly happy in his picture of Zekiel Homespun—it was a chaste and very interesting piece of acting. On the following evening, the favourite comedy of *Laugh when you Can* was acted; and Mr. Dwyer added to his reputation in *Gossamer*: after which was given, for the first time, the melo-drame of *Ella Rosenberg*, gotten up with much care, and represented in a very accurate style. In this piece, as they usually do in all, Mr. Pitt, and the younger Miss Shuter, displayed considerable merit in the dances.

Theatre Royal, GLASGOW.—This Theatre closed for the summer season on the 24th ult. after having been open almost every night for nearly three months. The following is a correct list of the benefits:

	L.
Talbot. <i>Clandestine Marriage</i> ; <i>Critic</i> . - - -	60
Mrs. Powell. <i>Hamlet</i> ; <i>Ella Rosenberg</i> . - - -	63
R. Jones. <i>Rivals</i> ; <i>Weathercock</i> . - - -	175
Bannister. <i>Heir at Law</i> ; <i>Children in the Wood</i> . - - -	180
Raymond. <i>Battle of Hexham</i> ; <i>Rugantino</i> . - - -	180
Beaumont (manager). <i>Poor Gentleman</i> . <i>Deserter</i> . - - -	162
Mrs. H. Siddons. <i>Much Ado about Nothing</i> ; <i>Caractacus</i> . - - -	95
H. Siddons. <i>Time's a Tell Tale</i> ; <i>Ella Rosenberg</i> . - - -	50
Miss Kelly. <i>Love in a Village</i> ; <i>Spoil'd Child</i> . - - -	45
Elliston. <i>Honey Moon</i> ; <i>Three and the Deuce</i> . - - -	80
Miss Locke. } <i>Provok'd Husband</i> ; <i>Anatomist</i> . - - -	21
Wewitzer. }	
Mrs. Orger. <i>School for Friends</i> ; <i>Lock and Key</i> . - - -	50
Campbell. <i>School of Reform</i> ; <i>La Perouse</i> . - - -	45
Oxberry. <i>Wife of two Husbands</i> ; <i>Finger-Post</i> . - - -	56
Miss Kelly, (2d night). <i>John Bull</i> ; <i>Highland Reel</i> . - - -	60

Miss Kelly's night having proved inadequate to her expectations, she was induced, by the ardour of her friends, to try again. Mr. Rock, the Edinburgh manager, volunteered upon the occasion, in his favourite parts of *Dennis Brulgruddery* and *Shelty*. He supported both characters in his usual style of excellence, and was cheered throughout with the most rapturous applause. In proof of Mr. Beaumont's merits, as manager, I need only subjoin the following extract from an official testimony:

Glasgow, Sept. 15, 1808.

At a Meeting of the Committee of Proprietors of the Theatre-Royal,
Glasgow, Laurence Craigie, Esq. in the Chair,

Resolved unanimously,

1st. That it appears to this Committee that Mr. Beaumont has conducted the business of the Theatre in a manner very superior to any thing hitherto attempted in Scotland, and that his exertions entitle him to their fullest approbation.

2dly. That the Committee recommend Mr. Beaumont in the strongest manner to the favour and patronage of the whole body of the proprietors and the public at large during the ensuing winter season.

3dly. That Mr. Beaumont be requested to open the Theatre for the winter with a play and after-piece under the direct countenance of this committee, who, upon that occasion, hope that the whole proprietors will evince their sense of his attention to the interests of the Theatre.

4thly. That the public be requested, by their patronage upon the same occasion, to manifest the general opinion of the city of Glasgow and its vicinity, of Mr. Beaumont's professional merits as a Manager, and his correct and gentlemanly conduct in private life.

(Signed)

RICHARD SMELLIE, Sec.

It would be an act of injustice were I to close this letter without noticing, in a particular manner, a performer of the name of *Stanley*. This gentleman's pen is equally ready at writing *Address*, *Song*, or *Interlude*. Besides a variety of songs, &c. which would do honour to *Dibdin*, he has produced an excellent *petite piece*, to the tune of the times, entitled *SPANISH PATRIOTISM*, and an historical interlude, called *SIR WILLIAM WALLACE, or the Conqueror's Return*. Both of these pieces were received at this Theatre with unbounded applause, by a fashionable and numerous audience.

October 10, 1808.

VERUG.

SPANISH THEATRICALS.

In the different towns of Spain which have recently been the scene of carnage and devastation, the Comedians have manifested their patriotism and zeal in the common cause in a way which does credit to their feelings, and shews, in effect, the popularity of British connection among the Spaniards, and their abhorrence of the French. At Venturada a company has performed, during the current month, to overflowing houses, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the brave inhabitants who fell in defending that town against a detachment of French troops, who, on succeeding in the attack, profaned the temples, pillaged the shrines, violated the virgins, and assassinated, without distinction of age or sex, all who opposed the least resistance to their atrocious proceedings.—Among a variety of pieces which have been written expressly for the occasion, the most popular and attractive is one from the pen of Signor JUAN ESTREMEIRA, entitled *El Tribunal de la Razon*; or, *Alianza de Ynglaterra y España*. The *Tribunal of Reason*; or, *The Alliance of England and Spain*. In the *aviso*, or play-bill, the public are respectfully informed, that between the Acts will be sung, by the principal vocal performers, accompanied by the band, and a full chorus, the sublime, loyal, and patriotic hymn of *God Save the King*, so highly and deservedly prized by our generous Allies; after which will be delivered "An animated Address on the Conduct of NAPOLEON the Tyrant, the Scourge of Europe, and the Pestilence of the moral world!"

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the press, or in preparation.

BIOGRAPHY. The Life of St. Neol, the eldest Brother of Alfred the Great, by the Rev. John Whitaker, Rector of Ruan Langhorne, Cornwall. Life of Abraham Newland, Esq. Memoirs of the Rev. Samuel Bourn, for many Years one of the Pastors of the United Congregation of the New Meeting in Birmingham; by Joshua Toulmin, D. D.

HISTORY, TRAVELS, &c. Travels in Lower and Upper Canada, by Mr. E. A. Kendal, of New York. Letters from Barbary, France, Spain, Portugal, &c. by an English Officer. History of Brazil, by Dr. Andrew Grant, recently returned from South America.

POETRY. Fingal, an Epic Poem, by Ossian. Rendered into Verse, by Archibald McDonald. The Minor Minstrel, a Volume of familiar and descriptive Poetry, by Mr. Holloway.

NOVELS, &c. Leicestershire Tales; by Miss Mary Linwood.

MISCELLANEOUS. A Picture of Madrid, taken on the Spot, translated from the German of C. A. Fischer. Advice to Young Ladies on the Improvement of the Mind and Conduct in Life, by Thomas Broadhurst. Illustrations of Don Quixote, by Mr. Belfour, tending to confirm and elucidate several real Events related in that ingenious Novel; to convey Intelligence of Authors and of Books therein cited; to discover the Sources whence Cervantes has adopted various Stories and Adventures, improved by the Glow of his own fertile Imagination; to disclose his continual Allusions to Works of Chivalry and Romance; and develope the Satire he employs to correct the Vices and Follies of the Spanish Nation; with occasional Reflections on certain Doctrines and Opinions which he advances or supports. The Wit-ticisms of Mr. Joseph Miller, of facetious Memory; consisting of a faithful Copy of the old Joe Miller, and two Volumes of Modern Classic Wit, selected from the best Authorities of all Countries; by James Bannantine, Esq.



*Sir G. Kneller pinx.**

*Woodman Junr. sculp.**

Published by Mathews & Leigh, 1808.

THE
CABINET;
OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF
POLITE LITERATURE.

DECEMBER, 1808.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THIS very great ornament to the age he lived in, his own country in particular, and to the cause of polite literature in general, was son of the Rev. Dr. Launcelot Addison, who afterwards became Dean of Lichfield and Coventry, but, at the time of this son's birth, Rector of Mileston, near Ambrosbury, Wilts, at which place the subject of our present consideration received his vital breath, on the 1st day of May, 1672. He was very early sent to school to Ambrosbury, being put under the care of the Rev. Mr. Naish, then master of that school; from thence, as soon as he had received the first rudiments of literature, he was removed to Salisbury school, taught by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, and after that to the Charter-house, where he was under the tuition of the learned Dr. Ellis.—Here he first contracted an intimacy with Mr. Steele, afterwards Sir Richard, which continued almost till his death.—At about fifteen years of age he was entered of Queen's College, Oxford; and in about two years afterwards, through the interest of Dr. Lancaster, Dean of Magdalen, elected into that college, and admitted to the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts.

While he was at the university, he was repeatedly solicited by his father and other friends to enter into holy orders, which, although from his extreme modesty and natural diffidence he would gladly have declined, yet,

in compliance with his father's desires, he was once very near concluding on; when having, through Mr. Congreve's means, become a great favourite with that universal patron of poetry and the polite arts, the famous Lord Halifax, that nobleman, who had frequently regretted that so few men of liberal education and great abilities applied themselves to affairs of public business, in which their country might reap the advantage of their talents, earnestly persuaded him to lay aside this design; and as an encouragement for him so to do, and an indulgence to an inclination for travel, which shewed itself in Mr. Addison, procured him an annual pension of 300*l.* from the crown, to enable him to make the tour of France and Italy.

On this tour then he set out at the latter end of the year 1699, and did his country great honour by his extraordinary abilities, receiving in his turn every mark of esteem that could be shewn to a man of exalted genius, particularly from M. Boileau, the famous French poet, and the Abbé Salvini, Professor of the Greek tongue in the University of Florence, the former of whom declared that he first conceived an opinion of the English genius for poetry from Mr. Addison's Latin Poems, printed in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, and the latter translated into elegant Italian verse his Epistolary Poem to Lord Halifax, which is esteemed a master-piece in its kind.

In the year 1702, as he was about to return home, he was informed from his friends in England, by letter, that King William intended him the post of Secretary to attend the Army under Prince Eugene in Italy.—This was an office that would have been extremely acceptable to Mr. Addison; but his Majesty's death, which happened before he could get his appointment, put a stop to that, together with his pension.—This news came to him at Geneva; he therefore chose to make the tour of Germany in his way home, and at Vienna composed his Treatise on Medals, which, however, did not make its appearance until after his death.

A different set of ministers coming to the management of affairs in the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, and consequently the interest of Mr. Addison's friends being considerably weakened, he continued unemployed and in obscurity until 1704, when an accident called him again into notice.

The amazing victory gained by the great Duke of

Marlborough, at Blenheim, exciting a desire in the Earl of Godolphin, then Lord High Treasurer, to have it celebrated in verse, Lord Halifax, to whom that nobleman had communicated this his wish, recommended Mr. Addison to him, as the only person who was likely to execute such a task in a manner adequate to the subject, in which he succeeded so happily, that when the poem he wrote, viz. *The Campaign*, was finished no further than to the celebrated simile of the angel, the Lord High Treasurer was so delighted with it, that he immediately presented the author with the place of one of the Commissioners of Appeals in the Excise, in the room of Mr. Locke, then lately deceased.

In the year 1705 he attended Lord Halifax to Hanover, and in the succeeding year was appointed Under-Secretary to Sir Charles Hedges, then Secretary of State; nor did he lose this post on the removal of Sir Charles, the Earl of Sunderland, who succeeded to that gentleman, willingly continuing Mr. Addison as his Under-Secretary.

In 1709, Lord Wharton, being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, nominated our author Secretary for that kingdom, the Queen at the same time bestowing on him also the post of Keeper of the Records in Ireland.—But when, in the latter end of her Majesty's reign, the ministry was again changed, and Mr. Addison expected no further employment, he gladly submitted to a retirement, in which he had formed a design, which it is much to be regretted that he never had in his power to put in execution, viz. the compiling a dictionary to fix the standard of the English language, upon the same kind of plan with the famous *Dittionario della Crusca* of the Italians.

What prevented Mr. Addison's pursuing this design was his being again called out into public business; for, on the death of the Queen, he was appointed Secretary to the Lords Justices; then again, in 1715, Secretary for Ireland; and, on Lord Sunderland's resignation of the Lord-Lieutenancy, he was made one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade.

In 1716 he married the Countess of Warwick, and in the ensuing year was raised to the high dignity of one of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State.—The fatigues of this important post being too much for Mr. Addison's constitution, which was naturally not an extraordinary one, he was very soon obliged to resign it, intending for

the remainder of his life to pursue the completion of some literary designs which he had planned out: but this he had no long time allowed him for the doing, an asthma, attended with a dropsy, carrying him off the stage of this world before he could finish any of his schemes.—He departed this life at Holland-house, near Kensington, on the 17th of June, 1719, having then just entered into his 48th year, and left behind him one only daughter.

“After a long and manly, but vain struggle with his distemper,” says Dr. Young, “he dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life: but with his hopes of life he dismissed not his concern for the living, but sent for a youth (Lord Warwick) nearly related, and finely accomplished, but not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend: he came; but life now glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent.—After a decent and proper pause, the youth said, *Dear Sir! you sent for me: I believe, and I hope, that you have some commands: I shall hold them most sacred.*—May distant ages,” proceeds the Doctor, “not only hear, but feel, the reply!—Forcibly grasping the youth’s hand, he softly said, *See in what peace a Christian can die.*—He spoke with difficulty, and soon expired.”

A WINTER’S NIGHT IN LONDON.

It was December—the north wind, in stormy gusts, blew right in my face, which I now and then attempted to raise, to mark the dark murky clouds, as they were carried rapidly past the moon. I wrapped myself in my great coat; fastened the highest button; and, getting warm, began to feel pity for others in the inverse ratio that I felt it for myself. “Heaven shield the houseless,” said I, “and guard the traveller and guide the mariner!” A poor shivering wretch prayed for a halfpenny.—“Indeed, Sir,” said he “I require it—I am very cold—and my dear wife and her poor babes—” “Say no more,” said I, “would it were a guinea, for your sake! If it were, it would be dearly earned, in such a coat as yours, and such a night as this.”

I walked onwards—the sound of music next attracted my notice. It came, not as the breath of Apollo, murmured from the harp of Æolus; but, loud and full, it

swelled with the blast, and almost drowned, in its noise, the bellowing of the storm. I raised my head—It came from the dwelling of Prospero. "He has been giving a masquerade," said a listener under the porch, "and this is the music of the ball," said he;—"these are the footmen, those the carriages of his guests."—"Would that my poor shivering friend, with his wife and his babes, were in one of them!" said I, as I walked hastily forward. "Heaven and earth! are men really equals?" This was food for the imagination for a winter's night.

It was now past one. The moon was totally obscured by a dark cloud, which had swallowed up a dozen of others, and covered the half of the horizon. The wind was more furious than ever, and carried sharp half-frozen drops of rain along with it. I turned Pall-mall, passed through Stable-yard, and entered the Park, through which I had to pass on my way to Chelsea: all seemed desolation—even the sentinel appeared afraid to open his mouth, and refrained from the usual "Who goes there?" "It is a pity," said I, thinking still of the beggar and the masquerade, "it is a pity that it is so; yet some men are provident, and others the reverse, so I believe it must be as it is. And," added I, wishing still more to prove to myself that it is the best of all possible worlds, "it is better that it is so, else man would want a spur to exertion, and a lesson to be prudent." So I hugged myself close, and walked on. "Yet that is a vile supposition, after all; is it necessary that man should be so wretched as to beg his fellow-creature for a halfpenny, in such a night as this, and all the time hear the music of masqueraders mocking his distresses and reviling his poverty? If fortune had made me a Nobleman now—" A sigh interrupted my soliloquy—it came from a bench below an old tree, on my right hand; a groan followed, and was repeated. A male figure lay stretched along the bench, half-sheltered by the tree, and half-covered with a shawl. I started, yet stirred not, I knew not why. "Who is there?" I exclaimed: a sound betwixt a sob and a groan was the reply. I flew to the bench, and raised the figure in my arms. "Good God! you are starved to death," I cried; "leave this place instantly—I shall help you," said I, finding she could not stand; her shawl fell off in the attempt; her naked bosom was exposed to the piercing blast; and she sank, apparently

lifeless, on my shoulder. I shuddered as I placed her again on the bench, and wept as I took off my great coat and my handkerchief, and wrapped the whole around her. I seized her in my arms, and ran along with her to Buckingham-gate.—“Not one house open to shelter a poor dying female!”—“A house, a little further on, is not yet shut,” cried a hoarse watchman on the other side of the way. I ran—I flew.—“There is a fire within, Sir.”—“Thank you, thank you; make room, for Heaven’s sake, for she is still alive!”

She *was* still alive. Two eyes, of pale blue, opened, as I placed her by the fire on my knee: they were open for a moment, and instantly shut. I gazed on her, every idea absorbed in her reanimation. A young girl was employed in chafing her hands and her temples; and an old woman in pouring a cordial down her throat. I eagerly watched her features—ah! never shall I forget them. Her nose was of the finest Grecian; her mouth of the most exquisite form, but her lips were no longer red; her cheeks were pale; her eyes were sunk; and her arched eye-brows were almost concealed by her auburn hair. A slight straw hat covered her head, and a thin muslin gown her body. Over the whole Sympathy could trace the hand of Sorrow; and Pity sighed, as she recognised the symptoms of Frailty.

She sighed, again opened her eyes, stared wildly around her, and, in a voice that thrilled through my soul as I heard it, asked where she was?—“You are among friends,” said I; “do not be alarmed.—You may leave us now, my good woman,” said I, addressing the hostess. The woman glanced at me, then at the poor sufferer. “My husband is scrupulous, Sir, and your companion is not a fit person for our house.” The ears of the wretched creature caught the sound: a momentary glow overspread her cheeks—it was succeeded by a deadly pale. “True,” sighed she; she attempted to rise, but, in the attempt, fell, fainting, on the chair beside me.

The heart of the hostess was moved; I marked the sob which rose in her bosom, as she supported the almost exanimate body, and seized the favourable moment.—“Poor young creature!” said I, for she appeared to be under twenty—“You may once have known what it was to have a mother, but the world has lost all its charms for you now; and, if you have still a parent—” I could not proceed; a big tear trembled in my eye, and rolled

down my cheek. The features of the good woman relaxed still more; she looked at me, then compassionately at the reviving female, and left the room. "Heaven bless you for it," said I, "It is an act of charity, and will not lose its reward."

The poor young creature once more opened her eyes; faintly and sickly she opened them; and, as she looked at me, she sighed out. "I am ill, very ill, but it will soon be over." "Over!" cried I, as I attempted to ring the bell. She feebly caught my arm—"I am dying," said she, "and I ought to die." If my heart would have let me, I could have exclaimed, with my Uncle Toby, "By Heaven you shall not!"—but the words stuck in my throat, and I could not utter them.

I procured such refreshments as the house could afford. "She took them to satisfy me," she said, "for she knew she was dying—she felt the hand of Death upon her." A faint melancholy smile, that overspread her features as she spoke, seemed to welcome his approach: for Death, to the poor, and the miserable, and the hopeless, is an angel that comes to unbar the doors of their prison, and free them from care, and sorrow, and anguish. To the happy only is he the monarch of terror.

"And had you not a house to shelter you from the inclemency of the weather?" said I, in a low tone of voice, half-doubting whether I should have asked the question. "Ah, no!" she replied, shaking her head.—"Nor a friend?"—"A friend!" she exclaimed, as hastily as her feeble frame would permit her—"Alas—not one!—I once had, but I have not a friend now." The cadence of her voice, as she finished, drew tears from my eyes; supported as she was in my arms, she felt them fall on her hand; she raised her eyes to my face, as if she doubted their reality, and when she saw they were no feigned symptoms of sorrow, her looks seemed to say—"God bless you—I am unaccustomed to pity."

She lay for some time without motion—I scarce felt her breathe. I supposed she had fallen asleep, and was about to call the good woman of the house to prepare a bed for her reception, when a convulsive sigh, that seemed to come from the bottom of her heart, convinced me that she was still awake. I stooped to observe whether her eyes were shut. I found them staring wildly. The crimson flush, which had begun to overspread her cheeks, was succeeded by a livid hue. She sighed again,

"Good God you are ill—you are dying!" I exclaimed. The poor girl sighed once more, gave a slight shudder—groaned—and sank lifeless on my bosom! I. M.

SURNAMES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

NOTHING can be more preposterously absurd than the practice of inheriting *cognomina*, which ought never to be purely personal. I would ask, for example, what propriety there was in giving the name Xenophon, which signifies one that speaks a foreign language, to the celebrated Greek who distinguished himself, not only as a consummate Captain, but also an elegant writer in his mother tongue? What could be more ridiculous than to denominate the great philosopher of Crotona Pythagoras, which implies a striking speech? Or what could be more misapplied than the name of the weeping philosopher Heracitus, signifying military glory? The inheritance of surnames, among the Romans, produced still more ridiculous consequences. The best and noblest families in Rome derived their names from the coarsest employments, or else from the corporeal blemishes of their ancestors. The Pisones were millers: the Cicerones, and the Ledtuli were so called from the vetches and the lentils which their forefathers dealt in. The Fabii were so denominated from a dung-pit, in which the first of the family was begot by stealth, in the way of fornication. A ploughman gave rise to the great family of the Serrani, the ladies of which always went without smocks. The Suilli, the Bubulci, and the Porci, were descended from a swine-herd, a cow-herd, and a hog-butcher.—What could be more disgraceful than to call the senator Strabo, Squintum; or a fine young lady of the house of Pœti, Pignies? or to distinguish a matron of the Limi by the appellation of Sheep's-eye?—What could be more dishonourable than to give the surname of Snub-nose to P. Silius, the Proprætor, because his great-great great-grandfather had a nose of that make? Ovid, indeed, had a long nose, and therefore was justly denominated Naso: but why should Horace be called Flaccus, as if his ears had been stretched in the pillory? I need not mention the Burrhi, Nigri, Rusi, Aquilii, and Rutilii, because we have the same foolish surnames in England; and even the Lappa; for I myself know a very

pretty miss, called Rough-head, though, in fact, there is not a young lady in the bills of mortality who takes more pains to dress her hair to the best advantage. The famous Dictator, whom the deputies of Rome found at the plough, was known by the name of Cincinnatus, or Ragged-head. Now I leave you to judge how it would sound in these days, if a footman at the play-house should call out, "My Lady Ragged-head's coach. Room for my Lady Ragged-head." I am doubtful whether the English name of Hale does not come from the Roman cognomen Hala, which signified stinking breath. What need I mention the Plauti, Panci, Valgi, Vari, Vatiæ, and Scauri; the Tuditani, the Malici, Cenestellæ, and Leccæ; in other words, the Splay-foots, Bandy-legs, Shamble-shins, Baker-knees, Club-foots, Hammer-heads, Chubby-cheeks, Bald-heads, and Letchers.—I shall not say a word of the Buteo, or Buzzard, that I may not be obliged to explain the meaning of the word Triorchis, from whence it takes its denomination; yet all those were great families in Rome. But I cannot help taking notice of some of the same improprieties, which have crept into the language and customs of this country. Let us suppose, for example, a foreigner reading an English newspaper in these terms: "Last Tuesday the Right Honourable Timothy Sillyman, Secretary of State for the Southern Department, gave a grand entertainment to the nobility and gentry, at his house in Knave's-acre. The evening was concluded with a ball, which was opened by Sir Samuel Hog and Lady Diana Rough-head. By the last mail from Germany, we have certain advice of a complete victory which General Coward has obtained over the enemy. On this occasion the General displayed all the intrepidity of the most renowned hero;—by the same channel, we are informed that Lieutenant Little-fear has been broke by a court-martial for cowardice.—We hear that Edward West, Esq. will be elected President of the Directors of the East-India Company for the ensuing year. It is reported that Commodore North will be sent with a squadron into the South Sea.—Captains East and South are appointed by the Lords of the Admiralty commanders of two frigates, to sail on the discovery of the North-West passage.—Yesterday morning Sir John Summer, Bart. lay dangerously ill at his house in Spring-gardens: he is attended by Dr. Winter; but there are no hopes of

his recovery.—Saturday last, Philip Frost, a dealer in gunpowder, died at his house on Snow-hill, of a high fever, caught by overheating himself in walking for a wager from No Man's Land to the World's End.—Last week, Mr. John Fog, teacher of astronomy in Rotherhithe, was married to the widow Fairweather, of Puddledock.—We hear from Bath, that on Thursday last a duel was fought on Lansdown, by Captain Sparrow, and Richard Hawke, Esq. in which the latter was mortally wounded.—Friday last ended the sessions at the Old Bailey, when the following persons received sentence of death: Leonard Lamb, for the murder of Julius Wolf; and Henry Grave, for robbing and assaulting Dr. Death, whereby the said Death was put in fear of his life. Giles Gosling, for defrauding Simon Fox of four guineas and his watch by subtle craft, was transported for seven years; and David Drinkwater was ordered to be set in the stocks, as an habitual drunkard. The trial of Thomas Green, whitster, of Fulham, for a rape on the body of Flora White, a mulatto, was put off till next sessions, on account of the absence of two material evidences; viz. Sarah Brown, clear-starcher, of Pimlico, and Anthony Black, scarlet-dyer, of Wandsworth.”—I ask thee, Peacock, whether a sensible foreigner, who understood the literal meaning of these names, which are all truly British, would not think ye were a nation of humourists, who delighted in cross-purposes and ludicrous singularity? But, indeed, ye are not more absurd in this particular than some of your neighbours.—I knew a Frenchman, of the name of Bouvier, which signifies Cow-keeper, pique himself upon his noblesse; and a General, called Valavoir, is said to have lost his life by the whimsical impropriety of his surname, which signifies go and see.—You may remember an Italian minister, called Grossa-testa, or Great-head, though, in fact, he had scarce any head at all. That nation has, likewise, its Sforzas, Malatestas, Boccanigras, Porcinas, Guidices; its Colonnas, Muratorios, Medices, and Gozzi; Endeavours, Chuckle-heads, Black-muzzles, Hogs, Judges, Pillars, Masons, Leeches, and Chubby-chops. Spain has its Almobadas, Girones, Utreras, Ursinas, and Zapatas; signifying Cushions, Gores, Bullocks, Bears, and Slippers. The Turks, in other respects a sensible people, fall into the same extravagance with respect to the inheritance of surnames. An Armenian

merchant at Aleppo used to dine at the house of a cook, whose name was Clock-maker; and the handsome Ichoglan in the Bashaw's seraglio was surnamed Crook-back. Q.

THE FRENCH MISER.

AVARICE, of all other passions, is the least to be accounted for, as it precludes the miser from all pleasure except that of hoarding; the prodigal, the gamester, the ambitious, having something to plead by way of palliatives for their inordinate affections to their respective objects and pursuits; but the miser gratifies his passion at the expense of every conveniency, indulgence, or even necessary of life. He is aptly compared to the magpie, who hides gold which he can make no use of.

M. Vandille was the most remarkable man in Paris, both on account of his immense riches, and his extreme avarice. He lodged as high up as the roof would admit him, to avoid noise or visits, maintained one poor old woman to attend him in his garret, allowed her only seven sous per week, or a penny per diem. His usual diet was bread and milk, and, for indulgence, some poor sour wine on Sunday, on which day he constantly gave one farthing to the poor, being one shilling and a penny per annum, which he cast up, and, after his death, his extensive charity amounted to forty-three shillings and fourpence. This prudent economist had been a magistrate, or officer, at Boulogne, from which obscurity he was promoted to Paris, for the reputation of his wealth, which he lent upon undeniable security to the public funds, not caring to trust individuals with his life and soul. While a magistrate at Boulogne, he maintained himself by taking upon him to be milk-taster-general at the market, and from one to another filled his belly, and washed down his bread at no expense of his own, not, doubtless, from any other principle than that of serving the public in regulating the goodness of milk. When he had a call to Paris, knowing that stage-vehicles are expensive, he determined to go thither on foot; and, to avoid being robbed, he took care to export with himself neither more nor less than the considerable sum of threepence sterling, to carry him one hundred and thirty miles; and with the greater facility to execute his plan of operation, he went in the quality of a

poor priest or mendicant, and no doubt gathered some few pence on the road from such pious and well-disposed persons of the country who were strangers to him.

The great value a miser annexes to a farthing will make us less surprised at the infinite attachment he must have to a guinea, of which it is the seed, growing by gentle gradations into pence, shillings, pounds, thousands, and ten thousands, which made this worthy connoisseur say, take care of the farthings, and the pence and shillings will take care of themselves; these semina of wealth may be compared to seconds of time, which generate years, centuries, and even eternity itself.

When he became extensively rich, being, in the year 1735, worth seven or eight hundred thousand pounds, which he begot or multiplied on the body of a single shilling, from the age of sixteen to the age of seventy-two; one day he heard a woodman going by in summer, at which season they stock themselves with fuel for the winter; he agreed with him at the lowest rate possible, but stole from the poor man several logs, with which he loaded himself to his secret hiding-hole, and thus contracted, in that hot season, a fever; he then sent, for the first time, for a surgeon to bleed him, who asking half a livre for the operation, was dismissed; he then sent for an apothecary, but he was as high in his demand; he then sent for a poor barber, who undertook to open a vein for threepence a time; but, says this worthy economist, Friend, how often will it be requisite to bleed? Three times, said he. And what quantity of blood do you intend to take? About eight ounces each time, answered the barber. That will be ninepence—too much, too much, says the old miser: I have determined to go a cheaper way to work; take the whole quantity you design to take at three times at one time, and that will save me sixpence; which being insisted on, he lost twenty-four ounces of blood, and died in a few days, leaving all his vast treasures to the King, whom he made his sole heir. Thus he contracted his disorder by pilfering, and his death by an unprecedented piece of parsimony.

OLD NICK.

Nobody has accounted for the Devil's having the name of *Old Nick*. Keyser *de Dea Nehalemia*, p. 33. and *Antiq. Septentr.* p. 261, mentions a deity of the waters,

worshipped by the ancient Germans and Danes, under the name of *Nocca*, or *Nicken*, styled in the Edda *Nikur*, which he derives from the German *nugen*, answering to the Latin *necare*. Wormius, *Mon. Dan.* p. 17, says the redness in the faces of drowned persons was ascribed to this deity's sucking their blood out at their nostrils. Wasthovius, *pres. ad Vit. Sanctor.* and Loccenius, *Antiq. Sueo-Goth.* p. 17, call him *Neccus*, and quote from a Belgo-Gallic Dictionary, *Neccer, Spiritus Aquaticus, and Necce, necare*. The Islandic Dict. in Hickes' *Thea. P.* III. p. 85, renders *Nikur, bellua aquatica*. Lastly, Rudbekius, *Atlant.* p. 1. c. 7. §. 5, p. 192, & c. 30. p. 719, mentions a notion prevalent among his countrymen, that *Neckur*, who governed the sea, assumed the form of various animals, or of a horseman, or of a man in a boat. He supposes him the same with Odin; but the above authorities are sufficient to evince that he was the Northern *Neptune*, or some subordinate sea-god of a noxious disposition. Wormius queries whether a figure said to be seen, 1615, on the river *Lan*, and called *Wasser Nicks*, might not be of this kind. Probably it was a sea-monster of the species called *Mermen*, and by our Spenser, *Fairy-Queen.* II. 12, 14,

The griesly Wasserman.

It is not unlikely but the name of this evil spirit might, as Christianity prevailed in these northern nations, be transferred to the father of evil.

If it would not be thought punning on names, I would hazard another conjecture.—*St. Nicholas* was the patron of mariners, consequently opponent to *Nicker*. How he came by this office does not appear. The Legend says, "*Ung jour que aucuns mariniers perissoient si le prièrent ainsi a larmes, Nicolas, serviteur de Dieu, si les choses sont vroyes que nous avons ouyes, si les esprouve maintenant. Et tantot ung-homme s'apparut au la semblance de luy, & leur dit, Veez moy, se ne m'appellez vous pas : & leur commenca a leur ayder en leur exploit : de la ne fet tantost la tempestate cessa. Et quant ils furent venus a son Eglise ilz se cogneurent sans demonstrer, & si ne l'avoient oncques veu. Et lors rendirent graces a Dieu & a luy de leur delivrance; et il leur dit que ilz attribuassent a le misericorde de Dieu et a leur creance, et non pas a ses merites.*"—Then follow other miracles, not peculiarly appropriated to him under this character. We have afterwards, indeed, another story of his delivering from an

illusion of the Devil certain pilgrims *qui alloient a luy a nage*, which I understand to mean only *by water*. *Legende d'or.* fol. viii. See also Blometfield's *Hist. of Norfolk*, II. p. 861.

PALÆOPHILUS.

CHARACTER OF THE SPANIARDS.

A WAR with the Saracens, prolonged, with few intervals, for eight hundred years, nourished in the Spaniards a vigour of character, a love of their country, and a passion for glory. The necessity of continually engaging formed as many heroes as there were men in each city: military renown was the great object of their vows; and the tombs of the deceased were adorned with a number of obelisks equal to that of the enemy they had slain in battle*. While they lived exposed to continual dangers they acquired that gravity of deportment, that deliberate valour, that perseverance and vigilance, which still distinguish the Spanish nation. Before the ambitious and warlike reigns of Ferdinand, the Emperor, and Philip II. the sagacity and vigilance of the Spaniards appeared formidable to the other nations of Europe†. These reigns continued to call forth and exercise the spirit of the nation, and to support, if not to heighten, that national character which had been formed by the wars with the Moors. And this national character still shone forth with undiminished lustre after the imprudence of the court and exhausted resources had undermined the foundations of the grandeur of the empire. As prosperous war rouses the genius of a nation, the glory of letters would have corresponded to that of the Spanish arms, had not the progress of taste and knowledge been checked by the tyranny of the inquisition, and that despotism which was introduced into the government. But although these circumstances have prevented among the Spaniards the growth of sound philosophy, in their poetry, history, romances, and even

* *Johannes Genesius Sepulveda de Rebus Gestis, Caroli V. lib. 1.*

† Machiavel says, in his Account of the State of France, that the French were afraid of the Spaniards on account of their sagacity and vigilance. It is true that this account was written after Ferdinand had begun to reign: but it was before the exertions of that Prince could have stamped on the minds of his subjects a national character.

their commentaries on the sacred scriptures, as well as on Aristotle, whose metaphysical notions were deemed so orthodox by the Catholic church, we recognize that boldness and invention, that subtlety and refinement, which were conspicuous for ages in the military and political conduct of Spain.

Thus, that power of genius and valour among his subjects, which at once adorned and disgraced the feeble reign of Philip III. seems deducible from a train of moral causes, as obvious in their existence as powerful in their nature. But when the reader revolves what is left on record concerning ancient Spain, he will be inclined perhaps to subscribe to the opinion of an ingenious writer, that the characters of nations as well as families are influenced by accidents antecedent to birth *, and particularly by climate, acting either immediately with powerful energy on the fabric of their being, or as a local circumstance leading to a variety of action in the œconomy of civil life. At all times, valour and genius have ennobled the character of the Spaniards. Not the robust German, impelled by the fury of a savage religion, displayed such enthusiasm in arms and contempt of death as shone forth in the invincible resolution of the inhabitants of Numantia, Astapa, and Saguntum. A greater hero than Viriatus is not to be found in the history of ancient Rome †. Between the times of the Scipios and those of Augustus, there intervened a period of two hundred years. During this long space, Spain maintained a contest with the policy and disciplined valour of Rome: and it seemed uncertain which masters the world was to obey, the Spaniards or the Romans. The destiny of Rome to give law to the nations finally subdued all resistance, and Spain had the glory of being the last that yielded to the Roman yoke. But it was the fortune of the vanquished to receive literature and refinement from the conquerors of the world: and, in return, Trajan added lustre to the Roman purple; and the names of Quintilian, Martial, Mela, Seneca, Lucan, and Florus, appeared in the list of Latin authors.

R. W.

* Essay on the History of Mankind, &c. by Dr. Dunbar.

† This man, who had resisted the Roman arms for twenty years, and who was deemed invincible, was at last insidiously cut off by the Romans, who bribed his body-guards.

THE LITERARY EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

THERE are many prejudices entertained against the character of a learned lady; and perhaps if all ladies were profoundly learned, some inconveniences might arise from it; but I must own it does not appear to me, that a woman will be rendered less acceptable in the world, or worse qualified to perform any part of her duty in it, by having employed the time from six to sixteen in the cultivation of her mind. Time enough will remain, after a few hours every day spent in reading, for the improvement of the person, and the acquisition of the usual accomplishments. With respect to these accomplishments, I will not presume to direct the method of pursuing them. I will not so far intrude on a province which by no means belongs to me. The ladies themselves, and their instructors, want no directions in matters of external ornament, the end of which is to please on intuition. However arrogant the men have been in their claims of superiority, they have usually allowed the ladies the possession of a delicate taste in the improvement and perception of all kinds of beauty.

The literary education of women ought indisputably to be varied according to their fortunes and their expectations. Much refinement and a taste for books will injure her, whose time, from prudential motives, must be entirely engrossed by economy. Few women are indeed exempted from all attention to domestic care. But yet the unmarried, and those who enjoy opulence, find many intervals which they often devote to some species of reading. And there is no doubt but that the reading would be selected with more judgment, and would afford more pleasure and advantage, if the taste were formed by early culture*.

I will then venture to recommend that ladies of this description should have a classical education. But let not the reader be alarmed. I mean not to advise that they should be initiated, without exception, in Greek and Latin; but that they should be well and early acquainted with the French and the English classics.

* "The girl is altogether kept from exercises of good learning and knowledge of good letters, or else she is so nouseled in amorous bookes, vaine stories, and fonde trifling fancies, &c." E. Hake's Touchstone for the Time present. See the passage quoted in the ingenious Mr. T. Watton's History of English Poetry.

As soon as they can read with fluency, let them begin to learn Lowth's Grammar, and to read at the same time some very easy and elegant author, with a view to exemplify the rules. They should learn a part in grammar every morning, and then proceed to read a lesson, just in the manner observed in classical schools in learning Latin. After a year spent in this method, if the success is adequate to the time, they should advance to French, and study that language exactly in the same mode. In the French grammar, it will not be necessary to go through those particulars which are common to the grammars of all languages, and which have been learned in studying English.

Several years should be spent in this elementary process; and when the scholar is perfectly acquainted with orthography and grammar, she may then proceed to the cultivation of taste. Milton, Addison, and Pope, must be the standing models in English; Boileau, Fontenelle*, and Vertot, in French; and I wish these to be attended to solely for a considerable time. Many inconveniences arise from engaging young minds in the perusal of too many books. After these authors have been read over with attention, and with a critical observation of their beauties, the scholar may be permitted to select any of the approved writers of France and England, for her own improvement. She will be able to select with some judgment, and will have laid a foundation which will bear a good superstructure. Her mind, if she has been successful in this course, will have imbibed an elegance which will naturally diffuse itself over her conversation, address, and behaviour. It is well known that internal beauty contributes much to perfect external grace. I believe it will also be favourable to virtue; and will operate greatly in restraining from any conduct grossly indelicate, and obviously improper. Much of the profligacy of female manners has proceeded from a levity occasioned by a want of a proper education. She who has no taste for well-written books will often be at a loss how to spend her time†; and the consequences of such a

* Though Fontenelle is accused by the critics of deviating a little from the classical standard, he is yet a very pleasing writer.

† How happy is it to know how to live with oneself, to find oneself again with pleasure, to leave oneself with regret! The world then is less necessary to one. MARCHIONESS DE LAMBERT.

state are too frequent not to be known, and too fatal not to be avoided.

Whenever a young lady in easy circumstances appears to possess a genius and an inclination for learned pursuits, I will venture to say she ought, if her situation and connexions permit, to be early instructed in the elements of Latin and Greek. Her mind is certainly as capable of improvement as that of the other sex. The instances which might be brought to prove this are all too well known to admit of citation. And the method to be pursued must be exactly the same as that which is used in the private tuition of boys, when judiciously conducted.

And here I cannot refrain from adding, that though I disapprove, for the most part, of private tuition for boys, yet I very seriously recommend it to girls, with little exception. All sensible people agree in thinking, that large seminaries of young ladies, though managed with all the vigilance and caution which human abilities can exert, are in danger of great corruption. Vanity and vice will be introduced by some among a large number, and the contagion soon spreads with irresistible violence. Who can be so proper an instructor and guardian as a tender and a sensible mother? Where can virgin innocence and delicacy be better protected than under a parent's roof, and in a father's and a brother's bosom? Certainly no where, provided that the parents are sensible and virtuous, and that the house is free from improper or dangerous connections. But where the parents are much engaged in pleasure, or in business; where they are ignorant or vicious; where a family is exposed to the visits or constant company of libertine young persons; there it is certainly expedient to place a daughter under the care of some of those judicious matrons who preside over the schools in or near the metropolis. But I believe it often happens that young ladies are sent from their parent's eye, to these seminaries, principally with a view to form connexions. I leave it to the heart of a feeling father to determine, whether it is not cruel* to endanger the morals of his offspring for the sake of interest†.

* It must be remembered that only those parents can incur this censure, who keep their daughters at school after a certain age.

† One of the strongest arguments in favour of the literary education of women is, that it enables them to superintend the domes-

ON THE POETRY OF CHAUCER,

AND MORE ESPECIALLY OF THE CANTERBURY TALES.

Letter II.

Our pilgrims having partaken of the good cheer which the host of the Tabard set before them, who is described as "bold of his speech, and wise, and well ytaught," were thus addressed by him:—

the education of their children in the earlier periods, especially of daughters. We are told, in the very elegant Dialogue on the Causes of the Decline of Eloquence, that it was the glory of the ancient Roman matrons to devote themselves to economy, and the care of their children's education. Jamprimum filius ex castâ parente natus, non in cellâ emptæ nutricis educabatur, sed in gremio ac sinu matris, cujus præcipuus laus erat, tueri domum et inservire liberis: . . . Sic Corneliâ Græchorum, sic Aureliâ Julii Cæsaris, sic Attiâ Augusti matrem, præfuisse educationibus liberorum accepimus. As soon as a son was born of a chaste parent, he was not brought up in the cottage of some hireling nurse, but in the lap and the bosom of his mother, whose principal merit it was to take care of the house, and to devote herself to the service of the children. . . . Thus are we told, Cornelia, the mother of the Græchi, thus Aurelia, of Julius Cæsar, thus Attia, of Augustus, presided over the education of their children. And, with respect to its not being the custom to teach ladies Latin, we may say, in the words of the learned Matron in Erasmus, Quid mihi ritas vulgum, pessimum rei gerendæ auctorem? Quid mihi consuetudinem, omnium malarum rerum magistrâ? Optimis assuescendum; ita fiet solitum, quod erat insolitum; et suave fiet, quod erat insuave; fiet decorum, quod videbatur indecorum. Why do you tell me of the generality of people, the very worst pattern of conduct? Why do you talk to me of the custom, the teacher of all that is bad? Let us accustom ourselves to that which we know is best. So that will become usual which was unusual, and that will become agreeable which was disagreeable, and that fashionable which appeared unfashionable.

He of whom antiquity boasts itself, as of the wisest of mortals, was instructed in many elegant and profound subjects of learning by a lady.

Ἀσπασία μιν τοι ἡ σοφὴ τοῦ Σωκράτους διδασκαλὸς τῶν ρητορικῶν λόγων. Aspasia, the learned lady, was the preceptress of Socrates in rhetoric.

ATHENÆUS..

Πλάτων τὸν Σωκράτην παρ' αὐτῆς φησὶ μαθεῖν τὰ πολιτικά. Plato says that Socrates learned politics of her.

HARPOCRATION.

See some excellent remarks on the subject of giving daughters a learned education, in Eras. Epist. to Budeus, cited in Jortin's Eras. vol. ii. p. 366.

" Lordings, quoth he, now hearken for the best,
 Bat take it not I pray you in disdain ;
 This is the point to speak it flat and plain,
 That each of you, to shorten other's way
 In this voyage, shall tellen tales tway,
 To Canterbury ward, I mean it so,
 And homeward he shall tellen other two,
 Of adventures, whilome that did befall ;
 And which of you him beareth best of all ;
 That is to say, that telleth in this case,
 Tales of best sentence, and of best solace,
 Shall have a supper at our common cost,
 Here in this place, and sitting by this post,
 When we come back again from Canterbury,
 And for to making you the more merry,
 I will myself civilly with you ride ;
 Right at mine own cost, and will be your guide."

L. 790, et seq.

This proposal of the host's was assented to by the whole party, who proceeded on their journey the following morning, escorted by their new companion. They decided the order of the tales by lot, and it fell to the Knight to relate the first. Of the Knight's tale Dryden thus speaks. " I prefer in Chaucer, far above his other stories, the noble poem of Palamon and Arcite, which is of the epic kind, and perhaps not much inferior to the *Ilias* or the *Æneis*: the story is more pleasing than either of them, the manners as perfect, the diction as poetical, the learning as deep and various, and the disposition full as artful, only it includes a greater length of time, taking up ten years at least." The story was taken by Chaucer from an old Italian author, for Boccaccio refers to it in his seventh *Giornata*. I think Dryden, in his great zeal to praise his favourite author, has said more than the poem in question will warrant, especially when he talks of the manners being perfect, since Chaucer has strangely enough jumbled together the customs and practices of chivalry with the times and persons of remote antiquity. However, it is certainly a proof of the great and intrinsic excellence of the poem, that we acquiesce in this incongruity, and find ample amends for it in the interest of the story, and the vivid colouring of the poetry.

The Knight having finished his tale, the Miller, the Reve, the Cook, the Man of Law, the Squire, the Merchant, and the rest of the party in turn, each relates a story. The prologue prefixed to each contains the observations of the company on the preceding narrative, many of

which are highly descriptive of the manners and the temper of the times. The Friar having inveighed against the bribery and corruption of the spiritual courts, the Sompnour * retaliated very severely on the Friar by relating in his tale an instance of their fraud and hypocrisy. After the Prioress had related her story of the murder of a Christian child by the Jews, who, notwithstanding his throat had been cut, sang, to the amazement of the beholders, "both loude and clere," it came to Chaucer's turn to tell his story.

"When said was this miracle, every man
As sober was, as wonder was to see,
Till that our host to joke again began,
And that at length he looked upon me,
And speaking thus—"What man art thou," quoth he,
"Thou lookest as thou wouldest find a hare,
For ever on the ground I see thee stare.

"Approach more near, and look up merrily,
Now ware you, Sirs, and let this man have place;
He in the waist is shap'd as well as I,
This were a puppet in arms to embrace.
For any woman small and fair of face.

"Say something now, since other folks have said,
Tell us a tale of mirth, and that anon."
"Hest," quoth I, "be not ill afraid,
For other tale of certain can I none,
But of a rhyme I learned years ago."
"Yes that is good," quoth he, "now we shall hear
Some dainty thing, me thinketh, by thy cheer."

Chaucer then begins to relate "The Rime of Sir Thopas" in a metre and style quite different from the rest, as if he was not the author, but merely the reporter of the tales. This story, however, does not at all please "mine host," who interrupts Chaucer, after he had related about two hundred lines,

"No more of this, for God his dignity,"
Quoth then our host—
Thou dost nought else but to dispend our time;
Sir, at one word, thou shall no longer rhyme,
Let's see whether thou can'st tell ought in jest,
Or tell in prose of somewhat at the least,
In which there may be some mirth or doctrine."

Chaucer accordingly obeys, and tells his story in "plain,

* The Sompnour was an inferior officer, whose business it was to summon delinquents before the ecclesiastical courts.

simple prose." The Parson, whose turn was last, excuses himself from telling a story, but offers to give them an exhortation, as more suitable to the gravity of his character. This is agreed to on the part of the company, and with his discourse the tales finish, for we are not informed what befel the company on their arrival at Canterbury, nor whether they journeyed home together.

Oct. 30, 1808.

E. D.

NELL GWYNN,

[WITH A PORTRAIT,]

WAS, at her first setting out in the world, a plebeian of the lowest rank, and sold oranges at the playhouse. Some affirm that she was born in a night-cellar; certain it is, that she rambled from tavern to tavern, entertaining the company with her songs. As early as the year 1667, she was admitted in the Theatre-royal, and was mistress to Hart, to Lacy, and to Buckhurst. She became eminent in her profession as an actress, and performed the most spirited parts with admirable address. The pert prattle of the orange-wench by degrees refined into a wit, which pleased our Charles the Second. She ingratiated herself into her sovereign's affection, in which she retained a place to the time of her death. Dryden was very partial to her, and greatly assisted her in her rise at the Theatre; in return, when possessed of the power, she distinguished the poet by particular marks of gratitude. Many benevolent actions are recorded of her; and perhaps she was the only one of the King's mistresses who was never guilty of any infidelity towards him. It is ludicrous, perhaps, but it is nevertheless true, that Madam Gwynn (for so she was latterly called) piqued herself on her attachment to the Church of England. She was low in stature, and careless of her dress; but her pictures represent her as handsome. She died in 1687.



F. Ley Eques Pinx.

R. H. Cook. Sculp.

Published 1 Aug. 1807, by Mathews & Leigh

THE ARTS.

No. XIX.

ANECDOTES AND ECCENTRICITIES OF PAINTERS.

OTHO MASSÆUS. This Artist was celebrated for his paintings of *Reptiles*, *Insects*, and *Plants*. He devoted many hours of every day in search of vipers, adders, snakes, and those peculiar plants under which they sheltered themselves, or on which they were supposed to feed. Houbraken relates that he had a small spot of ground, at a little distance from Amsterdam, well enclosed, where he preserved all his poisonous reptiles, and fed them every day with his own hand: by which management he made them so familiar, that they would at any time readily come abroad into the open air, whenever he wanted to paint them; and lie quietly in any position, just as he thought proper to place them, and as long as he had occasion to observe them.

FELIX MEYER. This painter acquired an extraordinary freedom of hand, and a singular readiness of execution, that equalled the vivacity of his imagination; of which he gave a remarkable proof at the Abbey of St. Florian, in Austria, where he happened to stop in his travels. The Abbot being desirous of having two grand apartments painted in fresco, and having consulted another Artist about it, who seemed very dilatory, applied to Meyer for his advice, in what manner he would have it executed. Meyer, for a few minutes, viewed and considered the place, and then taking a long stick, to which he fastened a piece of charcoal, he immediately began to design, saying, "here I would have a tree;" which he marked out as quick as possible: "at the remote distance, I would represent a forest, thus; here a fall of water, tumbling from great rocks;" and so on. As fast as he spoke, he designed; and deprived the Abbot of the power of expressing his approbation, so much was he lost in astonishment to see a design, with such elegance and taste, executed even without any time allowed for reflection. At the Abbot's request, Meyer undertook to finish the design: the other painter was dismissed, and the whole work was completed in one summer.

PETER MOLYN. Having spent several years at Rome, he determined to visit Genoa, where the reputation he

had already acquired obtained for him a most honourable reception, and as much work as he could possibly execute. There he might have lived in an affluent situation, superior even to his hope, if he had not unhappily grown not only dissolute, but unpardonably vicious. He fell deeply in love with a Genoese lady, and left no art untried to seduce her; but finding all his attempts ineffectual, he proposed to marry her; although it was sufficiently known in Genoa that he had been married at Rome for a considerable time before, and that his wife was then alive, residing in that city.

When that objection was urged by the lady and her friends, he was exceedingly mortified; and resolved to have his wife assassinated to remove that obstruction. A person proper for the villainous purpose was soon engaged; and, to conceal the transaction as much as possible from public notice, he wrote an affectionate letter to his wife by that messenger, requesting her to accompany the bearer to Genoa. As she had a real affection for her husband, and wished to be with him, she readily obeyed his commands, and was murdered on her journey.

Yet, notwithstanding the secrecy of that scene of cruelty, the affair became suspected, and Molyn was directly seized, imprisoned, and, after full conviction, sentenced to be hanged. But, by the interest and application of the nobility, who regarded him highly for his extraordinary talents, the severity of the sentence was suspended, and he was retained in prison for a great length of time; nor would he probably have ever been released, had it not been effected by a very critical accident: for, when Lewis XIV. bombarded Genoa, all the prisons were set open, and Molyn laid hold of that opportunity to escape to Placentia, after a confinement of sixteen years. From this affair he was nick-named Pietro Mulier, or de Mulieribus, by which he was ever after known throughout all Italy.

PETER PEUTEMAN. This artist was requested to paint an emblematical picture of Mortality, representing human skulls and bones, surrounded with rich gems and musical instruments, to express the vanity of this world's pleasures, amusements, or possessions; and, that he might imitate nature with the greater exactness, he went into an anatomy-room, where several skeletons hung by wires from the ceiling, and bones, skulls, &c. lay scattered about, and immediately prepared to make his designs.

While he was thus employed, either by fatigue, or by intense study, insensibly he fell asleep, but was suddenly roused by a shock of an earthquake, which happened at that instant, on the 18th of September, 1692. The moment he awoke, he observed the skeletons move about as they were shaken in different directions, and the loose skulls roll from one side of the room to the other; and being totally ignorant of the cause, he was struck with such a horror, that he threw himself down stairs, and tumbled into the street, half dead. His friends took all possible pains to efface the impression made on his mind by that unlucky event, and acquainted him with the real cause of the agitations of the skeletons; yet the transaction still affected his spirits in so violent a manner, that it brought on a disorder which in a very short time ended his days.

PUNCH BOUGHT BY A LORD.

THERE is a ridiculous story told of a foolish Lord, who, being entertained at a puppet-show by the humours of Punch, purchased him of the exhibitor; and on finding he lost his wit in his new habitation, sent for his former master to complain of the disappointment.

We all laugh at this as the extreme of folly, and yet we see the same thing before our eyes every day in a thousand instances. How often is a man envied for the possession of a thing, the merit of which arises only from his management of it, and which would be entirely lost in the hands of the envier! How many Generals, who talk of the advantage of military discipline, would have been defeated by a thousand Persians, if they had commanded the ten thousand of Xenophon! How many men, who envy their friends for having the best-bitted horses, and the meekest wives, would be thrown by the quietest pony, and henpecked by Griselda herself! How many silent senators, who wish for the eloquence and the confidence of a Pitt or a Fox, would only expose their own folly by the acquisition!

—Quid rides? Mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur.

WOODWARD, THE COMEDIAN.

HENRY WOODWARD was born in London in 1717, was educated at Merchant-Tailors' school, and at first engaged in the business of a tallow-chandler. He was then bound apprentice to the late Mr. Rich, under whose tuition he became qualified for a Harlequin. His subsequent success as a comic actor is too well known to need commemoration. After he had saved about 6000*l.* from his emoluments on the stages in London, he lost it all again by imprudently commencing manager in Ireland. He then returned to Covent-garden, where he continued till the time of his death, which happened April 17, 1777, occasioned by an accident as he was jumping on a table in the character of Scrub. During his illness, the late Dr. Isaac Schomberg (his school-fellow), who attended him, refused the acceptance of a single fee. To have been thus respected by a man of distinguished integrity is no small degree of praise. Mr. Woodward was the author of a farce called "Marplot in Lisbon;" and "The Man's the Master," a comedy, in 1775, 8*vo.*

M. DE VIELLEVILLE.

FRANCIS the First having appointed this French nobleman Captain of a regiment of which he had been Lieutenant, sent for him to announce his promotion to him. Vielleville humbly thanked his Majesty for the honour he had conferred upon him, but begged to decline it, as he said he had "done nothing as yet worthy of it." His sovereign replied, "Why, Sir, I am very much mistaken then; for I thought, if you had been five hundred miles off, that you would have galloped night and day to ask this rank of me; and now I offer it to you myself, you refuse it. I cannot tell, I am sure, on what other occasion you can expect that I should give it to you."—"Sire," replied Vielleville, "on the day of battle, when I shall have done something to deserve it; but if I accept of the honour your Majesty intends for me at this instant, all my companions will ridicule me for accepting it, and suppose that it was given me in consideration of my being the near relation of the officer who last held it. I assure your Majesty I had rather die than obtain rank through any other medium than that of service."



WOODWARD.

W. J. Woodward, Print.

Freeman, sculp.

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NOTE ON HAMLET.

"HAM. Your Ladyship is nearer to Heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a *chopine*."

In Raymond's *Voyage through Italy*, 1648, 12mo. a work which is said to have been partly written by Dr. Bargrave, Prebendary of Canterbury, the following curious account of the *chopine* occurs. "This place [Venice] is much frequented by the walking maypoles, I meane the women. They weare their coats halfe too long for their bodies, being mounted on their *chippeens* (which are as high as a man's leg); they walke between two hand-maids, majestickly deliberating of every step they take. This fashion was invented and appropriated to the noble Venetian's wives, to bee constant to distinguish them from the courtesans, who goe covered in a vail of white taffety."

James Howell, speaking of the Venetian women, says, "They are low and of small statures for the most part, which makes them to rayse their bodies upon high shoes called *chapins*, which gave one occasion to say that the Venetian ladies were made of three things; one part of them was wood, meaning their chapins, another part was their apparrell, and the third part was a woman; the Senat hath often endeavour'd to take away the wearing of those high shooes; but all women are so passionately delighted with this kind of state, that no law can weane them from it."

Some have supposed that the jealousy of Italian husbands gave rise to the invention of the *chopine*. Limojon de Saint Didier, a lively French writer on the Republic of Venice, mentions a conversation with some of the Doge's Counsellors of State on this subject, in which it was remarked that smaller shoes would certainly be found more convenient; which induced one of the Counsellors to say, putting on at the same time a very austere look, *pur troppo commodi, pur troppo*. The first ladies who rejected the use of the chopine were the daughters of the Doge Dominico Contareno, about the year 1670. It was impossible to set one foot before the other without leaning on the shoulders of two waiting-women, and those who used them must have stalked along like boys in stilts.

THEATRICAL INSOLENCES.

THE unbecoming conduct of those individuals, who supported by public patronage, frequently treat their benefactors with rudeness and insult, hath been often remarked and severely censured in many publications; an instance of this species of ingratitude, which took place at Athens, is recorded by a Greek historian.

A tragedy having been announced for public representation, the Athenians, on the day appointed, assembled in crowds; but just as the piece should have commenced, a popular actor, who, according to the custom of that age, was to have played a principal female part, refused to act, unless he was immediately furnished with a more splendid dress, and a greater train of attendants.

The insolent upstart was told, that if he had communicated his wishes at an earlier period of the business, they should certainly have been complied with, but that his expecting a new dress and additional attendants, at a moment when the people were impatiently expecting the tragedy to begin, was inconsistent and absurd. The player obstinately persisted in his resolution not to act unless his terms were complied with; the delay, altercation, and confusion, exasperated the manager so much, that he forcibly pushed the stubborn blockhead on the stage, at the same time observing to him, in an audible voice, "How can you be so ridiculous as to wish to make a parade and shew, when you see among the audience the wife of Phocian, the greatest of our commanders, the plainest drest of all the audience, and attended only by a single slave."

This well-timed reproof excited a loud and universal applause; the corrected offender, who deserved to have been hissed from the theatre, felt he was wrong, apologised for his preposterous conduct, and immediately performed his part.

SPANIARDS AND PORTUGUESE.

WE are apt to mistake the character of the Spaniards; there is, in the very excess and abundance of their wit, joy, and good humour, a certain steady evenness of manners, equally distant from pedantry, levity, and affectation; more mirth of the heart than all the noise, grimace, and *badinage* of their neighbours; a kind of grave, dry,

sententious humour, with a serene and placid firmness of countenance.

But, from too much of the religious, and then of the military spirit, they have rapidly declined into enthusiasm and cruelty; and as the human character never stops, have still continued to sink into indifference, pride, indolence, and barren devotion; they cannot be excited to any great effort but by superstitious terrors, love, revenge, and a fandango, the favourite dance of all ranks, in which, from a state of death-like stupidity, they will, at the first touch of an instrument, join with enthusiasm, animation, grace, and delight.

It seems to have been the system of Spain and Portugal, to protect themselves by distance and desolation; to leave whole districts uncultivated, and roads impassable; as military science declined, timidity succeeded to discipline, and men prepared for war, by casing themselves in armour, to be smothered, or by shutting themselves up in castles, to be starved; they forgot that national strength consists in an active, moving, disposable force; and that the safest state of defence is, being always ready to attack.

The Portuguese pride has usefully changed its object, from the black cloak, spectacles, an affectation of wisdom and sanctity, and having nothing to do; they are grown fond of fine cloths, are become diligent, enterprising, and active.

Lisbon is a mixture of luxury and misery, nastiness and magnificence; the buildings erected since the earthquake of 1755 are barbarously gigantic: the Marquis de Pombal, their chief projector, had the misfortune of being elevated out of the reach of controul; no man presumed to understand even his own trade so well as the Prime Minister.

THEORY AGAINST FACT.

It is, I understand, an established opinion of the present day among professional men, that impressions made on the mind of a pregnant woman cannot in any way affect her unborn infant. Yet numerous and well-authenticated relations have strongly inclined many persons to think differently. Malbranche relates, that a Parisian female of his day, tempted by unamiable curiosity to see

a public execution, was so struck with horror, that she was soon after delivered of a child, with bruises and fractures on different parts of its body and limbs, similar to those of the malefactor, who had been broken on the wheel.

A friend of the editor's, to whom this circumstance was mentioned, and an orthodox thinker on the subject, raised a long and loud laugh against the relater of it, a venerable divine: "Nothing," said the humourist, who when he has any thing to say, thinks the wit a sufficient apology for the rudeness of his interruptions—"nothing is easier to account for; the poor terrified woman, who, by the way, ought to have been at home mending her husband's stockings, would naturally endeavour to get away from a sight which affected her so disagreeably; and in the pressure of a rude and unyielding crowd, which generally collects on such occasions, might, very probably, be squeezed and bruised, herself as well as the infant, in the manner you describe, without having recourse to any supernatural means."

He who is laughed at will not long be listened to; the quoter of Malbranche attempted to reply, but every word was overpowered by the noisy mirth of his companions. Yet similar accidents of pregnant women alarmed by mutilated beggars, monkies, monsters, &c. &c. have frequently come under the notice of the writer of this article, and many persons of undoubted veracity.

The common-place scientific answer to facts like these is as follows: "the position you wish to support is impossible and untenable, for a nervous intercourse and communication between the mother and *fœtus hath never yet been discovered*, by the most accurate dissectors and diligent anatomists and physiologists: and, till such nervous connection hath been pointed out, it is impossible for a man at all acquainted with the animal economy to be of your opinion.

"The circumstances you mention, and the monstrous births you point out, I do not mean to doubt; but be assured they were mere *lusus naturæ*, and would have taken place precisely in the same way without the previous and intervening accidents. Such appearances take place every day in plants, herbs, and trees, and I hope you do not attribute it in them to the effect of a thinking principle."

It has been observed, in reply, that to allow that impressions of the mother *may* affect her child is no more difficult to account for than those striking resemblances between them in form, countenance and disposition.

Those reasoners on this subject, who cannot relinquish their opinions because the nervous communication *has not yet been discovered*, have been told, that this is no proof of its non-existence; their mode of arguing has been compared to that of an ingenious gentleman recorded in a former volume, who denied the circulation of the blood, because it was incompatible with the received notions and doctrines of Aristotle.

DIFFERENT VIEWS OF HUMAN NATURE.

"ALL," says a certain writer, "which can be done by a wise man (seeing that by nature he is appointed to act for the space of 30, 50, or 70 years, some ridiculous silly part in this fantastic theatre of misery, vice, and corruption), is either to lament with Heraclitus the iniquities of the world, or (which is the more cheerful, and therefore I do presume the more eligible, course) to laugh with Democritus at all the fools and knaves upon earth." Montaigne preferred Democritus's humour to Heraclitus's; "not," says he, "because it is more pleasant to laugh than to weep, but because it is more scornful, and more expressive of contempt, than the other: for," adds he, "I think we can never be enough despised." *Essais*, I. 50.—To Brutus, courting him into the conspiracy against Cæsar, Statilius answered, that he was "perfectly satisfied of the justness of the cause, but did not think mankind so considerable, as to deserve a wise man's concern:" agreeably to that of Theodorus, who "would not have a wise man run any risks for a company of fools."—Muretus seems to have entertained a sublimer idea of human importance; when, having fallen sick upon the road, and overhearing a consultation of physicians, who, supposing him an obscure person, agreed at length *facere periculum in corpore vili*, as they expressed it, he cried aloud, "What! will you presume to make experiments upon one, for whom Christ died?" *Menagiana*.

AN OLD PROVERB.

The old English proverb, 'An ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of learning,' seems well exemplified in the following dialogue, translated from the German:—

'How large is the moon which we now see in the heavens?' said Hans, the son of the clergyman, to the farmer's son, Frederick, as they were walking together on a fine summer's evening.

"*Frederick.*—As large as a baking-dish.

"*Hans.*—Ha! ha! ha! As large as a baking-dish? No, Frederick, it is full as large as a whole country.

"*Frederick.*—What do you tell me? as large as a whole country? How do you know it is so large?

"*Hans.*—My tutor told me so.

"While they were talking, Augustus, another boy, came by; and Hans ran laughing up to him, and said, Only hear, Augustus! Frederick says the moon is no larger than a baking-dish.

"No? replied Augustus. The moon must be at least as big as our barn. When my father has taken me with him into the city, I have observed that the globe on the top of the dome of the cathedral seems like a very little ball; and yet it will contain three sacks of corn, and the moon must be a great deal higher than the dome.

"Now which of these three little philosophers was the most intelligent?—I must give it in favour of the last; though Hans was most in the right, through the instruction of his master. But it is much more honourable to come even at all near the truth, by one's own reasoning, than to give implicit faith to the hypothesis of another."

MONSIEUR TRERET

WAS a learned Frenchman, under the regal government, who, on some unfounded pretence, was taken out of his bed, at two o'clock in the morning, and carried to the Bastile.

After a confinement of several weeks, and in perfect ignorance of the cause of his imprisonment, the Lieutenant of Police at last called to take his examination: "Will you have the goodness," said Treret, as that officer entered his room, "will you have the goodness to tell me, for what crime I am shut up in this place?" The Lieutenant replied with great coolness, "I think you have a great deal of curiosity."

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

History of the Female Sex; comprising a View of the Habits, Manners, and Influence of Women, among all Nations, from the earliest Ages to the present Time, translated from the German of C. Meiners, Counsellor of State to His Britannic Majesty, and Professor of Philosophy at the University of Gottingen. By Frederick Shoberl. 4 Vols. 12mo. l. 10s. Colburn. 1808.

“ ’Tis woman that seduces all mankind.” What Gay has ludicrously and ironically observed in the *Beggar’s Opera* is here exemplified with a solemnity which will not much recommend the author to the favourable opinion of the Ladies; for he seems more inclined to exhibit the frailties, follies, and vices, which have marked the career of several distinguished women, rather than those amiable and delicate traits, which with all their imperfections we are disposed to think are the predominant and distinguished characteristics of the female sex. M. Meiners takes a wide and extensive range, beginning with the state of women among the Heathen nations of Siberia and the Aborigines of America; then among the Negroes of America; the Inhabitants of Mangolia, the South of Asia, and the Islands of the East Indies and South Sea; the Eastern nations in general; the Sclavonic nations of Europe; the Celtic nations, during the times preceding the age of chivalry; the antient Greeks and Romans; and so through the nations of Europe, down to the æra of the French Revolution.

In the course of this History some curious facts and many amusing and interesting anecdotes are collected, but they are, compared with the entire contents of the four Volumes, as grains of wheat in a bundle of chaff; and consequently, scarce worth the trouble of searching for them. The Volume which treats of the age of Louis XIV. of France will be perused with the greatest degree of satisfaction; and from this part of the work we shall make one extract, which will serve to shew the

vast influence which some of the favourites of that King had over the affairs of State, and the dreadful effects, both moral and political, which *must* ensue, when women of bad character and dispositions are allowed to interfere with the sovereign authority.

“ The love of pleasure, pomp, and profusion, which the King excited, and rendered either habitual or indispensably necessary ; the consequent, speedy, and almost general impoverishment of the nobility ; the eagerness after favour, places, and pensions, resulting from urgent necessities and pressing embarrassments ; and the desire of making and advancing fortunes, were still more powerful causes of the universal corruption of morals. Men of rank, and even Princes, cringed before the King, before his ministers and his mistresses, before their minions and the favourites of the latter ; and this example, set by husbands and fathers, was followed by their wives and daughters. The women began to live in a low familiarity with men of business. Those who could not aspire to the comptroller, or the farmers-general, insinuated themselves into the good graces of their agents and clerks. They delivered in new projects, and proposed fresh taxes. They sold their patronage ; they sold their virtue ; they sold the marrow of the people. The labouring part of the nation was oppressed by the lovely part *. Those who possessed power made use of it for the purpose of plunder, or to sell to others the liberty of robbing and cheating with impunity. Such as durst not, or would not, have recourse to these expedients, sought to raise themselves in the world by advantageous marriages. Men of the highest rank courted the daughters of opulent financiers, or of favourites, by whose recommendation they hoped to obtain large dowries, lucrative places or pensions †. The blood of the French nobility became depraved ; the distinctions of rank were almost abolished, and wealth was the only standard by which the worth and

* *Mem. de Maintenon*, II. p. 114.

† For a niece of Madame de Maintenon, even a Prince of the house of Lorraine, and the son of the Duke de Noailles, durst not offer themselves as suitors. The latter obtained her hand, and Mademoiselle d'Aubigny was the commencement of the prodigious fortune which the house of Noailles in the sequel acquired. *Mem. de Maintenon*, IV. p 250.

consequence of persons and families was estimated. Among the whole court, small indeed was the number of beautiful women, who would not have offered, or have been ready on the slightest intimation, to sacrifice their own honour, and that of their families, to the happiness of being the mistress of the King. There was, in fact, not a family at the Court of Louis XIV. but what built the hope of honours and fortune on the beauty of their daughters, and encouraged the latter to make it their study to gain the affections of the King*.

“The same wants and desires which originated in the avidity for favour, places, and pensions, were increased and still more generally diffused by the passion for play. The King, as I have already related in another place, prohibited the most ruinous games of hazard in the capital, upon pain of death; but at the same time tolerated them at court. He played himself; the Queen, the Princes, and the Princesses, were passionately attached to play. The courtiers followed their illustrious examples, and played so high, that a person sometimes lost one hundred thousand pistoles in an evening. Gentlemen and ladies of the highest rank kept gaming-houses or banks, which were so many lures for the avarice of men; so many abysses that engulfed the fortunes of families; so many rocks on which the happiness, honour, and virtue of natives and foreigners were wrecked. From these places emissaries were sent out to discover such persons as had been left a rich inheritance, or had received a considerable present, or had gained an important law-suit, or had won a large sum at play, or who were willing to stake upon a card the moines with which they were entrusted. Numberless were the instances of persons who totally ruined themselves by gaming, and had no other excuse to make, than that they could not live without play.”

* This was the case with Mademoiselle de la Mothe;—*Hist. Amour. des Gaules*. II. p. 24, and afterwards with Mademoiselle de Fontanges, as well as many others.

Poems, and Tales ; by Miss Trefusis, 12mo. 2 vols. 10s. Tipper. 1808.

With many faults, these poems possess great excellencies: an elegant simplicity is their prevailing character; and the amiable author, who survived the publication but a few months, seems to have been careful to blend the purest morality with the effusions of her fancy. We cordially recommend them to her fair countrywomen.

Observations on Seduction and Prostitution, and on the evil Consequences arising from them ; extracted from Matthew Henry's Exposition on the Old and New Testament ; by Mary Smith, a Penitent, late of the Magdalen Hospital ; and published for her Benefit : with a Poem, by Mr. Pratt, on the same Subject. Second Edition. To which are prefixed, preliminary Observations ; and an Address to the Legislature, containing some proposed Measures for the Suppression of Seduction and Female Prostitution. 12mo. 2s. 6d. Hatchard, 1808.

The shocking prevalence of *Seduction*, of which *Prostitution* is the necessary and almost unavoidable consequence, demands the serious attention and strongest check of the legislature. In what mode, and to what extent, the law should be allowed to act, we do not presume to suggest; but surely some measures should be devised and sanctioned by Parliamentary authority, for the severer punishment of seduction, and adultery, crimes which stand foremost among the *crying sins of the nation*. In these observations their moral and religious guilt is forcibly painted, and, as brought forward, or rather compiled, by a Penitent female, who has tasted the bitterness of Prostitution, but has happily been snatched from the perdition to which it leads, they may have a beneficial effect if properly circulated among her more unfortunate sisters. Under this impression we strongly recommend the present pamphlet, which may also be read with advantage by every description of persons, male and female. We are aware of the difficulty

of adopting new legislative measures for the punishment of seducers and adulterers, and that some of our most zealous moralists have been foiled in the benevolent attempt to establish them. But the endeavour is not yet hopeless; and when the times shall be under less political pressure, we trust that this interesting point will not pass without the serious consideration due to it.

We need not offer any apology for quoting the following Observations from Mr. Colquhoun's *Treatise on the Metropolis*.

“ In contemplating the case of those unhappy females who support themselves by prostitution in the metropolis of London, and in the *country towns*, it is impossible to avoid dropping a tear of pity. Many of them, perhaps, originally seduced from a state of innocence, while they were the joy and comfort of their unhappy parents—many of them born and educated to expect a better fate, until, deceived by falsehood and villany, they see their error when it is too late to recede. In this situation, abandoned by their relations and friends, deserted by their seducers, and at large upon the world, loathed and avoided by those who formerly held them in estimation, what are they to do? In the present unhappy state of things, they seem to have no alternative, but to become the miserable instruments of promoting and practising that species of seduction and immorality of which they themselves were the victims. And what is the result?—It is pitiable to relate—They are compelled by necessity to mingle with an abandoned herd, who have long been practised in the walks of infamy, and they too become speedily polluted and depraved. Oaths, imprecations, and obscene language, by degrees become familiar to their ears, and necessity compels them to endure, and at length to imitate, and practise, in their turn, upon the unwary youth, who too easily falls into the snare.

“ Thus it is from the multitudes of those unhappy females, that assemble now in all parts of large cities and towns, that the morals of the youth are corrupted; that unnecessary expenses are incurred; and undue, and too often criminal, means are resorted to for the purpose of gratifying passions, which, but for these temptations constantly assailing them in almost every street in the metropolis of London, and in all the large cities and towns in the country, would not have been thought of. Through

this medium, *apprentices, clerks, and other persons in trust*, are seduced from the paths of honesty, masters are plundered, and parents are afflicted; while many a youth, who might have become the pride of his family, a comfort to the declining years of his parents, and an ornament to society, exchanges a life of virtue and industry for the pursuits of the gambler, the swindler, and the vagabond. Nor is the lot of these poor deluded females less deplorable. Although some few of them may obtain settlements, while others bask for a while in the temporary sunshine of ease and splendour, the major part end a short life in misery and wretchedness.

“What has become of the multitudes of unfortunate females, elegant in their persons, and sumptuous in their attire, who were seen in the streets of the metropolis of London, and in other large cities, and at places of public amusement, twenty years ago? Alas! could their progress be developed, and their ultimate situations or exit from the world disclosed, it would lay open a catalogue of sufferings and affliction beyond what the most romantic fancy could depict or exhibit to the feeling mind.

“Exposed to the rude insults of the inebriated and the vulgar, the impositions of brutal officers and watchmen, and to the chilling blasts of the night, during the most inclement weather, in thin apparel, partly in compliance with the fashion of the day, but more frequently from the pawnbrokers’ shops rendering their necessary garments inaccessible, diseases are generated which even their unhappy vocation does not produce. No pitying hand appears to help them in such situations. The feeling parent or relation is far off. An abandoned monster of the same sex, inured in the practice of infamy and seduction, instead of the consolation which sickness requires, threatens to turn the unhappy victim out of doors, when the means of subsistence are cut off, and the premium for shelter is no longer forthcoming; or, perhaps, the unfeeling landlord of a miserable half-furnished lodging afflicts the poor unhappy female, by declarations equally hostile to the feelings of humanity, till, at length, turned out into the streets, she languishes and ends her miserable days in an hospital or a workhouse or, perhaps, perishes in some inhospitable hovel alone, without a friend to console her, or a fel-

low mortal to close her eyes, in the pangs of dissolution.

“ To restore to a virtuous and industrious course of life the unfortunate *victims* of *seduction*, is, no doubt, one of the grèatest acts of mercy we are capable of performing. Séveral institutions, for this truly Christian purpose, are established in or near this metropolis—the Magdalen Hospital, the Lock Asylum, and the London Female Penitentiary. It is scarcely possible to imagine a situation more wretched, and more to be pitied, than that into which many of these unhappy sufferers are plunged, by the wicked arts of their seducers; and great indeed must be the joy of those persons who are more immediately employed in bringing back these miserable young women to the paths of virtue, and restoring them to the arms of their afflicted parents and friends: but our endeavours should not only be exercised in reclaiming those who have fallen into such misfortunes, we ought likewise to do what lies in our power to protect the unwary female from the snares of the cruel seducer, the plunderer of virtue and innocence.”

The Contrast; a Poem: including Comparative Views of Britain, France, and Spain, at the present Moment; in two parts; addressed to an English Nobleman. By Mr. Pratt, Author of “Sympathy, Gleanings,” &c. &c. 3d Edit. corrected, 12mo. p. 28. Cradock and Joy, 1808.

The primary object of Mr. Pratt, in these lines, was to congratulate Lord Shaftesbury on his return to England from his confinement in France, and to *contrast* the situation of the two countries; which he has done with great force and feeling: but the noble resistance to the Gallic yoke in Spain prompted him to enlarge his Poem, and “ build the lofty rhyme” in celebration of an occurrence which is worthy of the best offerings of the Muse, and, whatever may be the fate of the contest, will conduce to the everlasting glory of the Spanish character.

After dwelling on the atrocities of the French, and the state of wretched degradation to which Bonaparte has reduced his subjects, Mr. Pratt finely adverts to the noble efforts in Spain.

" But, O ! what visions, awful and profound,
 Pregnant with happier omens, crowd around :
 What kindling glory bursts upon the sight,
 Fair as when chaos hail'd the birth of light ;
 When the *first* sunbeam on the mass was shed,
 And utter darkness from the radiance fled ;
 Swift as the light'ning's flash, the thunder's roll,
 Th' effulgence rushes on the startled soul.
 Lo ! as it spreads into more perfect day !
 Exulting myriads bless th' expanding ray,
 Pursue th' illumin'd track their fathers trod,
 Rise to new life, and feel the inspiring God.
 From Heav'n from highest Heav'n, descends the flame,
 To point and guide the way to gen'rous fame.
 'Twas thus the pillar'd fire its beam display'd,
 To gild the sacred path which Heaven had made."

We have only room for one more extract. The brief recapitulation of some of the ancient exploits of the Spaniards is highly animated. He urges the brave patriots to proceed in imitating the valour of their ancestors, and set the same brilliant example to *their* posterity.

" Hence may the captive nations nobly rise,
 And take again the track where glory lies !
 AUSTRIA renew'd, her spirit still unbroke,
 Th' unblemish'd Charles may rescue from her yoke ;
 Deluded RUSSIA may redeem her fame,
 And feel the tinge of mingled rage and shame.
 Redeem'd from serpent GALLIA's loath'd embrace,
 (For just revenge may arm her hardy race,)
 DENMARK again may meet BRITANNIA's hand ;
 And even degraded PRUSSIA's fetter'd band,
 As from the mould'ring mansions of the dead,
 Haply may raise once more her shrouded head.
 Thrice noble SWEDE ! of an undaunted line,
 In this vast strife our hopes, our pray'rs, are thine !
 Illustrious son of an illustrious sire,
 Whom honour, virtue, and the Muse inspire !"

He concludes with panegyriizing Great Britain for lending its aid to the Spanish cause ; an aid which we almost fear has been afforded too late ; at least, from what has recently occurred, without giving way to dependence, we have certainly more to apprehend than to hope or expect. Heaven prosper the right !



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THE DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.—*Shakspeare.*

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

THIS gentleman was descended from a very ancient family of that name, seated at Grace-Dieu, in Leicestershire. His grandfather, John Beaumont, had been Master of the Rolls, and his father, Francis Beaumont, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas. Nor was his descent less honourable on the side of his mother, whose name was Anne, the daughter of George Pierrepont, of Home-Pierrepont, in the county of Nottingham, Esq. and of the same family from which the present Duke of Kingston derives his ancestry.

Our poet, however, appears to have been only a younger son, Jacob mentioning a brother of his by the title of Sir Henry Beaumont, though Cibber with more propriety, in his *Lives of the Poets*, vol. I. p. 157, calls him Sir John Beaumont. He was born in the year 1585, and received his education at Cambridge, and he afterwards was entered a student in the Inner Temple. Although, out of fifty-three plays, which are collected together as the labours of Beaumont and Fletcher, Beaumont was concerned in much the greatest part of them, yet he did not live to complete his thirtieth year; he died in the beginning of March 1615, on the 9th day of which he was interred in the entrance of St. Benedict's Chapel, in Westminster-Abbey. He left behind him only one daughter, Mrs. Frances Beaumont, who must then have been an infant, as she died in Leicestershire since the year 1700. She had been possessed of several MS. poems of her father's writing, which were lost in her voyage from Ireland, in which kingdom she had resided for some time, in the family of the Duke of Ormond.

JOHN FLETCHER.

THIS gentleman was not more meanly descended than his poetical colleague; his father, the Rev. Dr. Fletcher, having been first made Bishop of Bristol, by Queen Eliza-

beth, and afterwards by the same monarch, in the year 1593, translated to the see of London. Our poet was born in 1576, and was, as well as his friend, educated at Cambridge, where he made a great proficiency in his studies, and was accounted a very good scholar. His natural vivacity of wit, for which he was remarkable, soon rendered him a devotee to the Muses; and his close attention to their service, and fortunate connection with a genius equal to his own, soon raised him to one of the highest places in the temple of poetical fame. As he was born near ten years before Mr. Beaumont, so he did also survive him by an equal number of years; the general calamity of a plague, which happened in the year 1625, involving him in its great destruction, he being at that time forty-nine years of age.

THOMAS OTWAY.

HE was the son of the Rev. Mr. Humphrey Otway, Rector of Woolbeding, in Sussex, and was born the 3d of March, in the year 1651. He received his education at Wickeham school, near Winchester, and became a commoner of Christ Church, in Oxford, in 1669. But, on his quitting the university, and coming to London, he turned player. His success as an actor was but indifferent, having made only one attempt in Mrs. Behn's tragedy of *The Jealous Bridegroom*; he was more valued for the sprightliness of his conversation and the acuteness of his wit; which gained him the friendship of the Earl of Plymouth, who procured him a Cornet's commission in the troops which then served in Flanders.

Otway, like the rest of the wits of every age, was but a bad economist; and therefore it is no wonder that we generally find him in very necessitous circumstances. This was particularly the case with him at his return from Flanders. He was, moreover, averse to the military profession, and it is therefore not extraordinary, all things considered, that Tom and his commission soon quarrelled and parted, never to meet again.

After this, he had recourse to writing for the stage; and now it was that he found out the only employment that nature seems to have fitted him for. In comedy he has been deemed too licentious; which, however, was no great objection to those who lived in the profligate days of Charles II. But in tragedy few of our English poets



A. C. Miller pinxt.

Woodman Pin. sculp.

Published March 1st 1808; by Mathews & Leigh.



Richardson pinx.

Meadows sculp.

Published by Mathews and Leigh, June 1st 1808.

ever equalled him; and perhaps none ever excelled him in touching the passions, particularly that of love.

But though Otway possessed, in so eminent a degree, the rare talent of writing to the heart, yet he was not very favourably regarded by some of his contemporary poets; nor was he always successful in his dramatic compositions. After experiencing many reverses of fortune, in regard to his circumstances, but generally changing for the worse, he at last died wretchedly in a public house on Tower-Hill, April 14, 1685, whither he had retired to avoid the pressure of his creditors. Some have said, that hunger compelling him to fall too eagerly upon a piece of bread, of which he had been some time in want, the first mouthful choked him, and instantly put a period to his days.

SIR RICHARD STEELE

WAS born about the year 1677, in Ireland, in which kingdom one branch of the family was possessed of a considerable estate in the county of Wexford. His father, a counsellor at law in Dublin, was private secretary to James Duke of Ormond, but he was of English extraction, and his son, while very young, being carried to London, he put him to school at the Charter-house, whence he was removed to Merton College, in Oxford, where he was admitted a post-master in 1692. His inclination and genius being turned to polite literature, he commenced author during his residence in the university, and actually finished a comedy; which, however, he thought fit to suppress, as unworthy of his genius. Mr. Steele was well-beloved and respected by the whole society, and had a good interest with them after he left the university, which he did without taking any degree, in the full resolution to enter into the army. This step was highly displeasing to his friends; but the ardour of his passion for a military life rendered him deaf to any other proposal. Not being able to procure a better station, he entered as a private gentleman in the horse-guards, notwithstanding he thereby lost the succession to his Irish estate. However, as he had a flow of good nature, a generous openness and frankness of spirit, and a sparkling vivacity of wit,—these qualities rendered him the delight of the soldiery, and procured him an ensign's commis-



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FLETCHER.

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Works entire, which still does, and perhaps ever will, stand foremost among the attempts made on that author. The *petite pieces* of this eminent writer, such as Prologues, Epilogues, Epitaphs, Elegies, Songs, &c. are too numerous to be specified here. They have been collected into volumes, and are now incorporated in his works among the English Poets. His *Fables*, the last work he published, consist of many of the most interesting stories in Homer, Ovid, Boccace, and Chaucer, translated or modernized in the most elegant and poetical manner, together with some original pieces, among which is the Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

Dryden married the Lady Elizabeth Howard, sister to the Earl of Berkshire, who survived him eight years, though for the last four of them she was a lunatic, having been deprived of her senses by a nervous fever. By this lady he had three sons, who all survived him. Their names were Charles, John, and Henry.

Dryden departed this life on the first of May, 1701, and was interred in Westminster-Abbey. On the 19th of April he had been very bad with the gout and erisipelas in one leg; but he was then somewhat recovered, and designed to go abroad; on the Friday following he eat a partridge for his supper, and going to take a turn in the little garden behind his house in Gerard-street, he was seized with a violent pain under the ball of the great toe of his right foot; unable to stand, he cried out for help, and was carried in by his servants, when, upon sending for surgeons, they found a small black spot in the place affected; he submitted to their present applications, and when gone called his son Charles to him, using these words: "I know this black spot is a mortification: I know also that it will seize my head, and that they will attempt to cut off my leg; but I command you, my son, by your filial duty, that you do not suffer me to be dismembered:" as he foretold, the event proved; and his son was too dutiful to disobey his father's commands.

On the Wednesday morning following he breathed his last, under the most excruciating pains, in the 69th year of his age.

WILLIAM WYCHERLY.

THIS eminent comic poet, who was born about the year 1640, was the eldest son of Daniel Wycherly, of Cleve,



Sir P. Lely pinx.

Meyer. sculp.

Published Sep: 1708, by Musters & Leigh.

in Shropshire, Esq. When he was about fifteen years of age, he was sent to France, where he became a Roman Catholic; but on his return to England; and being entered a Gentleman-Commoner of Queen's College in Oxford, he was reconciled to the Protestant religion. He afterwards entered himself in the Middle Temple; but, making his first appearance in town in the loose reign of Charles II. when wit and gaiety were the favourite distinctions, he soon quitted the dry study of the law, and pursued things more agreeable to his own genius, as well as to the taste of the age. As nothing was likely to take better than dramatic performances, especially comedies, he applied himself to this species of writing. On the appearance of his first play, he became acquainted with several of the first-rate wits, and likewise with the Duchess of Cleveland, with whom, according to the secret history of those times, he was admitted to the last degree of intimacy. Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, had also the highest esteem for him, and, as Master of the Horse to the King, made him one of his Equerries; as Colonel of a regiment, Captain-Lieutenant of his own company, resigning to him at the same time his own pay as Captain, with many other advantages. King Charles likewise shewed him signal marks of favour; and once gave him a proof of his esteem, which perhaps never any Sovereign Prince before had given to a private gentleman. Mr. Wycherly being ill of a fever at his lodgings in Bow-street, the King did him the honour of a visit. Finding him extremely weakened, and his spirits miserably shattered, he commanded him to take a journey to the south of France, believing that the air of Montpellier would contribute to restore him, and assured him, at the same time, that he would order him 500*l.* to defray the charges of the journey. Mr. Wycherly accordingly went into France, and, having spent the winter there, returned to England, entirely restored to his former vigour. The King, shortly after his arrival, told him that he had a son, who he was resolved should be educated like the son of a King, and that he could not choose a more proper man for his governor than Mr. Wycherly; for which service 1500*l.* *per annum* should be settled upon him.

Mr. Wycherly, however, such is the uncertain state of all human affairs, lost the favour of the King by the following means:—Immediately after he had received the gracious offer above mentioned, he went down to Tun-

bridge, where, walking one day upon the Wells'-walk, with his friend, Mr. Fairbeard, of Gray's Inn, just as he came up to the bookseller's shop, the Countess of Drogheda, a young widow, rich, noble, and beautiful, came there to inquire for the *The Plain Dealer*. "Madam," said Mr. Fairbeard, "since you are for the *Plain Dealer*, there he is for you;" pushing Mr. Wycherly towards her. "Yes," said Mr. Wycherly, "this lady can bear plain dealing; for she appears to be so accomplished, that what would be a compliment to others, would be plain dealing to her." "No, truly, Sir," said the Countess, "I am not without my faults, any more than the rest of my sex; and yet, notwithstanding, I love plain dealing, and am never more fond of it than when it tells me of them." "Then madam," says Mr. Fairbeard, "you and the *Plain Dealer* seem designed by Heaven for each other." In short, Mr. Wycherly walked a turn or two with the Countess, waited upon her home, visited her daily at her lodgings while she staid at Tunbridge, and at her lodgings in Hatton-garden after she went to London; where in a little time he married her, without acquainting the King. But this match, so promising in appearance to his fortunes and happiness, was the actual ruin of both. As soon as the news came of it to court, it was looked upon as a contempt of his Majesty's orders; and Mr. Wycherly's conduct after his marriage occasioned this to be resented still more heinously; for he seldom or never went near the court. The true cause of his absence, however, was not known. In short, the lady was jealous of him to that degree, that she could not endure him to be one moment out of her sight. Their lodgings were in Bow-street, Covent-garden, over against the Cock; whither, if he at any time went with his friends, he was obliged to leave the windows open, that his lady might see there was no woman in company. Nevertheless, she made him some amends by dying in a reasonable time. She settled her fortune on him: but his title being disputed after her death, the expenses of the law, and other incumbrances, so far reduced him, that, not-being able to satisfy the importunity of his creditors, he was flung into prison, where he languished several years; nor was he released, until King James II. going to see his *Plain Dealer*, was so charmed with the entertainment, that he gave immediate orders for the payment



Engraved by Evans, from an Original Painting.

Published by Mathews & Leigh, 1807.

of his debts ; adding withal a pension of 200*l.* *per annum* while he continued in England. But the bountiful intentions of that Prince had not all the designed effect, for Wycherly was ashamed to give the Earl of Mulgrave, whom the King had sent to demand it, a full account of his debts. He laboured under these difficulties until his father died ; and then too the estate that descended to him was left under very uneasy limitations, since, being only a tenant for life, he could not raise money for the payment of his debts. However, he took a method of doing it which few suspected to be his choice ; and this was, making a jointure. He had often declared that he was resolved to *die* married, though he could not bear the thoughts of *living* in that state again : accordingly, just at the eve of his death, he married a young gentlewoman with 1500*l.* fortune, part of which he applied to the uses he wanted it for. Eleven days after the celebration of these nuptials, on the 1st of January, 1715, he died, and was interred in the vault of Covent-garden church.

BARTON BOOTH,

WITH a very classical and highly improved judgment, possessed all the natural powers of an actor in a very eminent degree. " He was of a middle stature, five feet eight ; his form rather inclining to the athletic, though nothing clumsy or heavy ; his air and deportment naturally graceful, with a marking eye, and a manly sweetness in his countenance.

" His voice was completely harmonious, from the softness of the flute to the extent of the trumpet : his attitudes were all picturesque : he was noble in his designs, and happy in his execution *."

To this testimony Aaron Hill (a writer of great theatrical knowledge) adds, " It was this actor's peculiar felicity to be heard and seen the same, whether as the *pleased*, the *grieved*, the *pitying*, the *reproachful*, or the *angry*. One would be almost tempted to borrow the aid of a very bold figure, and, to express this excellence the more significantly, beg permission to affirm, that the *blind* might have seen him in his *voice*, and the *deaf* have heard him in his *visage*.

* Victor's History of the Theatre.

Though Booth, from the possession of these qualifications, must by attending to them, have necessarily reached the top of his profession, it was not till the production of *Cato* that he gained his eminence; and as the manner by which he obtained this part shews ingenuity and address on his side, as well as judgment on the side of the managers, we shall here relate it.

When Mr. Addison carried this admirable tragedy to the green-room, he, of course, as the author, read it first to the players: but being a man of uncommon bashfulness and diffidence, after this he desired Cibber would supply his place, who read it so much to the satisfaction of the author, that he requested him to perform the part of *Cato*.

Cibber, though otherwise a vain man, knew his own *forte* too well to risk his reputation in a character so much out of his way; he therefore preferred the part of *Syphax*, whilst Wilks took that of *Juba*. *Cato*, however, still remained undisposed of, till they both agreed that Booth would be the most likely representative, from figure, voice, and judgment, of this virtuous Roman; but Wilks, fearing that Booth would think himself injured in being cast for so venerable a character, (he being then a young man,) had the good nature to carry the part to his lodgings himself; to inform him of its importance; and to persuade him, if necessary, to accept it. Booth, who told this anecdote to Victor, said, "that he sunk the importance of the character, and seemed to accept it entirely at the manager's desire; which condescending behaviour, with his performance of the part so much to the delight and admiration of the audience, gave both Wilks and Cibber the greatest pleasure." However, when the consequences began soon after to appear, viz. a reputation and interest to obtain a special licence from the Queen to be included as fourth manager of the theatre, this pleasure was converted into remorse and disappointment, and ended with one of the managers (Dogget) retiring in disgust from the stage for ever.

The parts which Booth principally distinguished himself in, beside *Cato*, were *Pyrrhus*, *Othello*, *Brutus*, *Lear*, *Marc Antony*, *Aurengzebe*, *Jaffier*, the *Ghost in Hamlet*, &c.



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MRS. WOFFINGTON.

THE origin of Miss Woffington, as is well known, was very humble. Her mother, on the death of her father, kept a small grocer's shop (commonly called in Ireland a huckster's shop) upon Ormond-quay; and under this inauspicious circumstance did a woman, who afterwards delighted nations, and attracted the highest private regards, begin her career in life. What first gave rise to the accomplishment of so great a change, the following circumstance will explain.

There was a Frenchwoman, of the name of Madame Violante, who took up an occasional residence in Dublin about the year 1728. This woman was celebrated for exhibiting great feats of grace and agility on the tight rope, &c. &c.; and, as she supported a good private character, her exhibitions were much resorted to at that time by people of the best fashion. Violante varied her amusements to the floating caprices of taste; and, as "The Beggar's Opera" was then the rage all over the three kingdoms, she undertook to get up a representation of this celebrated piece with a company of children, or, as they were called in the bills of that day, "Lilliputian Actors." Woffington, who was then only in the tenth year of her age, she fixed upon as her *Macheath*; and such was the power of her infant talents, not a little perhaps aided by the partialities in favour of the opera, that the Lilliputian Theatre was crowded every night, and the spirit and address of the little hero the theme of every theatrical conversation.

Here was not only an early and accidental decision of her genius for the stage, but for her future excellence in *breeches parts*; as, had not the character of *Macheath* been assigned her, it is more than probable, she would have gone on in the usual line of acting, without ever being celebrated as the best male rake of her day.

A commencement so favourable got her an engagement a few years afterwards at Smock-alley Theatre, Dublin, where she soon fulfilled every expectation that was formed of her; and so little did her humble birth, and early education, bow down her mind to her situation, that her talents were found evidently to lie in the representation of females of high rank and dignified deportment. Her person was suitable to such an exhibition, being of size above the middle stature, elegantly formed, and, though not an absolute beauty, had a face full of ex-

pression and vivacity. She was, beside, highly accomplished for the stage, being a perfect mistress of dancing, and of the French language; both of which she acquired under the tuition of Madame Violante.

Her reputation on the Irish stage drew an offer from Mr. Rich, the manager of Covent-garden Theatre, for an engagement at a very handsome salary, which Miss Woffington accepted, and in the the winter of 1740, (when our heroine was exactly twenty-two years of age,) she made her first appearance on the London stage in the character of Sylvia, in "The Recruiting Officer;" and in the same month she performed Sir Harry Wildair. The publication of this part to be undertaken by a *woman* excited the curiosity of the public, and more particularly as the character had for the most part lain dormant since the death of Wilks, (seven years before that time,) who was universally esteemed the first Sir Harry on the stage. However this curiosity was fully satisfied in favour of Miss Woffington, it was admitted by the best critics that she represented this gay, good-humoured, dissipated, rake of fashion, with an ease, elegance, and deportment, which seemed almost out of the reach of female accomplishments; and her fame flew about the town with such rapidity, that the comedy had a run, and proved a considerable addition to the treasury for many seasons afterwards.

Miss Woffington, however great her reputation in this part, did not rest it wholly in Sir Harry. In characters of easy high-bred deportment, such as Millimant, Lady Townly, Lady Betty Modish, &c. she possessed a first-rate merit. She likewise excelled in many of the humorous parts of comedy; such as Lady Pliant, in Congreve's "Double Dealer;" Mrs. Day, in "The Committee;" and others; not in the least scrupling, on these occasions, to convert the natural beauty of her face to the wrinkles of old age, and put on the tawdry habiliments and vulgar manners of the old hypocritical city vixen.

In 1751, Mrs. Woffington quitted the London Theatres for a very profitable engagement under Mr. Thomas Sheridan, who was at that time Manager of Smock-alley House. It was at this æra that Woffington might have been said to have reached the *acme* of her fame: she was then in the bloom of her person, accomplishments, and profession; highly distinguished for her wit and vivacity; with a charm of conversation that at once

attracted the admiration of the men, and the envy of the women.

How she was considered as an actress may be estimated from the following theatrical record, where Victor tells us, that, although her article with the Manager was but for *four hundred pounds*, yet by four of her characters, performed ten nights each that season, viz. Lady Townly, Maria, in the Nonjuror, Sir Harry Wildair, and Hermione, she brought *four thousand pounds*; an instance, he adds, never known in any theatre from four old stock plays, and in two of which the Manager bore no part.

The next year Sheridan liberally enlarged her salary to *eight hundred pounds*; and though it was to be imagined that her force to draw audiences must be weakened, yet the profits, at closing the Theatre, did not fall short of more than three hundred pounds of the first season.

Her company *off* was equally sought for as *on* the stage; and though she did not much admire the frivolity of her own sex, and consequently did not mix much with them, she was the delight of some of the gravest and most scientific characters in Church and State. She was well known to be at the head of the Beef-Steak Club (a club held every Saturday at the Manager's expense, and principally composed of Lords and Members of Parliament,) for many years, where no woman was admitted but herself: and where wit and spirit, in taking their most excursive flights, never once broke through the laws of decorum.

This celebrated club, however, which made so great a noise at that time in the theatrical world, and at which Mrs. Woffington gave and received such infinite satisfaction, after a few years *dwindled* into what was called "Party Meeting," where *Opposition* thought the *Court* was too predominant; and, in consequence of this opinion, wreaked their vengeance, in the end, on the unoffending Manager. Mrs. Woffington saw these troubles brewing, and actually afloat, whilst she remained in Dublin; she therefore thought proper to relinquish this scene of warfare once more for the regions of London, and in the winter of 1756 returned to her old quarters under Rich, the Manager of Covent-garden Theatre.

Though Mrs. Woffington was now only in her *thirty-eighth* year (a time of life, generally speaking, which may be called *meridional* in point of constitution and professional talents), her health began visibly to decline:

she, however, pursued her public profession till the year before her death, when her disorder increasing, she retired from the stage in 1759, and died on the 28th of March, 1760.

Her death was considered at that time as a general loss to the stage; and Mr. Hoole, (the ingenious Translator of Ariosto, &c.) who knew her perfectly well, has in the following lines (which we have extracted from his Monody to her Memory) drawn her public and private character so faithfully, that we cannot better conclude this sketch, than by giving them a repetition in this place.

Blest in each art, by Nature form'd to please,
With beauty, sense, with elegance and ease,
Whose piercing genius study'd all mankind,
All Shakspeare opening to thy vigorous mind;
In every scene of comic humour known,
In sprightly sallies, wit was all thy own:
Whether you seem'd the Cit's more humble wife,
Or shone in Townly's higher sphere of life,
Alike thy spirit knew each turn of wit,
And gave new force to all the poet writ.
Nor was thy worth to public scenes confin'd,
Thou knew'st the noblest feelings of the mind;
Thy ears were ever open to distress,
Thy ready hand was ever stretch'd to bless;
Thy breast humane for each unhappy felt,
Thy heart for others' sorrows prone to melt.
In vain did Envy point her scorpion sting,
In vain did Malice shake her blasting wing,
Each gen'rous breast disdain'd th' displeasing tale,
And cast o'er every fault Oblivion's veil.

WILKS, THE CELEBRATED ACTOR.

THOUGH we have no very favourable account of Wilks from Colley Cibber, who hated him personally, as well as Dogget, (though he had more prudence in concealing it during Wilks's life,) and though he always preferred Powel to him, "who," he says, "excelled him in voice and ear in Tragedy, as well as humour in Comedy;" yet he, on the whole, is obliged to allow him qualifications which leave him a very considerable actor; particularly in his Sir Harry Wildair, Essex, Mark Antony, Valentine, Plume, &c. &c. To these he adds his uncommon attention to be perfect in his parts, which he was so exact in, that "I question," says Cibber, "if, in forty years, he ever five times changed or misplaced an article in any one of them."

Of his determined perseverance in this exercise of



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memory, he adds the following curious instance: "In some new Comedy he happened to complain of a crabbed speech in his part, which he said gave him more trouble to study than all the rest; upon which he applied to the author, either to soften or shorten it. The author, that he might make matters perfectly easy to him, fairly cut it all out: but when Wilks got home from the rehearsal, he thought it such an indignity to his memory that any thing should be too hard for it, that he actually made himself perfect in that speech, though he knew it was never to be made use of."

Wilks's general merits as an actor may be divided into the gay and fashionable characters of Comedy, and the animated and pathetic scenes of Tragedy. As a lover, no person, since the death of Mountford, who was his predecessor, could reach him; nor was he, perhaps, ever equalled, till the laurel descended upon Barry; and Davies, who had seen him act, speaks highly of his Edgar, Macduff, Mark Antony, Prince of Wales, &c.

Of Mark Antony, he says, "As soon as Wilks entered on the stage, without taking any notice of the conspirators, he walked quickly up to the dead body of Cæsar, and knelt down: he then paused for some time before he spoke, and, after surveying the corpse with manifest tokens of the deepest sorrow, he addressed it in a most affecting and pathetic manner."

Of his Prince of Wales he speaks in still higher terms. "The Prince, by Wilks," says he, "was one of the most perfect exhibitions of the Theatre, who, with great skill and nature, threw aside the libertine gaiety of Hal when he assumed the princely deportment of Henry. At the Boar's-head he was lively and frolicsome: in the reconciliation with his father, his penitence was gracefully becoming, and his resolution of amendment manly and affecting."

"In his challenge of Hotspur, his defiance was equally gallant and modest: in his combat with that nobleman, his fire was tempered with moderation; and his reflections on the death of the great rebel generous and pathetic. The Hotspur of Booth, though a noble portrait of courage, humour, and gallantry, was not superior to the Prince of Wales by Wilks."

Macklin used to praise him in three parts, which, perhaps, were the only characters he might have seen him in; and these were, his Mark Antony, Captain Plume,

and Lord Townly. He spoke highly of the first, but with the most unqualified applause of the two last, which were perfect models of ease and good breeding. To these testimonies we shall add that of an Irish Barrister, of great eminence, who died about thirty years ago, and who was always considered not more eminent in the walks of his profession than in those of dramatic criticism. From him we have been informed, "that whatever Wilks did upon the stage, let it be ever so trifling, whether it consisted in putting on his gloves or taking out his watch, lolling on his cane or taking snuff, every movement was marked with such an ease of breeding and manner, every thing told so strongly the involuntary motion of a gentleman, that it was impossible to consider the character he represented in any other light than that of a reality."

"But what was still more surprising," said the Gentleman, in relating this anecdote, "that the person who could thus delight an audience, from the gaiety and sprightliness of his manner, I met the next day in the street hobbling to a hackney-coach, seemingly so enfeebled by age and infirmities, that I could scarcely believe him to be the same man." Such is the power of illusion, when a great genius feels the importance of character*!"

With Wilks's general talents for tragedy, there were some parts that he was unequal to; and in particular the Ghost in Hamlet. One day, at rehearsal, Booth took the liberty to jest with him upon it. "Why, Bob," says he, "I thought last night you wanted to play at fisty-cuffs with me, (Booth played Hamlet to his Ghost,) you bullied me so, who, by the bye, you ought to have revered. I remember, when I acted the Ghost with Betterton, instead of my awing him, he terrified me—but there was a divinity hung round that man!"

To this rebuke, Wilks, feeling its propriety, modestly replied, "Mr. Betterton and Mr. Booth could always act as they pleased; but, for my part, I must do as well as I can."

* The above event took place in the year 1729, two years before the death of Wilks, who, as Cibber tells us, "was much more enfeebled by the constant irritations of his temper than he was by his declining years."

POETRY.

THE TRANSMUTATION;
OR,
THE GIFT OF GENIUS. A VISION.

As lately, on the mountain's side,
I lay in holy trance;
Ethereal spirits I espied
Upon the moonbeams dance.

Pass'd me flow'd a murmuring stream,
'Neath the boughs of willows weeping;
Zephyr courted Luna's beam,
While his gloomy sire was sleeping.

Then I heard a clap of thunder
Break the elements among;
From my lyre escap'd a number,
Such as ne'er adorn'd my song.

O'er my head I view'd a Spirit,
All his features were sublime;
"Know (he said) thou shalt inherit,
"Power amid these orbs to climb."

In his hands a torch he bore,
Swift he flew on wings of fire;
Thrice he bade the tempest roar,
Thrice he struck my fault'ring lyre!

In the shudd'ring spangled skies,
Wild he wav'd the torch afar,
Thrice he bade the whirlwinds rise,
Thrice he smote the polar star!

Then, with an electric shock,
Quick the awful scene he chang'd;
Cynthia now illumin'd a rock,
Where th'ethereal Spirits rang'd.

"Rise! (he said) Menander rise!
"Thou hast felt my sov'reign power;
"Mount with me the lofty skies,
"That beyond the comets tower."

Raptur'd with the nervous strain,
 From the mountain's side I darted ;
 Swept my polish'd lyre again,
 And from worldly cares departed.

While among the stars I wander'd,
 Sounds symphonious touch'd mine ears ;
 Round me comets fierce meander'd,
 Fix'd to no peculiar spheres.

Here my heavenly Mentor left me,
 Dark'ning all the concave bright ;
 Of his powerful aid bereft me,
 And destroy'd my wonted sight.

Through the wasteful glooms I fell,
 Through the loudly-roaring ocean,
 Till I reach'd the gulph of hell,
 Where I heard a wild commotion !

'Long the dun sulphureous regions,
 Far my wailings deep resounded ;
 Satan, with his frantic legions,
 At the noise recoil'd astounded !

Serpents now about me twin'd,
 Flaky fires sear'd all my skin ;
 Volumes huge of noxious wind,
 Fann'd the burning flames within !

Struggling from the boiling billows,
 Sleep dissolv'd his genial spell ;
 I woke, and, 'neath the weeping willows,
 View'd a newly chorded shell ! ?

T. C. R. Nov. 1808.

MENANDER.

QUATORZAIN.

Whilst not a sound disturbs the midnight air,
 And Cynthia flings her solitary gleams
 Within yon dell, where slumbers wan Despair,
 Who 'guiles the sad hours with fantastic dreams.—

Alone thro' woods unvisited I'll stray,
 And wake the listless numbers of my lyre;
 Where Memory's eyes the tribute due shall pay,
 To her who lives with the Eternal Sire!
 On Marianna's tomb, which I so oft have prest,
 I'll lay my head, and to the moon complain;
 Who, kindly list'ning to my lorn request,
 Shall stop my haud, and soothe my feverish brain:
 But tho' I sleep, the faithful chords shall tell,
 Swept by the gale, of her I lov'd so well!

Grafton-street, Nov. 1808.

J. G.

DOUBTFUL INTERROGATIONS RESOLVED.

INSCRIBED TO MISS SARAH MORGAN, OF YATTON-COURT.

Should my heart be depress'd by the demon of grief,
 And the charms of the world a dark chaos appear;
 Should my friends become shy, and withhold their relief,
 Say, where can I find a protector sincere?

Say, where can I find one to mitigate woe,
 To drown my complainings—to shield me from death?
 Alas! there is none that's inclin'd to bestow,
 To the pangs of misfortune, the comforting breath!

The delight of my life,—the promoter of bliss—
 No longer my torments of mind can appease!
 No more the sweet essence of * Marianne's kiss
 Can sooth Melancholy's corroding disease!

Soft!—still there is Sarah! whose love-beaming eye,
 Flings the sunshine of peace to enliven my heart;
 Whose nectareous kisses with Marianne's vie,
 And the softest emotions of pity impart.

Then come all ye terrors of "grim-visag'd" Spleen!
 Ye black leering horrors! ye spirits forlorn!
 Ye gaunt pallid spectres of features obscene,
 Of Hecat's in hell's foulest labyrinth born!

No more will I shrink at your tauntings at night,
 Or heed your endeavours to tear me in twain;
 The smile of my lover shall baffle your spite,
 And prove all your arts to oppress me are vain!

Miss Marianne Bl . . . ks . . . w.

Then in thee my dear girl ! most distinctly I trace,
 A protector—a friend 'midst the deepest of woe;
 A looer, the smiles of whose elegant face,
 To the keenest misfortune relief can bestow !

August 29, 1808.

HORATIO.

SONNET TO THE MOON.

Mild orb ! that shinest so serenely fair,
 Thee do I court at evening's lonely hour ;
 When Silence awes the meditative air,
 Enthron'd aloft on some stupendous tow'r.
 On thy dark turrets, hideous to the eye,
 Wigmore ! * alone at solemn tide I've been,
 Intently musing on the spangled sky,
 Or, visions sporting on the distant green.
 For what can equal that enchanting time,
 When Fancy plumes her variegated wing ;
 When wrapt in dreams, the Poet looks sublime,
 On those vast regions of th' eternal King ;
 Or, thro' the awful solitude of night,
 He onward urges his impetuous flight ?

TO HORATIUS.

When mild Aurora gilds my attic sphere,
 O'erwhelm'd in thought I turn from side to side
 On my lone couch, and oft the conscious tear,
 Bids Wisdom's strongest energies subside.
 In vain for me she decks the laughing sky
 With sweetest flow'rs and hues of every sort ;
 Me Recollection fondly prompts to sigh,
 For her † I left at Yatton's rural court !
 Nor wou'd I pray indulgent heaven to steel
 This doting heart against that Power supreme ;
 For what am I, unless inform'd to feel
 A sense of virtuous sorrow and esteem ?
 A dark, disgusting creature of mankind,
 Of human form, but, of barbarian mind !

September, 1808.

J. G.

* Wigmore Castle,—a Ruin.

† Miss Sarah Morgan.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRURY-LANE.

OCTOBER

27. Travellers. Koyan, Mr. BRAHAM (his 1st appearance this season)—Three and the Deuce.

29. World.—Blue Beard.

31. John Bull. Dan (for that night only), Mr. De Camp.—Blue Beard.

NOVEMBER

1. Cabinet. Count Curvoso, Mr. Penley.—Three Weeks after Marriage.

2. She Stoops to Conquer. Young Marlow, Mr. De Camp.—Blue Beard.

3. Country Girl.—Ib.

5. Stranger.—Ib.

7. Soldier's Daughter.—Ib.

8. Haunted Tower. Edward, Mr. Russell; Lady Elinor (1st time), Miss Lyon; Adela (1st time), Mrs. Mountain.—Mayor of Garrat.

9. No performance, on account of the preparations for the new play of The Siege of St. Quintin.

10. [NEVER ACTED.] THE SIEGE OF ST. QUINTIN; or, *Spanish Heroism*. The Overture and Music composed and selected by Mr. Hook. *Spaniards*. Emanuel Philip (Duke of Savoy), Mr. Putnam; Count Egmont (second in command), Mr. Elliston; Theodore (his son), Master Wallack; Everard (the military Minstrel), Mr. Braham; Bertrand, Mr. De Camp; Alvarez, Mr. Ray.—*Adriana* (wife of Egmont), Mrs. H Siddons.—*English*. Sir Leinster Kildare, Mr. Johnstone; Captain M'Intyre, Mr. Maddocks; Jack, Mr. Penley; Serjeant Sturdy, Mr. Cooke; Soldiers, Mr. Gibbon and Mr. Dignum.—*French*. De Courcy (governor of the castle), Mr. Raymond; Laroche, Mr. Smith; Rosa de Valmont, Miss Ray; Margaret, Miss Tidswell.—*Spoil'd Child*. Little Pickle (1st time), Miss Kelly.

11. Ib.—Sultan.

12. Ib.—Three and the Deuce.

14. Ib.—Ways and Means.

15. Ib.—Devil to Pay.

16. Ib.—Deserter.

17. Ib.—Three and the Deuce.

18. Ib.—Matrimony.

19. Ib.—Of Age To-Morrow. Sophia, and Maria (1st time), Mrs. Mathews, and Mrs. Mountain.

21. John Bull. Sir Simon Rochdale, Mr. Penley; Dan, Mr. Mathews.—Blue Beard.

22. Duenna.—Mayor of Garrat.

The Siege of St. Quintin, of which the following is the plot, was written, hastily of course, to benefit, and be benefited by, the cause in which the Spanish nation is at present so gloriously engaged. We do not think that the object has been successfully attained. The Spaniards have, it is true, in this siege, the advantage over the French, but it is by a paltry stratagem, viz. by getting possession of the pass-word, and so finding their way into the

castle; it is true, also, the English are their allies; but here rests all the application which can be made to the passing events in Spain. The incidents are those of a common romance, which eternal repetition has rendered perfectly stale, a warrior's wife confined in a besieged castle; the governor in love with her; her husband gaining access to her, in disguise; and, on being discovered, thrown into a dungeon; a few contrivances to effect his escape; followed by the destruction of the tyrant, and the usual *finale*. This play is the production of Mr. Theodore Hook, and, considering that it was written on the spur of the moment, it does him no small credit; but the materials are insufficient for a full drama, and being opposed by strong attraction at the rival house, it fell after a few nights struggle. It may still serve both the theatre and the author as an after-piece.

The plot of this piece is founded upon the battle of St. Quintin, in 1575, when the French, in attempting to raise the siege of that town, suffered a signal defeat by the Spanish and English forces, commanded by the Duke of Savoy, Count Egmont, and the Earl of Pembroke; and the surrender of St. Quintin was the immediate consequence. A little poetical licence is taken with this great event, to adapt it to the present period. Count Egmont, anxious for the safety of his wife and child, who were treacherously betrayed by Bertrand, a vassal of his, into the hands of De Courcy, the commander of the fortress in the absence of the Governor, De Coligny, attempted in the disguise of a soldier to gain admittance into St. Quintin. De Courcy, who was an unsuccessful lover of the lady, places her under the care of Bertrand, and Rosa de Valmont, a young orphan, who had taken refuge in the Castle during the war. Rosa accepts the offer, with a secret determination to counteract the designs of Bertrand, and to save the lady, for which purpose she assumes a repulsive exterior when under his observation; she makes her sentiments known to the Countess Adriana, and advises her to ask Bertrand for her son; which he, desirous to obtain her confidence by that kindness, complies with. The Governor enters, and informs her of the death of her husband, which he confirms by producing the Count in disguise, as having the last tokens of affection; by an unguarded expression, in the moment of joyful surprise, when the Count makes himself known secretly to his wife and son, the boy betrays him; he is immediately seized, and ordered to the deepest dungeon in the fortress; the Countess also is ordered to be confined by the Governor, to try the effect of severity upon her constancy, which ends the act.

In the commencement of the second act, the English detachment is discovered, headed by Sir Leicester Kildare, who discloses his passion for Rosa de Valmont, whom he had known, when pursuing his studies at St. Omer's; he dispatches his servant to make inquiries about her. The scene then changing to the dungeon of the Castle, the guards of De Courcy, with Bertrand, descend with Egmont, in an iron passier, which is let down by chains; they then unlock a grating on the stage, lowering him down to a deeper cavern. The Countess and son are conducted down a small staircase by Rosa; she conceals the boy behind a pillar, and reascends; when Bertrand and the guards come through the grating, he locks it, leaving the key in.—While he is tampering with the feelings of the Countess, an ungovernable love for her being the cause of his vil-

lany, the boy unlocks the grating; alarmed by the noise, he takes a light to examine the recesses of the dungeon. The Countess and son immediately open the grating, and release the Count, who retires with his son behind the pillar, as Bertrand approaches. Bertrand, alarmed at their voices, goes for assistance to make a further search. Rosa then enters, and states the Governor's order for Egmont's death; she makes the Countess write to the Duke of Savoy, as if Bertrand was in her interest, which note the boy is to slip into Bertrand's pocket. The Count then again retires, and the Governor enters. Bertrand accuses Rosa of treachery, who retorts the charge, and induces the Governor, the boy having slipped the note into his pocket, to have him searched; it is found, and he is sent into confinement. De Courcy, to assure himself of Egmont's person, descends the grating with his guards, trusting to the proved fidelity of Rosa; the grating is immediately secured by the party, the husband and boy ascend by the pannel, which is raised or lowered by the sound of the horn, and Rosa conducts the Countess by the staircase; which concludes the second act.

The third act exhibits the interior of the fortress; sentinels guarding the bridge. The fugitives conceal themselves under an archway. As the guards pass the gate, to go the rounds, the boy, concealing himself behind the centinel, obtains the pass-word, and conveys it to his father. The party then come boldly forward, and give the word. The centinel opening the gate, the Count with his boy pass; when an alarm being sounded, the sentinel locks the gate before the ladies can pass. The Governor enters, having broken open the grating of the dungeon. Enraged at the escape of Egmont, he orders the Countess and Rosa into confinement.—The scene is then transferred to the Spanish camp. Egmont makes his appearance, and, having the pass-words, proposes to head a detachment in disguise, which is joined by Sir Leinster Kildare. Upon the scene changing again to the interior of the castle, Bertrand and Rosa are led out for execution. The Countess informs the Governor that Bertrand was innocent of the fraud, and he is pardoned. Struck with remorse at the interposition of one he had so deeply injured, he attempts to stab the Governor, but, being detected, is ordered out for torture. A signal being given at the gate, the sentinel at the bridge gives notice of a detachment arriving to succour the garrison. An attack being expected, the detachment, which is the disguised English, enter. They relieve the other guards, and being ordered by the Governor to shoot Rosa, they turn their arms upon him; he is secured. The remainder of the detachment make their appearance, the French are disarmed, and the town surrenders.

Mrs. MUDIE has repeated the character of Mrs. Haller. This lady speaks sensibly, and has sufficient knowledge of the stage; but her provincial tones and an extravagance of manner and action, left an impression on the audience far from favourable to her. Mrs. Haller was injudiciously chosen for her debut.

KING'S THEATRE (COVENT-GARDEN COMPANY.)

OCTOBER

- 27. *Gamester*—Review.
- 28. *Woodman*—Forest of Hermanstadt.
- 31. *Romeo and Juliet*. Juliet, Miss Norton.—Ib,

NOVEMBER

1. Macbeth—Who Wins?
2. Merchant of Venice—Blind Boy.
3. Henry VIII.—Ib.
4. [For the Benefit of the families of those who unfortunately suffered by the late fire in Covent-Garden.] Mourning Bride—Forest of Hermanstadt
7. Henry VIII.—Blind Boy.
8. Every Man in his Humour—Love-a-la-Mode.
9. Richard III.—Tom Thumb.
10. [NEVER ACTED.] THE EXILE. The Overture and music by Mr. Mazzinghi. The whole arranged under the direction of Mr. Farley. Count Ulrick, the Exile, Mr. Pope; Governor of Siberia, Mr. Manden; Baron Alltradoff, Mr. Liston; Count Cadmar, Mr. Inledon; The Patriarch, Mr. Cresswell; The Czarewitz, Master Goodwin; Daran, Mr. Young, (his 1st appearance on this stage;) Welzien, Mr. Jefferies; Rimski, Mr. Murray; Yermack, Mr. Chapman; Servitz, Mr. Fawcett. The Empress Elizabeth, Mrs. St. Leger; Sedona, Mrs. Gibbs; Alexina, Mrs. H. Johnston; Catharine, Mrs. Dickons; Anna, Mrs. Liston; Villager, Mrs. Emery. In Act II. the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth. The Dances (composed by Mr. Bologna, jun.) by the Misses Adams, &c. The Scenery by Messrs. Phillips, Whitmore, Hollogan, and Grieve.—Jew and the Doctor. Abednego, Mr. Blanchard.
11. Ib.—Love-a-la-Mode.
12. Ib.—Portrait of Cervantes.
14. Ib.—Tom Thumb.
15. Ib.—Follies of a Day.
16. Ib.—Village Lawyer.
17. Ib.—Katharine and Petruchio. Katharine, Mrs. C. Kemble.
18. Ib.—Review.
21. Ib.—Birth-Day.
22. Ib.—Portrait of Cervantes.

THE EXILE. This interesting opera is the production of Mr. Reynolds, and is certainly one of the most pleasing dramas which the modern stage has exhibited for some time. The chief incident is taken, as we observed last month, from the French novel of Madame Cotin, called *The Exile of Siberia*, and a second interest has been judiciously blended with it, to give more variety and fulness to the action. The character of *Daran* is very happily introduced, and presents several bold and striking situations. The language is of a higher order than has generally prevailed in Mr. Reynolds's serious dialogue, and the whole piece is put together in a most masterly manner. The comic business is slight, but it is sufficient to relieve the weightier scenes, and, with the assistance of some good comic songs and duets, affords ample room for the exertions of the comedians. Fawcett's songs are exceedingly happy. They have Mr. Colman's stamp upon them. The procession to the coronation of the Empress Elizabeth is highly imposing for its grandeur, striking for the order in which it is arranged; and, for accuracy of *costume*, and taste in the decorations, surpassing every thing we have seen of the kind. The ceremony of the coronation is equally admirable. The whole has been prepared by Mr. Farley, and is in the highest degree creditable to his direction. Mr. Young made his first appearance, as a member of the

Covent-garden Company, in *Daran*, and performed with no less spirit than address. He was of course welcomed in the manner due to his great merits. Mrs. Dickons sung in capital style, and was enthusiastically applauded and encored. The following is a slight sketch of the plot.

Count Ulrick, a Nobleman of distinction, after acquiring great reputation in the Russian army, is nevertheless banished to Siberia, through the base influence of Prince Lowenstern over the Empress Catharine. He is followed by Sedona, his wife, and his daughter Alexina. Romanoff, the nephew of the Governor of Tobolskow, frequently visiting the wretched family at their retreat in the neighbourhood, a mutual attachment takes place between him and Alexina; but his uncle suspecting it, in order to prevent his future visits, and to compel him to marry the niece of Prince Lowenstern, banishes him beyond the frontiers, and endeavours to force Alexina into a marriage with Welzein.

Romanoff assumes the name of *Daran*, goes to St. Petersburg, and, in the disguise of an Indian, gets into the service of Baron Alltradorff, a nephew of Prince Lowenstern, a pert vain coxcomb, and in that capacity accompanies him to Tobolskow, to which place the Baron is going to claim the hand of Catharine, the Governor's niece, whose affections he in vain attempts to win by his skill in music and dancing, her heart being already devoted to Count Calmar, by whom she is beloved with equal ardour.

Romanoff, aware of the ruin preparing for Count Ulrick, to conceal his benevolent designs assumes a ferocious aspect, and expresses a deadly hate to the Exile and his family, by which means he completely blinds the Governor as to his intentions, and, jointly with Welzien, (the enraged and rejected suitor of Alexina,) is entrusted with the execution of the Empress's orders; in pursuance of which, Ulrick is dragged from his retreat, and imprisoned in Tobolskow, and they are sent in pursuit of Alexina, who has set out, accompanied by Yermack, a faithful domestic, on the desperate undertaking of travelling to St. Petersburg, to solicit her father's pardon.

In this undertaking he completely frustrates the vindictive designs of Welzein, and Alexina reaches the neighbourhood of Moscow in safety. The rejoicings of the inhabitants of that city announce the grateful tidings of the accession of Elizabeth to the throne of Russia, and of her approaching coronation. Alexina hastens thither, rushes into the presence of her new Sovereign, and, notwithstanding the influence of the Patriarch (a near relation of Prince Lowenstern), she procures, through the means of the disguised Romanoff; the pardon she solicited, and immediately departs for Siberia, without waiting for the deed of pardon to be completed; by which means she is again subjected to all the bitterness of sorrow; and, in order to save herself and family from immediate destruction, is compelled to marry the supposed *Daran*.

The Governor at length receives the royal mandate from his Court for the liberation of Count Ulrick, and by it he becomes acquainted with the villany and disgrace of Prince Lowenstern, which reconciles him to the union of his daughter with Count Calmar, to whose protection she had fled, after escaping from her uncle's house, by the ingenuity of Servitz. Romanoff, not *Daran*,

claims Alexina for his bride, and the Exile is restored to his former honours.

COUNTRY THEATRES.

Theatre-Royal, DUBLIN.—This theatre opened on Monday, November 7, for the season, under the management of Mr Crampton, a gentleman well known in the polite circles of London and Dublin. The opening pieces were Mr Lewis's play of "The Castle Spectre," and the farce of "Love Laughs at Locksmiths. Miss Smith was the Angela of the night. Mr. Huddart made his *debut*, after an absence of some years, in the part of Osmond; who, with Mr Sloman, from the Windsor Theatre, who made his *debut* in the part of Solomon Lob, in the farce, were the only novelties, Mr. Williams is stage-manager. Mr. Crampton, it is said, will be assisted by all the amateurs of the Kilkenny theatricals. Mr. J. Atkinson will invoke his dramatic muse, and Anacreon Moore his poetic, on the occasion.

On Tuesday night were performed "The Way to get Married" and "The Devil to Pay." The novelties were Mr. Lewis, in Tangent, and Mrs. Kennedy, in Miss Allspice. The former is son of the celebrated comedian of that name, and the latter performed here about ten years since. Mr. Lewis, though by no means so good a figure, resembles his father very much. He has the face, the voice, the action, the bustle, and the business of Mr. W. Lewis. So close an imitation of his points and manner would not be sufferable in any other person; but in the gentleman now under consideration, what in another would be justly condemned as a fault, becomes in him extremely pleasing, for in the son we think we behold the father. He performed Tangent with spirit and success—throughout the piece the audience liberally bestowed their favours on him, and, at the close, his bow was returned by an unanimous peal of applause.

We recollect Mrs. Kennedy making her first appearance on the Dublin boards, fifteen years since, with much success, in the parts of Lady Bel Savage, Mrs. Candour, &c. &c.; she was a very excellent actress, dressed extremely well, but had something unpleasant in her voice. About the same time Miss Duncan made her first appearance in the part of Priscilla Tomboy, in the farce of "The Rump," for the benefit of her father.

"The Poor Gentleman," on Thursday night, afforded another opportunity of observing Mr. Lewis, and, we are happy to say, the impression made by his sprightly and bustling performance of Tangent was rather increased by his animated and agreeable delineation of Frederick. Should his performance of other characters be equally happy, he may anticipate much favour from the public.

After the play, a ballet of considerable merit introduced for the first time Mr Giroux and his three sisters to a Dublin audience. We have not before seen, on our stage, so interesting and accomplished a group. They are of the first class in their profession, and, in the course of the ballet, we discovered that they are by no means deficient in other polite accomplishments. The performance of Mr. and Miss Giroux on the piano-forte was much admired, and throughout they received distinguished and certainly well-merited applause. On Friday night the ballet was repeated, and the only

alteration that appeared in the least necessary was made—the exhibition of an explanatory scroll, at the conclusion of the piece, was judiciously omitted; this is a proof of the taste and good sense which now presides over the entertainments of our theatre.

KILKENNY.—Our Private Theatricals commenced this year under the direction of Mr. R. Power, the gentleman who has made so conspicuous a figure in amateur theatricals. The play chosen for the first night was Mr. Charles Kemble's "Wanderer; or, The Rights of Hospitality." Mr. R. Power performed the part of Count Sparre with his usual excellence; Mr. Crampton was Sigismund; Mr. Beecher, Count Banet; and Mr. Ponsonby gave a fine mellow outline to the part of Ramsay. A most elegant and appropriate Address was delivered by Mr. R. Power. Miss Smith, who played the Countess at the late Covent-garden Theatre, was the fair representative on this occasion. The gentlemen performers are nearly the same as last season.

MADAME MARA AND FLORIO.

THIS once-celebrated singer has, according to the German papers, retired to an estate which she has purchased in Poland. During her late residence at Moscow, her companion, Florio, was involved in a very unpleasant affair. A letter, signed Richard Florio, written in French, and filled with invectives against the Russian government, was put into the post-office at St. Petersburg. The person it was addressed to handed it over to the police. Florio was apprehended at Moscow, and conveyed prisoner to St. Petersburg. Hence, however, he was speedily released, his name being not Richard, but Charles, and it appearing that he was totally ignorant of the French language. The Emperor Alexander, on hearing of the circumstance, made Florio a present of a handsome sum of money, over and above the expenses he had been put to in his journey from Moscow.

LISBON THEATRICALS.

A new play has been brought out at the Lisbon Theatre, entitled "The Deliverance of Portugal." It was written to testify the joy of the Portuguese at the evacuation of their country by the French, and was acted free three nights, for the amusement of the British officers.

The first scene opens with a view of the Queen of Portugal in mourning, and fettered. She regrets the unhappy fate of her kingdom for some time; then a Portuguese General appears, and tells her that the country is in arms, and, with the help of a powerful nation, which will send them assistance, he expects to see her soon upon the throne.—The next scene opens with a view of an Englishman on a high rock, who descends, and informs the Queen of the exertions that are making to set her at liberty. Buonaparte next presents himself. He addresses the Queen and her subjects, but the Queen pays no attention to what he says. He then addresses the Briton in baughty terms, and threatens his country with destruction. The next scene is the scene of glory. It opens with a view of a lady richly dressed, standing by a throne. She descends, and immediately the mourning dress and the fetters of the Queen fall off, when she appears most richly dressed; the Corsican is put in chains, and obliged to kneel at the foot of the throne for mercy, and the crown is again placed on the head of the Queen.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the Press, or in Preparation.

BIOGRAPHY. *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Percival Stockdale, including Anecdotes of many celebrated Persons. Life of John Bunyan; with an Account of his Imprisonment, Conversation before the Justices, &c. and Remarks on his Character and Writings. Memoirs of Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth, written by himself; published from an Original Manuscript in the Custody of the Earl of Cork and Orrery; to which is added, Fragmenta Regalia, being a History of Queen Elizabeth's Favourites; by Sir Robert Naunton.*

TRAVELS, &c. *Travels in the North of Europe, or a Journal of a Voyage down the Elbe, from Dresden to Hamburg, and Travels through Denmark and Sweden; by the Chevalier de Boisgelin. Travels in Barbary and Bled El Gereede, during a Residence of Sixteen Years in various Parts of those Countries; by James G. Jackson, Professor of Arabic and African Languages, and formerly British Agent at Santa Cruz, South Barbary.*

NOVELS, &c. *Faulconbridge, or a Devonshire Story; by Mrs. Hanway. Memoirs of Mrs. Cuyler; by Mrs. Grant. Ned Bentley; by Mr. Amphlett. London, or Truth without Treason; by Francis Lathom.*

POETRY. *Sonnets, Tales, and Characteristic Pieces; by the Author of the Age of Frivolity. Eccentric Tales; by Cornelius Crambo, Esq. The Pastoral, or Lyric Muse of Scotland; by Hector Macneill, Esq. The Battle of Maida; by Lieutenant-Colonel Scott.*

LAW. *A short View of Legal Bibliography; by Richard Whalley Bridgeman, Esq.*

DRAMA. *Dramatic Works of John Ford, with an Introduction and Explanatory Notes; by Henry Weber, Esq. Four Discourses on the Stage, preached lately at Cambridge, by the Rev. Mr. Plumtre, of Clare Hall.*

MISCELLANEOUS. *Beauties of Milton's Prose, with Preliminary Remarks and Criticisms; by Mr. G. Burnett. Chesterfield Travestie; or School for Modern Manners; Chronicle of the Cid, Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, the Campeador, from the Spanish; by Robert Southey. Original Anecdotes of Cromwell; by Mr. Stace. Letters from the late Bishop Warburton and Bishop Hurd, from the year 1749 to 1776. A Dictionary of the Middle Language of England, or the Age of Shakspeare, on the plan of Johnson's Dictionary; by the Rev. R. Nares. Beloe's Anecdotes of Literature, Vol. III.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

With this Number, which concludes the fourth Volume, the PROPRIETOR and CONDUCTOR takes leave of the Subscribers to the *Cabinet*; other avocations putting it out of his power to devote any further attention to it. He mentions this circumstance merely in explanation of the contents of the present Number, which, as the new Proprietors and Editor do not intend to continue the *Plays*, is so arranged as to include many of the Portraits intended for that department, and will thus afford the purchaser an opportunity of binding up all the Embellishments.

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Mr. Kemble, in Richard III. to face p. 365, Vol. III.
Mrs. Woffington, Beaumont, Fletcher, Woodward, Nell Gwyn, Wilks, Booth, Olway, Ben Jonson, Congreve, Steele, Dryden, Wycherly, Addison in the present Number for December, Vol. IV.

For the Plays.

Macbeth. Betterton, to face page 9. Henderson, p. 19. Mrs. Pritchard, p. 14.

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Provok'd Husband. Mrs. Oldfield, to face page 3. Colley Cibber, page iii. Vanburgh, page vii.

Isabella. Southern, to face the Title-page.

Oct 1 1838

